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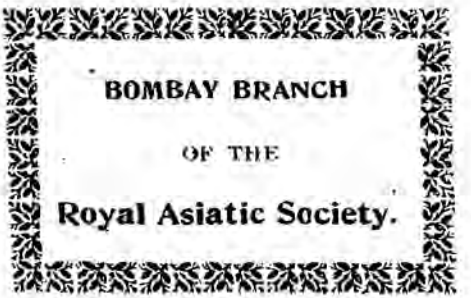

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JOURNAL

OF A

TOUR IN GREECE.

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Cefalonia I.
Argostoli
Zante
Chiarenza
Castel Tornese
Arcadia
Corinth
Athens
Thebes
Negroponte
EUBOEA
Cerigo I. (Cithera)
Hydra
Spezia
Monemvasia
Navarin
Coron
Modon
Patras
Lepanto
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Larissa
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Prevesa
Missolonghi
Vostitza

JOURNAL

OF A

TOUR IN GREECE

AND THE

IONIAN ISLANDS,

WITH REMARKS ON THE RECENT HISTORY—PRESENT STATE—AND CLASSICAL ANTIQUITIES OF THOSE COUNTRIES.

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BY

WILLIAM MURE, OF CALDWELL.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

GREECE is a country which can never cease to assert a powerful hold on the sympathies of enlightened Europe, whether from the charm of her historical recollections, the beauty of her scenery, or the grandeur and elegance of her ancient monuments. It is, however, very doubtful how far her own claims on public attention may be favourable to the interest of a work, the scope of which is to extend or enforce them. Her objects of attraction, as being superior in character to those of which most other countries can boast, have been very frequently and ably described; but as, on the other hand, they are not perhaps equally remarkable for number or variety, there is here the less room for exercise of ingenuity, in imparting popularity to an old subject by a new method of treatment. As regards her social condition, during the last two centuries that Greece has been habitually fre-

quented by Frank travellers, she has remained—up to a very recent period—altogether stationary; so that novelty was perhaps still less to be expected in the portion of any such work devoted to what is called, in the technical language of the present day, the personal narrative, than in its literary or scientific department. Although, therefore, the description of any newly-discovered monument, or hitherto little explored region of the classic land, might hope for some share of attention from the practical scholar or antiquary, the announcement of a volume of Greek travels seemed to promise little more to the general reader, than an addition to an already superabundant stock of treatises on a somewhat threadbare subject.

Of late years, however, new and interesting matter of observation has been opened up to the curious traveller in this apparently exhausted region, by the political changes it has undergone—by the overthrow of the Turkish dynasty within its bounds, its establishment as an independent state, and the eight years of exterminating war of which these events were the consequence. Formerly a tour in Greece was, in fact, and frequently was entitled, a tour in Turkey. The mountains, rivers, seas, and ancient monuments, were those of Hellas; but all the more prominent features of human life and action were foreign to her soil. Such a work, therefore, partook perhaps more of an oriental, than of either an European or a classical character. The author transplanted us

into a world of mosques and harems—of pashás and agás—of firmáns, Tatars, and Janissaries. The actual Greek population, the real children of the soil, had but little part in the matter; unless through the medium of an incidental malediction against their sordid servile character, or a lamentation over their fallen state, and the cruel tyranny to which they were subjected by their Turkish masters, according as the traveller might happen to be influenced by the humour of the moment, or the bias of his political predilections.

This long familiar picture of oriental life is now effaced. The Turk, with all the appendages of Moslemism, has been swept off the land, and the Greek reinstated in its exclusive possession. The titles above cited from the court calendar of Constantinople, have been supplanted by the more classic sounding appellatives of Nomárches and Démarchus—Strategós and Chiliarchos.* The whole appearance of the country, and of its towns and villages, has been changed—unfortunately not for the better. The old Greek population, on entering on their new career of independence, have assumed, in many respects, a new and improved character. Many favourable traits, which had lain smothered under the Turkish oppression, have been brought to light; and the natural talent of the race, universally acknowledged to be great, although for the present per-

* Governor—mayor, or justice of peace—general—colonel.

haps little favoured by circumstances, will, it is to be hoped, daily obtain a wider and more beneficial field for its display; while the anomalous features which the sudden transition from bondage to independence could not fail to stamp on the character and habits of a lively people, render the study of both replete with amusement, as well as instruction.

To place this altered state of society in as distinct a light as the author's opportunities would permit, has been the scope of a considerable portion of the following journal. His passage through the country was indeed rapid—far too much so for the execution of any finished picture. Possibly, however, any little value to which his sketches can lay claim, may not be diminished by the circumstance that they embody the lively impression of the moment, rather than the results of elaborate study and analysis.*

But although it is to the personal narrative that the author has chiefly to look for any small share of general popularity his pages may be destined to obtain, so little has it been his object to exclude the classical or antiquarian element, which indeed can hardly fail to enter into a work of this nature, that he has rather perhaps reason to fear, lest it should have been placed more in the as-

* It may be proper to remark, in illustration of certain parts of his journal, that the author travelled under the military title of Colonel, which appertains to him as Commandant of a Scottish regiment of militia.

cendant than may be agreeable to many. It has, however, been his wish to confine it to matters not altogether devoid of interest, even to those who may not have made classic lore an especial object of study; together with such notices of existing monuments—some of them not previously explored or described—as the future traveller in the same route, who might consider his journal worth consulting, would be entitled to expect. Whatever appeared to exceed these limits has been embodied in the notes.

The portion of the text devoted to the Ionian islands has been bestowed chiefly on Ithaca, an island possessing, both in its classical recollections and in its present social condition, strong claims on the attention of the intelligent traveller.

For the better understanding of the historical allusions interspersed throughout these pages, a brief summary is here subjoined of the events which led to the late change in the political state of Greece. The revolt from the Sultan was originally planned and matured by a Secret Society, called the *Hetæria*, which had for its object to re-awaken and keep alive the dormant national spirit, until a favourable opportunity should occur for calling it into activity. The remote origin of this association has been traced as far back as the close of the last century; but it was first fully organized, at Athens, in 1814. From thence it soon spread over the whole of European Turkey; and the perfect secrecy maintained, consider-

ing the number and miscellaneous character of its members, is certainly very creditable to the Greek character. The first outbreak took place early in 1821, in the provinces of the Danube, but was speedily suppressed. The rising of the Morea, in April of the same year, was more successful. The Turks were defeated in several pitched battles;—Navarin,* Tripolizza, the metropolis of the Peninsula,† and other towns, were taken; and before the conclusion of the year the whole of the Morea, with the exception of one or two fortresses, was in the possession of the Greeks. The insurrection spread north of the Isthmus, and to the islands. In the course of the year 1822, Corinth,‡ Athens,§ and Nauplia,‖ fell into the hands of the patriots, who soon obtained, together with the superiority at sea, virtual mastery of the whole country they now possess; and successfully resisted or destroyed all the powerful armaments fitted out by the Sultan for the re-establishment of his authority. These fair prospects were damped by the appearance of Ibrahim Pashá in the port of Navarin, on the 24th of February 1825, with the fleets and armies of Egypt. The Morea was speedily overrun by his troops. Tripolizza,¶ Mesolonghi,** and Athens,†† were successively retaken, and the cause of the insurgents seemed desperate, when the triple alliance interfered. The battle of Navarin was

* August. † October 5. ‡ January 26. § May 13.
‖ December. ¶ June 20, 1825. ** April 22, 1826.
†† June 5, 1827.

fought on the 20th of October 1827; and the subsequent diplomatic arrangements established Greece as an independent state,* the boundaries of which were fixed by a line drawn from the gulf of Arta to the pass of Thermopylæ.

The form of government first attempted was republican; but was productive of little else than dissension and anarchy. Count Capo d'Istria, who enjoyed the title of President, was assassinated, from motives of private malice, on the 9th of October 1831. The supreme authority was then conferred, with the title of King, on prince Otho, second son of the King of Bavaria, who landed at Nauplia in January 1833, and fixed his seat of government at Athens. A representative constitution was promised to the nation on the final establishment of order and regular police; but the power of the king in council still remains uncontrolled by any species of popular check.

The whole population of continental Greece, according to its present limits, prior to the revolution, has been rated, apparently on trustworthy data, at about 560,000 souls.† It were to be supposed that, owing to the expulsion of the Turks and the disasters of the war, this estimate ought now rather to be diminished. The government returns, however, inserted in the Hellenic

* February 3, 1830.

† Gordon, *History of Greek Revolution*, vol. i. Introduction.

Epheteris, or Almanack, for 1837, (the year preceding the author's visit,) give 926,000 as the gross amount, for both continent and islands. No returns are given of the population of the towns. Athens, in 1838, was commonly held to contain 20,000 souls.

According to the same official document above quoted, the standing army on the peace establishment numbers 13,326. The navy consists of thirty-two vessels, large and small; the largest, a twenty-gun corvette.

The gross ordinary revenue for 1836 exceeded £500,000,* and has since been on the increase. The national debt, in the same year, amounted to about £1,700,000; the civil list to £37,000.

The kingdom is divided into thirty governments or prefectures, (diœceses;) with eighteen subprefectures, (hypodiœceses.) Each of these districts is subdistributed into demi or mayoralties, chiefly presided over by respectable peasants, to the number of about four hundred and fifty.

Besides schools of theology, medicine, and jurisprudence, modern Hellas boasts of five gymnasia or universities, at Athens, Nauplia, Mesolonghi, Hydra, and Syra; twenty-five academies, called Hellenic; and upwards of a hundred schools of a more elementary character, called

* 13,623,817 drachms. There are about twenty-seven drachms in a pound sterling. A Spanish or Roman dollar passes current for six. The drachm is subdivided into 100 leptá.

Demotic; supported in whole or in greater part by the government.*

On the settlement of the new dynasty, the Hellenic church threw off its allegiance to the patriarch of Constantinople, and is governed by a synod of five prelates selected by the king from the thirty bishops who form the hierarchy of the establishment.

The monastic institutions are in course of being abolished, with a few special exceptions; and their lands appropriated by the State.

* Something is also contributed towards the maintenance of several excellent schools, established in different parts of the kingdom by foreign, chiefly American, missionaries.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 40, line 21, *for* peculiar rites, *read* peculiarities.
" 63, " 12, *for* Planota, *read* Planeta.
" 102, foot note, *for* Plate II., *read* Plate I.
" 107, *sqq.* foot notes, *for* Plate III., *read* Plate II.
" 168, line 2, *for* Bazzaris, *read* Bozzaris.
" " " " *for* Diamondopoulos, *read* Diamandopoulos.
" 188, line 14, *for* Cassino, *read* Casino.
" 231, " 17, *for* windows, *read* window.
" 277, " 7, *for* care, *read* case.

VOL. II.

Page 48, 51, *for* Lyon, *read* Lyons.
" 113, line 1, *for* apothegm, *read* apophthegm.
" 127, " 18, *for* in the roads, *read* on the roads.
" 152, " 1, *for* or, *read* for.
" 162, 163, 165, *for* Heræum, *read* Herœum.
" 167, " 6, *for* herœum, *read* heroüm.
" 307, " 30, *for* part, *read* port.

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TOUR IN GREECE.

CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE FROM ANCONA—COAST OF EPIRUS—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CORFÚ.

βουσόται τόθι πρῶνες ἔξοχοι κατάκεινται,
Δωδώναθεν ἀρχόμενοι, πρὸς Ἰόνιον πόρον.
PIND. *Nem.* iv. 52.

"There, stretching from Dodona's sacred steep,
Huge cliffs extend along the Ionian deep."

ON the afternoon of Saturday the 17th of February 1838, I embarked at Ancona in the Austrian steam-packet for Corfú, which port we reached, after a fair average passage, about the same hour on the second day. The weather on the 18th was dull and dark. The only visible objects, besides water and clouds, were the numerous islands to the eastward, extending from the coast of Dalmatia far into the centre of the gulf. They are not remarkable for beauty, either of outline or grouping; and although on a bright day, relieved by an azure sea and sky, they may have a cheerful and picturesque effect, their broken masses now tended but little to enliven the general gloom of the prospect. But on the following morning the view from the deck was one of unusual splendour. The weather was clear, and

the sun of Greece shone bright. We were now coasting along the mainland of Epirus, which here consists of one uninterrupted line of lofty mountains, extending down to the water's edge in precipitous cliffs or rugged declivities, and terminating, often at no great distance from the shore, in snowy peaks of dazzling whiteness. The prospect, in addition to its grandeur, had for me all the charms of novelty; for, although familiar, both in Italy and in my own native country, with many a lofty iron-bound coast, I do not remember having elsewhere seen a continuous ridge of snow-capped mountains, rising thus abruptly from the very brink of the sea. This whole range bore among the ancients the very appropriate name of Acroceraunian, or Thunder-cliffs. The general aspect, even of their less precipitous flanks, was that of a barren rocky wilderness, relieved here and there by a coating of heath or brushwood, or by patches of stunted oak forest. Occasionally, in some more sheltered recess, an Albanian village could be recognised, more by the dark shade of a few straggling cypresses, than by its own cottages, rudely constructed of broken fragments of the rock on which they are founded, and from which they are not easily distinguished either by their colour or form. In the midst of these groups of hovels a better-looking structure might sometimes be observed, with an upper floor and a white-washed exterior—the dwelling, perhaps, of a patriarchal robber-chief,* or possibly, of some petty agent of Turkish rapacity on the occupants of the humbler mansions by which his seat of authority was surrounded. Over the remoter summits rolled heavy masses of silver-white

* Among the Albanians, it may scarcely be necessary to remark, robbery is one of the most honourable professions—as it was with the population of the same country in the days of Thucydides, (*Hist.* lib. i. c. 5.)

cloud. But as the momentary clearing of the horizon discovered from time to time, at the extremity of the wider glens that opened up from the maritime ridge, some distant peak of the interior, one delighted to figure to one's-self the region of the "wintry Dodona," the primeval seat of the Hellenic race—shorn, indeed, of its ancient sanctity and honour, but still inhabited, as in Homer's time, by a race "with unwashed feet, and sleeping on the ground."*

There is something in this mode of forming a first acquaintance with any country, especially one so rich in associations, and so novel and romantic in appearance, far more interesting than merely crossing a frontier or disembarking on a coast. During six or seven hours, the whole face of the land, or at least those features of its surface that offered most to gratify and least to offend the imagination, lay spread out, as it were, on a map for our inspection. If, on the one hand, it was tantalizing to be unable to follow up this more general acquaintance by a closer familiarity with the interior, the fancy had at least free scope for filling up the deficiency from its own resources, or from those which the poetical geography of the district so richly supplied, without the risk of its illusions being marred by the uncongenial realities, which a day's march up the country could hardly have failed to force on the attention.

As we advance, the coast of Corfú rises to the south, presenting one long swelling mountain ridge,

"Spread like a shield upon the dark blue sea."†

Towards the entrance of the channel, between the island and the continent, the scene is enlivened. Numerous

* ἀνιπτόποδες, χαμαιεῦναι.—*Il.* xvi. 235.

† ὡς ὅτε εἶνὸν ἔν ἠεροειδέϊ πόντῳ.—*Odyss.* v. 281.

vessels are seen shaping their course in different directions; the natural features of the Turkish coast become less rugged, while its custom-houses and castles, of bright exterior, and the improved appearance of its domestic edifices, give it a more civilized aspect. The first view of Corfú, however, so celebrated in all ages for beauty and amenity, was rather a disappointment, though one for which ample amends were made on further acquaintance. Mount Pantokratora, or San Salvatore, as it is called in the Greek and Italian dialects respectively, here forms the whole visible landscape of the island. Its outline is graceful—its surface one dark mass of luxuriant groves, of olive, cypress, and ilex. But I miss here, as along the whole shore both of these islands and of continental Greece, the gay white lines of building with which my eye had long been familiar on every populous district of the Italian coast; and in the interior, those elegant clusters of towers, parapets, open galleries, and balconies, which form the characteristic features of even the meanest groups of rural architecture in that fair country, and impart to each hamlet, or larger assemblage of farm buildings, the air of a castle or palace. In this extensive forest of gardens not a single village was to be seen, while the few white cottages that could be detected were so small and low, as scarcely to be visible amid the thickets in which they are imbedded. The dark woods of Corfú were as celebrated formerly as now, and from them it is said to have received among the ancient mariners the familiar title of "the black Corcyra."*

The eastern extremity of this long mountain ridge, which forms the greatest breadth as well as height of the island, projects to within a mile and a half of the main-

* APOLL. RHOD. *Argon.* iv. 569.

land. On clearing the strait, the sea again expands into an open gulf between the two coasts, and the citadel, town, and port of Corfú appear in sight, forming the centre of an amphitheatre of rich and varied scenery. To the right, the interior of the island offers a wide stretch of hill and dale, finely planted and cultivated, and backed by the woody summits of San Salvatore. In front, the city itself is as yet half concealed by the green slopes of the islet of Vido, spread over a basement of yellow rocks, and crowned with extensive lines of fortification. The promontory on which the town is situated terminates to the eastward in the citadel, a nearly insulated rock, with its summit split into two lofty peaks, from whence its own name and that of the island is derived.* Where not occupied by buildings, its sides are mantled by a profusion of evergreens and wild-flowers. To the left the coast of Albania has now a more open and genial character. The ridges of snowy mountain retire into the distance, while the land in the immediate vicinity of the sea offers, by its comparatively bleak but varied landscape, a fine contrast to the richly clothed and cultivated shores of the island.

The feature of the town which first strikes the eye accustomed to the architecture of the opposite side of the Adriatic, is the diminutive size of the buildings, both public and private. The comparison suggests itself the more readily, owing to the correspondence in other respects between the habits of the two countries. Every thing appeared a miniature of what I had left behind at Ancona, Civita Vecchia, and other Italian ports of the same rank. This remark, however, applies merely to general form and structure; for the Italo-Greek architecture has little or no pretension to the ornamental

* κορφοί.

elegance of the native Italian. The most remarkable edifices are the barracks, built by the protecting government on the north side of the citadel, and the palace of the Lord High Commissioner. The latter, a work of Sir Thomas Maitland, now asserts the same high superiority over the other dwellings of the city, as did that of the hero who swayed the destinies of the island at the period of the visit of Ulysses:—

> "The stately palace overlooks the town,
> From every dome by pomp superior known,—
> A child may point the way." *

On approaching the quay, we are surrounded by boats full of mariners and porters, clamorously soliciting the privilege of taking us on shore, in a Babel of tongues. Although a few strange and highly picturesque costumes are visible, the general appearance of this population, to one arriving from Italy, presents few features of novelty.

* POPE'S *Odyss.* vi. 300.

CHAPTER II.

CORFÚ—ITS INTERCOURSE WITH THE OPPOSITE COAST.

THE family of the Lord High Commissioner, Sir Howard Douglas, comprised several old and valued friends of my own, whom I had requested by letter to provide the best accommodation the place supplied, against the day of my arrival. Their answer, however, had not reached me before my departure from Ancona. I therefore, on disembarking, proceeded with an English fellow-passenger to secure quarters for myself, in a lodging-house which had been recommended to us as affording the best in the town. This establishment, dignified by the title of Taylor's Hotel, or, in more homely phraseology, Sergeant Taylor's lodgings, (being kept by the wife or widow of a retired officer of the name and rank above mentioned,) was one of the most diminutive of the small mansions of the city. It contained several spare rooms, dark, close, and dismal, but not uncleanly, with an aspect into an equally dismal-looking street, at prices equal to what would be asked for the best apartment in a good Italian hotel. It seems a strange thing that the capital of an important British dependency, containing a population of 20,000 souls, with a large garrison, and numerous civil and military functionaries of our own nation, besides the native nobility and gentry, and forming the leading point of inter-communication between Eastern and Western Europe, should not contain so much as a tolerable inn. An attempt was made some years ago to establish one, the failure of which was ascribed chiefly to the circum-

stance, that visitors are in the habit of depending more for their entertainment on the hospitality of their own acquaintance, or of persons to whom they may be recommended, than on any species of public accommodation. But, although the English tourist may in most instances reckon upon a bed in the quarters of a countryman, this can hardly be the case as regards the numerous travellers from other parts of Europe, who annually visit the island. The reason therefore, although perhaps the best that can be assigned, seems hardly sufficient. My own experience, it is true, went far to justify it; for while we were making arrangements with the landlady, a young officer of the garrison, who, on return from leave of absence, had been our fellow navigator, came to announce that there was a vacant bed at the English Club House, which he politely placed at our disposal. The offer was eagerly accepted by my companion, who was more offended with the homeliness of the sergeant's apartments than myself, and to whom I ceded my claims. A few minutes afterwards I heard my name called by familiar voices at the door, and in less than a quarter of an hour was established in most luxurious quarters at the palace, leaving the poor landlady not a little disconcerted at being thus suddenly robbed of two promising guests.

The carnival was now approaching its conclusion, and the evening of my arrival was that appointed for a grand ball at the palace, as a winding up of its festivities. The chief topic of interest at this moment with all classes, was an adventure on the Turkish coast, of which a member of the Buonaparte family had been the hero. The individual in question was a son of the Prince of Canino, (better known in England as Lucien Buonaparte,) who, about two years before, had been tried and found guilty by the Roman tribunals of the crime of murder, in deliberately shooting, while following his

game on his father's estates in the Campagna, a country fellow whom he suspected of poaching, or who had given him some other real or imaginary cause of provocation. During my residence at Rome in the winter of 1836, 1837, he was lying in the castle of St Angelo under sentence of death, or of the galleys for life; and it was then understood that his holiness, as a practical evidence of the blind impartiality with which justice is administered in his dominions, was determined, waiving all claims to pardon or mitigation of sentence which the offender might derive from his rank and connexions, to allow the law to take its course. The result, however, was different; for owing chiefly, as was said at the time, with what truth I know not, to the exertions of a distinguished British ex-diplomatist who happened to spend that season at Rome, and whose family is connected by marriage with the criminal, he was set at liberty, with the simple award of banishment from the papal states.

In the course of his travels he visited Corfú, and hired a small house in the country, with the object of pursuing his favourite occupation of the chase. The opposite coast offers more particularly a fine field for this diversion, and is accordingly much frequented by the sportsmen of the garrison. Turkey, however, it must be observed, is always, in regard to our islands, in that state which the Adriatic navigators call Contumacy; that is to say, all intercourse with its coast is subject to a quarantine of greater or less duration, according to its reputed sanitary condition for the time being. This restriction never ceases entirely, as might otherwise be the case, owing to the neglect of all quarantine police by the Turkish government—a consequence of their predestinarian prejudices; hence there can be no security against the sudden spread of contagion, or the existence of lurking disease in the interior, even at periods when the immediate shore

is apparently in the healthiest state. The rigour of the strict regulation is, however, in ordinary times so far modified, that persons obtaining permission of the authorities may, with the escort of a guardiano, or constable of the health office, disembark and range at liberty in the open country, their attendant being answerable for their neither entering a house nor coming into contact with the natives. In this way the British officers are in the daily practice of crossing and recrossing the channel. Although the inhabitants of the continent are proverbial as a ferocious and barbarous race, among whom robbery, if ably and boldly exercised, is looked upon as an honourable profession, it does not appear that these excursions are attended with much danger. As they are undertaken with the sanction, and in so far under the protection of the Turkish authorities, with whom our own are generally on the best of terms, any serious outrage could hardly fail of being attended with consequences to the offender so serious as to counterbalance any advantage he was likely to derive from it; while against petty aggressions the arms of the sportsmen are a sufficient protection. It is also their policy to conciliate the goodwill of the natives by small presents of gunpowder, tobacco, and other articles of, to their habits, primary necessity; and those whom they happen to encounter on their rambles, are in the habit of depositing their caps on the ground as receptacles for such offerings. Cases indeed are said to have occurred, where petitions for such favours have been presented to weaker parties somewhat after the fashion of the beggar in Gil Blas, with the hat in one hand and the trigger in the other; and one or two instances are on record where the strangers had been insulted or even fired at. Considering, however, the character of the district and its inhabitants—how little our countrymen are distinguished for the art of concili-

ating foreigners—and how natural it was that they should be viewed by the native peasantry rather in the light of poachers or marauders than of friendly visitors, it is less matter of wonder that, in the course of years, one or two outrages of this kind should have occurred, than that they should not have become so frequent and unavoidable as to put an end to the practice altogether.

The spirit of a Buonaparte, however, was not to be restrained within the same bounds as that of an English soldier or an Albanian mountaineer; and the prince, on one of his first expeditions across the channel, about a week before my arrival, had not only succeeded in picking a quarrel, but in shooting a pair of Turks, one on each side of him, by a right and left discharge of his double-barrelled gun, and escaping without damage to his boat. On the real merits of the case it was not easy to form an opinion, as they had not been, nor under the circumstances was it likely that they ever could be, very nicely sifted; while the reports of the prince himself, and the representations transmitted by the aggrieved parties, were, as may be supposed, widely at variance with each other. It appears, however, that the catastrophe was the result of a dispute with the officer stationed at the landing-place, relative to the payment of harbour dues; and that the prince, ignorant of the customs or language of the country, and suspecting an attempt at imposition, had resisted the demand. According to his own account he only fired in self-defence, and not until he saw a musket levelled at his breast. The statement of the Turkish authorities, on the other hand, distinctly made him out to be the aggressor. Among the officers of the garrison, there was some feeling in his favour. It was natural that young military men, apart from all reference to the merits of the affair, should sympathize with a hero who, in fair combat with a party of Turks on

their own ground, had killed two of the enemy, and effected his retreat without loss or damage to himself or his attendants. Sir Howard, however, who viewed the case with the eye of a magistrate, seemed to take it up in a different light, and the previous adventures of the delinquent were certainly strong presumptive evidence against him. For the present, all that could be done was to write to the Pashá of Joánnina, exculpating his own people from any share in the transaction, and offering to co-operate with him in any reasonable measures for bringing about an equitable adjustment. The Turk who then occupied the throne of Alí, his excellency described as a discreet conciliatory person, and of friendly dispositions both towards our government and himself individually; which led him to hope that the affair would be settled without either proceeding to extremities against the culprit, or involving any permanent interruption of the amicable relations between the two coasts. The most judicious conduct on the part of the prince would obviously have been to withdraw from the island, which was accordingly suggested to him by the authorities. But here his pride interfered, and he expressed his determination, unless forcibly expelled, to remain and abide by the consequences. The matter ended as Sir Howard had anticipated. It turned out that the two wounded Turks, one of whom had been reported dead, the other in a dangerous state, both recovered; and the only satisfaction demanded by the Pasha was, that the prince should be dismissed from the Ionian territory. Before the final order to this effect was issued, his high spirit had given way, and he intimated his intention of acquiescing without further difficulty. On my second visit to the island I found him still there; but his departure was said to be delayed merely by pecuniary difficulties of a temporary nature.

In the mean time, the result of the affair was a sus-

pension, not only of the shooting excursions of the officers, but of every species of intercourse between the two shores, which might for the present be considered as in a state of war with each other; and had a party of Franks shown themselves on the opposite side during the existing excitement among the natives, they would in all probability have been massacred. Reports were current that some Albanians, resident in the island, had entered into a conspiracy to murder the prince, who, in consequence, made a formal application to the governor for the special protection of the police. But as he brought forward no real evidence of his danger, the request was disregarded. Elsewhere, however, the enemy were not slow in making reprisals; and a few days before my arrival, a midnight assault had been committed on a country house in the neighbouring small island of Paxo, by a party who were ascertained to have landed from the opposite shore. The proprietor with his family made a valiant defence. Although one of his servants was killed, and his wife wounded, they succeeded in beating off the robbers, who effected their retreat, bearing off their killed or wounded, as was proved by tracks of fresh blood on their path, into the forests of the interior, where they were supposed to be still concealed. Great was the sensation created in this little community by the adventure. The Resident, an old officer of the medical staff, immediately sent off to Corfú for a reinforcement of troops, which could ill enough be spared, as the strength of the septinsular army had been seriously reduced by several regiments drawn off to the Canadian war, while in Corfú itself some apprehensions existed of similar attacks on the more exposed parts of its coast.

Such little adventures possess a peculiar interest to the traveller just arrived in this classic region, as realizing, even through the medium of an altered state of

society, the associations connected with the ancient habits of predatory warfare on its coasts and islands, of which so frequent notice occurs in the page of Homer. Another adventure of a less chivalrous character, but which brings home the descriptions of the Odyssey with perhaps still greater liveliness to the imagination, occurred during the few days I spent in the island of Ithaca. The numerous rugged islets with which the channel between the Acarnanian coast and the Cefalonian group is studded, are now in whole or in greater part dependencies of the Ionian republic, chiefly of Ithaca itself. Many of them are uninhabited, with the exception of occasional visits on the part of persons privileged by the government, or the proprietors, whoever they may be, for the purpose of pasturing their cattle on what small gleanings of herbage their arid surface at certain favourable seasons may supply. On the occasion in question, a complaint was lodged with the Resident of Ithaca, whose hospitality I was then enjoying, of the robbery, by certain citizens of that state, of several hundred head of swine belonging to a continental proprietor. On enquiry, the following turned out to be the facts of the case:— The Ithacans, who possessed the right of pasture on one of these small provinces of their island, landing one day on their domain, found it occupied by a strange herd enjoying the first-fruits of the spring vegetation. They immediately placed the cloven-footed marauders under arrest, put them on board their boats, and carried them off to Ithaca. The bereaved herdsmen complained to the Resident, urging, in extenuation of their original trespass, the deserted state of the islet, and their consequent ignorance that they were interfering with any other man's rights. The other party ridiculed this apology, which was certainly but lame, declaring, however, their willingness to give up the cattle, but only on condition of a

high ransom per head. The case was doubtless one of some nicety, and remained still pending at the period of my departure.

The hero of the late combat on the Turkish coast, who had been hitherto but little seen in society, but had not been excluded in consequence of that affair from the public hospitality of the palace, was, as might be expected, the lion of the day at Corfú, and by consequence, of the Lord High Commissioner's party on the afternoon of my arrival. I was therefore the more flattered, on being told by one of the ladies of the family, that during the early part of the evening I had been very generally taken for the chivalrous stranger; for no other reason that I could conjecture, beyond the fact of my being a stranger, than that I happened to have a pale face, rather marked features, and a black beard, attributes usually connected with ferocity and blood-guiltiness in the minds of ladies and readers of romance. The actual resemblance was about as strong as can well be imagined, between a lean man of six feet three, with a sallow complexion, and one something below the middle size, with a florid countenance, and rather a tendency to corpulence.

The steam-packet of the Ionian government makes the tour of the islands once a fortnight. My own chief object of interest in the septinsular state was Ithaca; but I should have been well pleased, had the interval between the sailing of this vessel, and the arrival of that which brought me, admitted of my spending a few days at Corfú. This inclination was no way diminished by the viceregal luxuries and agreeable society of the palace, attractions the more powerful after a week of nearly uninterrupted travelling by land or by sea. I found, however, that the arrangements of the two packets allowed me but six-and-thirty hours' stay in the metropolis, unless with the alternative of remaining a fortnight, which

was out of the question. I had, therefore, but to make the best use of the single day at my disposal, which fortunately was one of surpassing brilliancy.

The chief beauty of the town is concentrated around the esplanade, and a more lovely spot can hardly be conceived. It is a small park or meadow of fresh green sward, occupying the flat summit of the promontory between the town and the citadel, and laid out with walks and avenues of trees. The side towards the town is bounded by the newest and most ornamental row of buildings it contains. Opposite them rises the rock of the citadel, embosomed in cypresses. At one extremity is the front of the viceregal palace—a large and elegant structure, with a fine range of porticos; and towards the other is a circular temple, surrounded by a colonnade, erected in honour of Sir Thomas Maitland. Behind, a wooded bank slopes to the beach. Here, as on every side but that towards the town, the ground falls precipitously in rocky declivities, planted with evergreens; and, unless where the view is impeded by the citadel or palace, opening out a variety of beautiful prospects across the gulf and the surrounding coasts. The town itself is confined, towards the interior of the island, by a circle of gloomy fortifications, erected by the Venetians, with the Lion of St Mark still visible on the front of some of the gates, and other decorative portions of the work. These are now in progress of demolition, it having been determined to restrict the defences of the place to the citadel and island of Vido, the works of which latter fortress are now being remodelled on a much more extensive scale. The levelling of the old walls will be a great addition to the amenity and salubrity of the city; as their site was to be converted into public gardens and pleasure grounds.

In the afternoon, I was indebted to my friends, Colo-

nel and Mrs D——, for a drive in their pony phæton about ten miles along the coast to the southward, in which direction lies some of the finest mountain scenery of the island, visiting by the way the scanty remains of the old Greek city, and supposed localities of the Odyssey.

The ancient Corcyra stood a little to the south of the modern town. The most prominent part of its site is the peninsula still bearing the name of Palæopoli, or the Old City. It is formed on one side by the bay interposed between itself and the promontory occupied by the modern citadel; on the other by a small gulf, or lagoon, called the Peschiera, or Lake of Calichiopulo. * The spot is now chiefly remarkable for its gardens, or rather forests of magnificent olives. The northern shore, facing the town of Corfu, is occupied by a villa of the L. H. C. The only remaining vestiges of antiquity are the ruins of a small Doric temple, on the verge of a precipitous bank at the eastern point of the peninsula, facing the coast of Epirus. The extent and plan of this building are sufficiently apparent from the foundations which have been excavated. One column is now standing, although not apparently transmitted from antiquity in that position, but replaced by the excavators; and the remains of several others, with portions of the frontispiece and entablature, are scattered in the neighbourhood. There is a tradition that a much larger

* From the description of Thucydides, it would appear that the peninsula was the Acropolis; the Peschiera, the Portus Hyllaïcus; that the other port, called by him "that towards Epirus," was the bay between the ancient Acropolis and the present citadel; and that the Agora was on the flat ground contiguous to this port, now without the town, but occupied by a row of houses.—(*Histor.* III. c. 72.) Scylax mentions three ports of Corcyra.—(*Peripl.* 29.) Hence it may be presumed that the present harbour, although at some distance from the ancient city, was also used as a station for vessels.

number of columns were originally in their place, but that a party of midshipmen, from an English man-of-war lying to under the cliffs, amused themselves in upsetting them. If they were the original destroyers, they must have been midshipmen of very ancient date, as the ruins, previous to the year 1823, when they were first discovered and excavated by Sir Frederick Adam, were completely embedded in the soil, with every appearance of having been so for centuries; and this opinion is confirmed by the circumstance, that they are unnoticed by any of the old travellers who visited the island. Assuming, indeed, the prostrate columns to have been replaced in their original position by the excavators, as seems partially to have been the case, the midshipmen might still be entitled to the credit of having once more subverted them. But the whole story is probably a fable, like so many others of the same kind. A popular French writer* attributes to the English the destruction of the massive Doric columns, still standing in all their previous integrity, at Corinth. Not happening to light upon them in the course of his own superficial researches, he adopts the excuse for his oversight, which a very natural jealousy of the superiority of the British travellers to those of his own nation would most readily suggest to a lively French imagination. I have also heard the English accused of the decapitation of the lions over the gate of Mycenæ, whose heads, there can be little doubt, were knocked off upwards of two thousand years ago, by the stones falling from the wall above, when the city was destroyed by the Argives. The *iconoclastic* propensities of our nation are unfortunately too well established by facts to require the evidence of fiction; nor is it necessary—in terms of the old adage, *non cuivis contingit adire*

* CHATEAUBRIAND, *Itiner.* Paris 1812. 8vo. Tom. I. 169.

Corinthum — to travel either to Corinth or Corfú in search of examples, which our own national monuments, from the milestones by the wayside to the sepulchres of Westminster Abbey, so plentifully supply.

The scenery of the island increases in splendour towards the south. The view from the summit of a cliff on that side of the peninsula, presents a succession of bold promontories or rich and fertile declivities, rising towards the interior into rocky mountains, of the most picturesque variety of form, covered with evergreen forests, and their boldest peaks crowned here and there with chapels or towers embedded in groves of cypress. Immediately below the cliff, at the mouth of the Peschiera, is a small rocky islet, with two or three craggy tops, one of which is surmounted by a single house shaded by a few cypress trees. This rock is vulgarly, though somewhat improperly, called the island of Ulysses, as being supposed, plausibly enough, to represent that into which Homer fables the vessel that bore the hero to his native land, to have been metamorphosed by Neptune, in approaching the port of Scheria on its return. The river where Ulysses met Nausicaa is identified by some with a small stream that flows into the Peschiera —very inappropriately, as it is evident that the washing-ground of that heroine in the poet's description was at a much greater distance from the city. Others, perhaps more plausibly, discover it in another stream called Potamo, at some distance to the north of the modern town. The gardens of Alcinous were placed by my authorities on the low rich land on the shore of the Peschierá—also very improperly; for Homer describes them as situated within the city, and consequently on the peninsula itself. But the identity so generally recognised, both in ancient and modern times, between Corcyra and the land of Alcinous, is in itself very problematical.

CHAPTER III.

ALBANIAN TRAVELLING SERVANT, AND GREEK TRAVELLING.

A PORTION of the morning was occupied in making such arrangements for my land journey, as were necessary to insure the small degree of comfort that could reasonably be hoped for at the halting-places in the inhospitable regions through which it lay. The first and most important business was to hire one of that peculiar description of travelling servants who devote themselves to the attendance on tourists in the Levant, and who combine, or profess to combine, the offices of guide, cicerone, purveyor, cook, interpreter, and valet. Corfú is the chief rendezvous for this class of persons, some of whom are usually to be found on the quay, like *lacquais de place* in the seaports of western Europe, ready to prefer their claims to the traveller as he steps out of the packet. They are, as may be supposed, for the most part Greeks or Albanians, and attired in the national costume. Some, however, presented themselves equipped in the first style of European fashion, obviously for the purpose of creating a favourable impression by their smartness and civilization; although, in my own case, the effect was quite the reverse of what they intended. I had with me the address of one who had been highly recommended by a friend, and whom I was fortunate enough to find disengaged. He was, upon the whole, one of the most original characters I have hap-

pened to meet with in the course of my travels, and a good sample of a class of beings unknown among ourselves, and perhaps little common in any other country. As a further apology for digressing somewhat more widely in my description of him, than the subject may seem to deserve, I may urge the opportunity it will afford of adding a few remarks on the general plan and conduct of a tour in Greece, and on the habits of those with whom the traveller is likely to be brought into contact, which may perhaps be not altogether unprofitable to my successors in the same route, or unacceptable to the general reader.

Nicóla, for so he was called, was as strange a mixture of the barbarian and the civilized man as can well be imagined. An Albanian of the purest caste, a native of the province of Joánnina, he wore the beautiful dress of his country, and his whole appearance was in the highest degree picturesque. A complete Hercules in form, with a somewhat Scythian cast of countenance, and a slight tendency to corpulence, as that hero is not uncommonly represented, he was, like him, active and patient of fatigue. The expression of his coarse weatherbeaten visage, though gloomy and even ferocious, had a certain tinge of sincerity and simplicity which prevented it from being offensive. His manner was gruff and rude, sometimes even surly and insolent, yet certainly not intentionally so; and he was obedient to orders, and submissive when seriously found fault with. He spoke seven languages; Albanian, Greek, Italian, Spanish, French, Turkish, and I forget what other Oriental dialect. Of the English he was totally ignorant; and yet for many years he had been chiefly attached to the service of British travellers; but he said he never could master its difficulties. He kept his accounts in Italian, which tongue was also our medium of communication, with the

greatest order and regularity, in an excellent hand, and with an orthography that might put many a member of the native noblesse to the blush. Although I had no occasion to try him, I have little doubt that his penmanship might have been found equally available in any other of the written languages of which he was master. But, with these attainments as a linguist and a scribe, his progress in the march of intellect seemed to have been suddenly arrested, as in all further respects he was as deficient in educational knowledge, and displayed as great a contempt for every thing of the sort, as the most unsophisticated shepherd of his native mountains. How or where he acquired so unusual a stock of elementary learning, I never could exactly ascertain. He was not by nature communicative; and as the few observations he hazarded were laconic and inexplicit, and he did not like to be cross-questioned, it was difficult to get much information from him on any subject on which he did not volunteer to enlarge; and even then his accounts were dry and unconnected enough. There may possibly have hung some mystery over the early part of his previous life, as is very frequently the case with men of the world of his nation and rank, more especially with those who, after having taken an active part in the turbulent vicissitudes of their native land, have adopted at a maturer age comparatively tranquil and domestic habits.

It may perhaps at first sight appear a startling, or even a calumnious imputation, to say that a large proportion of the adult population of Greece and the neighbouring countries have, during some period of their life, exercised, in one shape or other, the profession of robber; but a very little reflection on their past history and actual habits, can leave little doubt that it is a correct one. The mountain fastnesses of many of these provinces of the Turkish empire, were, even during its more

flourishing periods, in the half-independent possession of the natives, ranged under patriarchal chiefs, similar in character and habits to the robber knights in the unsettled districts of Europe during the middle ages, and who gloried in the title of *klepht*, or thief. This profession they exercised somewhat in the mode of our Rob Roys, Robin Hoods, or Johnny Armstrongs, exacting *black mail* from their weaker neighbours as the price of protection from their rivals, or from the common Turkish oppressor, against whom their predatory warfare was chiefly directed. From this class of robber chiefs sprung many of the heroes whose names have acquired the greatest celebrity in the war of independence, Kolokotroni, Mauromichali, Androuzzos, Gouras, and others, the survivors among whom have felt some difficulty in conforming to the habits of regular government or civilized society. But besides this more organized system of brigandage, a favourite resource of the desperate or the unfortunate of all ranks was a retreat to the mountains, and the life of a freebooter. During the war, the population of whole villages, towns, or districts, were frequently reduced to live in rocks, caves, and forests, where plunder, when opportunity occurred, became a virtue of necessity, as the only means of supporting existence; and in such cases but little distinction would be made between friend and foe. Still more demoralizing, perhaps, was the effect of the few years of civil dissension that intervened between the emancipation from the Turks and the establishment of the present government, during which these predatory campaigns were carried on between rival factions of the Greek nation itself. The necessary result of such a state of things was a general indifference to the value of human life among all classes, which was not a little fostered during the war by the universal practice of butchering

the Turks in the mass, or the individual, whenever they fell into their hands; and I have heard it remarked, in well-informed quarters, that if the European traveller, as he passed along the road or the street, could instinctively detect those among the natives whose hands, apart from the adventures of regular warfare, had been deliberately stained with human blood, a large proportion of this population, who, with all their faults, appeared to me, from the little experience I had of them, friendly and kind-hearted, would become objects of disgust and abhorrence. That habits thus formed, during a long period of anarchy, should suddenly give way before the outward signs of regular government which are now displayed in the land, was hardly to be expected; and I had, during my own passage through the country, practical evidence that the mountain and the carbine still remain as formerly, the resource to which, on occasion of any social embarrassment, the lower orders are in the habit of instinctively resorting. The present corps of gens-d'armerie, a well-disciplined and efficient body, is notoriously composed, in a great measure, of persons who were formerly professional brigands; and their services are considered, according to our own vulgar proverb of "set a thief to catch a thief," the more valuable on that account. Under the present government it has also been the practice, especially in the northern frontiers, the chief seat of systematic outlawry, to detach the bands from their lawless mode of life, by enrolling them as light-armed infantry in the national service, and conferring military commissions on their chiefs—a short-sighted policy, which must be the greatest possible encouragement to the evil it professes to cure.

To return, however, to my own Albanian.—That his personal experience of human life was not deficient in the foregoing particular, I had, it must be admitted, no

other ground of belief than the following heads of circumstantial evidence:—First, the simple fact of his being an Albanian; secondly, the nature of the service in which he had during the early part of his life been engaged; thirdly, his perfect familiarity, which in the course of our travels I had frequent opportunity of putting to the test, with the habits of the freebooter; and lastly, several incidental circumstances or remarks on his own part, in the course of our acquaintance, which seemed to indicate that his abstract views of the rights of property were not so rigid as those which the courtesy of his present mode of life enjoined. This peculiarity, however, ought by no means to count as an unfavourable item in the estimate of such a character; as being, on the one hand, quite consistent with rigid fidelity to an employer and benefactor, and tending, at the same time, for the reasons above assigned in the case of the Greek police, to promote the efficacy of his services.

His knowledge of the Spanish tongue, on which he especially piqued himself, he described as having been acquired in very early youth, during a sojourn in Spain itself, in the service of a traveller. On his return to his native land, he served in a military capacity under Alí Pashá, of whom he was a great admirer, and whose energetic character, strenuous assertion of his authority, and summary administration of justice, were subjects of warm commendation, and unfavourable contrast with what he considered the weak and languid police of his successor, or of the new Hellenic government. His cruelty, avarice, and treachery, did not seem to enter at all into the balance on the other side. After the fall of this chieftain, to whom he adhered to the last, he espoused, with other Albanian adventurers, the Greek patriotic cause, and formed part of the garrison of Mesolonghi during Lord Byron's command of the place. He afterwards

married and settled at Corfú, and for the last twelve years had followed his present profession, during which time, besides every corner of Greece and its islands, he had travelled through the greater part of the Turkish empire, Asia Minor, Palestine, and Egypt.

In spite of his peregrinations and extensive knowledge of life and its vicissitudes, he was wofully deficient in every kind of general information, and either could not or would not give any connected or intelligible account of a single country he had visited, or scene he had witnessed. In fact, one of his most amusing peculiarities was a scornful indifference to things in general, beyond what he considered the immediate sphere of his own duties or avocations, in the prosecution of which he displayed an equal degree of zeal, activity, and energy. His was in fact the philosophy of the savage, or natural man, shrewd and penetrating as regards the present, around which it is concentrated, but ignorant or careless of both past and future, unless in so far as their concerns appear tangibly connected with the more engrossing, and for the most part sensual, objects of momentary interest. What seemed less easy to explain, was not so much his indifference to the objects which alone or chiefly attracted strangers to the places whither he was in the habit of conducting them, but his complete ignorance, in very many cases, of their site or existence—although perfect master of the topography of Greece in other respects. On this score I had frequently occasion to find fault with him, as he had, when hired, boasted of his familiarity with the curiosities we were to explore. His apology was, that he had never been in the habit of accompanying his previous employers in their rambles upon such occasions, but had been left in charge of the horses and baggage, while they found local ciceroni who performed this service. If so, they were more fortunate

than myself, as one of the greatest inconveniences of which I had to complain, amid the ignorance of my habitual guide, was the difficulty, often the impossibility, of finding any one in the least degree competent to act in this capacity; and as it usually happened, that the names by which the objects I was in quest of were known among the natives were different from their scientific titles, I have frequently been obliged to range for hours the whole surface of an ancient city, or other interesting locality, as a pointer-dog would hunt a field, in order to discover them for myself, to the infinite loss of time and patience, and occasionally without ultimate success. It appeared that the journeys of many of his previous employers had been directed to other than classical objects. He had been at different times in the suite of the commissioners of boundaries, and other persons travelling in a diplomatic capacity. I advised him, however, to take this, or any other opportunity that might offer, of perfecting himself in what was certainly an important branch of his profession. Although at first he seemed to treat with great contempt the notion of troubling himself about old stones and rubbish, as he called them, yet, apparently convinced of the reasonableness of my advice, he gradually began to devote a certain degree of attention to them. He even went the length of taking special notes of several localities, which were either first fully explored by myself, or previously little known or frequented; and would sometimes, in the warmth of his new-born zeal, tease me with accounts of wonders to be found here and there, which of course turned out to exist but in the delusions of his own or the popular ignorance.

He affected much contempt for the degraded state and beastly habits of his countrymen, the native Græco-Albanian population, and yet his own were in a great measure similar; while the easy and natural manner in which

he conformed to them in all their most offensive particulars, while our lot was cast in the region where they exclusively prevailed, showed that they were still in all respects as congenial to his taste as those of the semi-civilized life to which, since his marriage and settlement in Corfú, he had been accustomed. Of the habits here alluded to, the fundamental one is the aversion of the Christian population of the whole country formerly called Turkey in Europe, to ablution or change of raiment, or even to divesting themselves of the garments they habitually wear, and which are allowed to go to decay on the person of the proprietor, until necessity, or a regard for the decency of the exterior man, induce him to procure a substitute. These customs are not peculiar to the lower class, but extend in a greater or less degree to the nobles and chieftains, who consider filth as one of the characteristics of martial genius or veteran service. On setting out on a campaign they put on a clean smock or fustanella, soaked in grease, which remains on their person, as a matter of military etiquette, night and day, until their return home, when their wives have a new suit ready to replace it. The consequence is, that the persons and habitations of all classes swarm with vermin, to an extent unknown probably in any other country. The Albanians are in the habit of wearing belts or bandages smeared with mercurial ointment, said to act as a partial preventive of the too rapid propagation of their personal live stock, or as an antidote to the unwholesome consequences of its superabundance. Not only are undressing on going to bed, and sleeping within sheets and blankets, things unheard of, but so much as bed or bedding of any kind, other than rush mats or their shaggy hair capottes and goatskin mantles, are luxuries to which, together with a table or chair, the Greek population below a certain rank are altogether

strangers. A German staff-surgeon in a central military depôt of the Morea, employed to inspect the country recruits under the new conscription act, assured me, that the clothes of many of them were found so tightly glued to their bodies by accumulated filth and vermin, that they could not be drawn off without considerable pain to the wearer, and were frequently obliged to be cut up on his person, and detached piecemeal. It is indeed probable that, in proportion to the amount of the population, that of the filth, personal and domestic, which prevails in these countries, is greater than in any other district of Europe, or perhaps of the globe. Most other semi-barbarous nations, favoured with a fine climate, are but scantily clad; whereas the Greek dress is remarkable for quantity, and the voluminous flow of its drapery. It must further be remembered, that, by the expulsion of the Turks, almost the whole aristocracy or upper class of the previous nation has been swept off the face of the land, and little more than the lower orders remain. This is a consideration of much importance, as bearing not only on these petty points of domestic manners, but on the whole social and political state of the country,* and which has been far too little taken into account in the ordinary speculations on the present condition or future prospects of the so-called regenerate race. The Turks, though not in our sense of the term a cleanly people, were yet by their law under the obligation to frequent ablution; and, as being the wealthier and better class, their example may probably have exercised some little influence on their subjects. With them, therefore, a large share of whatever may formerly have existed, either of attention or encouragement to cleanliness, has become extinct; and the native peasant and artisan are now left

* See Chap. XL. of this Journal.

to the enjoyment of the same unsophisticated mode of life as the cattle on their mountain sides, or as the dogs that defend the hovels which afford man and beast a common shelter from the sunbeam or the storm.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the case was quite so bad as regards my own worthy Arnaut; yet I believe a change of smock at Athens, and perhaps another at Patras, were the utmost dereliction of national manners of which he was guilty during the eight weeks he was in my service; but, as he was a man of a naturally sound and wholesome habit of body, I never found any thing seriously offensive in his personal vicinity. Not so, however, as regards his stewardship of my goods. For the conveyance of refreshments, and other necessary articles of occasional use on the road, we were provided with two or three moderate-sized goats' hair bags, which, with a little attention, might easily have admitted of such a distribution of their destined contents, as would have prevented any unpleasant collision of uncongenial bodies. Our stock of provisions consisted chiefly of salted meats, hard-boiled eggs, cheese, dried figs, &c. In addition to these, there were various other loose articles of a very different description—such as sketch-books, itineraries, and a few pocket volumes of the classics; besides travelling caps, handkerchiefs, and other small pieces of extra clothing, which the hourly variations of temperature in a Greek spring rendered it convenient to have continually at hand, and which consequently could not be permanently embodied in the luggage, properly so called. These latter items I particularly directed to be lodged in a separate repository. But in spite of all my precautions, amid the frequent extractions and insertions which took place in the course of our day's march, often without stopping or dismounting, I almost invariably found, on emptying our treasures at

the halting-place, that sausages, salt herrings, cheese, figs, sketch-book, journal, woollen comforter, Homer, Pausanias, Gell, had all been thrust into the same receptacle, and came forth presenting, both to the sight and the smell, too palpable tokens of the uncongenial contact into which they had been forced. On the first two or three occasions of the kind, I could not help being diverted by the delinquent's total unconsciousness of having been in the wrong, and the contempt which he plainly exhibited, when taxed with his fault, for my squeamish attention to such trivialities. But this feeling soon gave place to unmixed wrath at the inveterate slovenliness of his ways. Finding it, however, impossible entirely to correct them, I was obliged in the end patiently to submit; and, keeping as good a look-out as I was able on the more precious part of my stock, to leave the rest to its fate.

Among the few subjects on which he was communicative, were the glories of the late revolutionary war, and the praises of the "bravi guerrieri" who had fought out the independence of their country. On these points he was the faithful organ of all the most exaggerated popular traditions relative to combat, siege, or individual act of heroism. Every petty skirmish was magnified into a bloody battle; every successful maraud into a brilliant victory. The portion of the Turkish army destroyed in the defiles between Argos and Corinth, in August 1822, which, according to more credible accounts, may have amounted to between 2000 and 3000 men, consisted, according to him, of 30,000. That which Reshid and Ibrahim commanded against Mesolonghi, in 1827, rated in the same more authentic quarters at about 25,000, was with him 60,000, which estimates may be taken as a fair sample of his statistics relative to other similar events. This pride of Hellenic patriotism, how-

ever, did not, as in many other instances even among the lowest class of Greeks, connect itself in the remotest degree with any associations of ancient national renown—matters concerning which he was as profoundly ignorant as he was indifferent; and the interest I attached to the plains of Platæa or Marathon, was to him as much a mystery as the anxiety I displayed to examine the *big stone* of Orchomenus, or the arched bridge of Xeròkampo. It may indeed appear that, not being himself a native Greek, he had no real cause to participate in this species of classical enthusiasm. The Albanians, however, with the Christian insurgents throughout all parts of the Turkish empire, as Greeks in the mass, in contradistinction to Turks or Franks, have, it would seem, been very generally in the habit of concentrating their historical recollections, in common with the more immediate occupants of the classic land, around the glories of Hellenic antiquity; and perhaps, in a great measure, with equal right. Even adopting the more moderate view of a lately so much controverted point, there cannot be a doubt that a large proportion of the present population of Peloponnesus, Attica, and Bœotia, are of Sclavonic or Albanian origin; and, perhaps, an equal or greater share of ancient Greek blood flows in the veins of the Christian subjects of the Sultan, scattered over the northern provinces of his dominions, than of the inhabitants of Greece Proper.* It may, indeed, be considered as one of the most capricious turns of the wheel of fortune, that while the seeds of the revolution were sown and matured in those provinces, and while it is notorious

* The peasantry of Attica—Bœotia—part of Phocis—and Argolis—with the islands of Salamis, Hydra, Spezia, and Andros—are chiefly or solely Albanian. In the rest of Peloponnesus, with trifling exception—Ætolia—Acarnania, and the remaining islands—the population is exclusively Greek.—GORDON's *Hist. Greek Revol.* Vol. I. p. 60.

that its final success was in a great measure due to the zeal, perseverance, and devoted valour of the Albanian warriors, yet has this brave and patriotic though barbarous race been left to pine in their native seats, under all the rigours of Turkish despotism, while their neighbours to the south enjoy the whole fruits of the common exertions. The blow, however, which they have helped to inflict on the Ottoman power, will ultimately, it is to be hoped, have its favourable influence on their own destinies, and insure them, at some future period, a better chance of taking their place among the free and civilized nations of Europe.

For the Bavarians, my attendant participated in the cordial hatred, as well as contempt, which is the feeling of all classes of the Greek population towards them. Among the few anecdotes which he took pleasure in telling, was that of the corps of German regulars, who, when sent up into Mount Taÿgetus to reduce the refractory Maïnotes, were blockaded and taken by the peasantry in one of its defiles; and after having been made to dance, sing, and perform mountebank tricks for the amusement of the captors and their wives and children, were ransomed in a lump, officers and all, for a drachm (eightpence) a-head; with the exception of a drummer, who had approved himself skilled in the art of fiddling, and for whom they demanded a dollar. In regard to religion, although I never heard him formally profess infidel principles, yet from the habitual tenor of his allusions, Nicóla was evidently a decided latitudinarian;—a rare phenomenon in these countries, where superstition—religion it can hardly be called—exercises unlimited sway over the minds of the people. All Christian persuasions, at least, seemed to him much the same, and all their observances alike matters of empty ceremonial or cunning priestcraft, and in so far objects of ridicule or disgust;

and not a few of the shrewd caustic remarks with which he occasionally entertained me, were directed against sectarian zeal or superstition in all its forms, more especially as exemplified in the case of his native Greek church.

Upon the whole, as regards his qualifications for the essential duties of his office, it would probably be difficult to find a better man. The entire economy of our journey, paying bills, hiring horses, guides, &c., was left to his management; and I invariably found him perfectly honest, regular in his accounts, and zealous in all ways for the interest of his master. Of his probity and economy I had good evidence in the comparison of his books with those of other members of his profession, and still better in the surprise expressed by several Philhellene acquaintances, to whom I communicated some of the items, at the strange phenomenon of an "honest Greek travelling servant."* The only point on which I had occasion to complain of extravagance, was the high fees paid for the venal hospitality of the country khans and cottages where we lodged. This, however, was but in compliance with a mischievous but inveterate custom, and indispensable to secure the tranquil enjoyment of the best of the miserable accommodation they afford.

* In the item of horse hire, for example:—the price at which he procured our beasts for an ordinary day's journey was 3½ drachms, about half-a-crown per day. This is the sum commonly paid by the natives, and includes every species of entertainment or allowance, either for man or horse, except the customary perquisite of a share in the wine provided for use on the road. Foreign tourists, however, are commonly charged five or six drachms, often with an addition of perhaps half that sum for each day of return; but no such demand was ever made upon me.

His own fee was a dollar (4s. 4d.) a-day—out of which he nominally found his board; but, according to the usual courtesy in such cases, while on the route, he partook with myself in the common stock of provisions.

His tact and temper in the management of the muleteers and boatmen, were admirable. The exacting spirit and disposition to cheat and squabble on the part of these people, which are so frequent a source of complaint among travellers, and so common a subject of enlargement in the pages of their journals, were inconveniences to which I was altogether a stranger. In my own experience I never knew a more tractable, good-humoured, or obliging race. For this difference of impression, I can only fairly account by the excellent discipline in which they were kept by Nicóla, partly by severity where refractory, partly by a spirit of good fellowship, and mutual accommodation, where reasonable. It is true, indeed, that in most parts of the country he was known among the class of persons who profit by the visits of tourists, and whose interest it was to oblige him. He was well skilled in such elementary branches of the art of cookery as were requisite for the preparation of my frugal meals, and upon the whole cleanly in their exercise: and marvellous was the rapidity with which, on arriving at our night's quarters, he procured, killed, plucked, and boiled a fowl into rice pottage for my supper, with the very indifferent apparatus at his disposal.

CHAPTER IV.

IONIAN SEA—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ITHACA.

"ποίῃ νῦν νηΐ σε ναῦται
ἤγαγον εἰς Ἰθάκην; τίνες ἔμμεναι εὐχετόωνται;"
"Φαίηκες μ' ἄγαγον ναυσίκλυτοι, οἵτε καὶ ἄλλους
ἀνθρώπους πέμπουσιν ὅτις σφέας εἰσαφίκηται.
καί μ' εὕδοντ' ἐν νηῒ θοῇ ἐπὶ πόντον ἄγοντες
κάτθεσαν εἰς Ἰθάκην."—*Odyss.* xvi. 222, 227.

"'Who brought thee, stranger, to the sea-girt land
Of Ithaca?—and from what foreign strand?'
'At dead of night, while fast asleep I lay,
Phœacian seamen bore me on my way,
From Scheria's isle, in ship that oft before
Hath men transported to this rugged shore.'"

On the morning of the 21st we sailed for Ithaca, in the Ionian government steamer. This island is not of sufficient importance to make an immediate communication with it, in ordinary cases, an equivalent for the time occupied by so great a deviation from the direct course to Argostóli, the seat of government of Cefalonia. The packet, therefore, does not call at Vathý, the capital and chief port of Ithaca, unless when bearing despatches of more than usual urgency for that place. The present voyage happened to be one of those exceptions, and we had the prospect of reaching our destination not long after nightfall; but, owing to the weather and other incidental causes of delay, our arrival did not take place till past midnight. The party on

board comprised a small reinforcement of troops for the island of Paxo, under the command of an ensign, and several officers belonging to the 53d regiment, then distributed in detachments among the four islands of Paxo, Sta Maura, Ithaca, and Cefalonia. The day was cloudy, with a gale of wind in our face and a heavy swell, and the distant land was enveloped in mist; so that there was an end, for the present, of all further enjoyment of the beauties of the Ionian sea. On approaching the southern extremity of the channel, we discover Paxo at no great distance to the right. In front, the long massive promontory of Sta Maura or Leucadia was indistinctly visible. To the left, on the shore of Epirus, was pointed out the rugged rock of Parga, whose destinies excited so great an interest some years ago, in the neighbourhood of which a stretch of flat land indicated the marshy vale and mouth of the Acheron.

After a few hours' sail we put into the little port of Paxo, to disembark our reinforcement, which was received with eagerness, mixed with disappointment at its limited number, by the Resident. This dignitary, with his suite, immediately boarded us, and, big with alarm and self-importance, regaled us with fearful tales of the horrors of the Albanian war, of which his government had been the theatre, greatly to the amusement of the veterans of our company, who, however, were not a little dismayed at the accounts of the severe double duty to which their own men had been subjected by the energetic zeal of his excellency. Soon after, we came in sight of the lofty round summit of Cefalonia, and the lower heights of Ithaca to its left. As we approached Sta Maura, there opened out, on the coast of the mainland, a long low dismal-looking flat, indicating the entrance to the gulf of Arta. Over its surface were scattered here and there heavy shapeless masses of ruin, of a character

closely resembling the brick remains of the Roman Campagna. They are, in fact, of the same age and material, being those of the city of Nicopolis, founded by Augustus in commemoration of the naval victory of Actium, achieved on this coast, and which conferred on him the sovereignty of the Roman world. Behind this dreary foreground became visible in the extreme distance, as the horizon cleared up towards evening, a lofty range of snow-capped mountains, the ancient Pindus, presenting a singular and striking outline of sharp peaks and broken summits. We put to at Sta Maura for three-quarters of an hour, which gave me time to accompany my military acquaintances to the barracks, and partake of the hospitality of their mess. It was now dark, so that I could see little or nothing of the town or island; and on doubling the cape, two hours afterwards, could only figure to myself Sappho's Leap, from a faint tinge of white in the line of cliffs that loomed in heavy masses to our left.

There is, perhaps, no spot where the influence of classical associations is so lively or so pure as in the barren little isle of Ithaca, or which affords a more striking example of the power of human genius, in imparting celebrity and importance to objects in themselves insignificant. The limited extent of the scene seems here to enhance, by the force of contrast, the magnitude of the events enacted, while it adds to the charm of the poet's minute and graphic description of the individual localities. Another powerful ingredient of the interest that attaches to this little rock, is the complete obscurity into which it retires, immediately after the genius to which it was indebted for its celebrity becomes extinct, and in which it has remained during the three thousand years that have since elapsed. After the age of its great mythological warrior and of his poet, neither its prosperity nor its misfortunes seem to have attracted

the smallest attention beyond its own bounds. We neither know by what race it was inhabited—what was its form of government—or whether it was free or subject to its neighbours. So much as the name of Ithaca scarcely occurs in the page of any writer of historical ages, unless with reference to its mythical celebrity. Here, therefore, all our recollections are concentrated solely around the heroic age. Every hill and rock, every fountain and olive grove, breathes Homer and the Odyssey. We are thus transplanted, by a sudden leap over thirty centuries, to the most brilliant period of Greek chivalry and song, without any intermediate stage, or the interference of any of those rival associations, which in Athens, Thebes, or Rome, while they augment the number, diminish in each case the force of their especial claims on our classical sympathies.

In the year 1504 Ithaca was uninhabited, and record is extant of privileges offered by the Venetian government to the settlers by whom it was repeopled.* This fact may seem in some measure to detract from the interest that attaches to its present condition. It might otherwise have been plausibly enough assumed, that a spot which offered so few temptations to foreign settlement or conquest, had preserved its primitive race of inhabitants during its successive changes of destiny, even since the days of Homer. But from whatever cause it may have been deserted at the period above mentioned, it is probable that the former emigrants would be the first to avail themselves of such an invitation. That the new settlers were of Hellenic, rather than, as in many other similar cases, of Albanian or Sclavonian race, is evinced by their Greek tongue, which they claim to speak with greater purity than any

* Leake, *Northern Greece*, vol. iii. p. 25.

of their neighbours. Their personal appearance also favours this view; the women, more especially, struck me as better-looking than those of any other part of Greece, whether continent or island, with regular features and sparkling black eyes.

Soon after the commencement of the present century, the zeal of English classical research rescued Ithaca once more from the obscurity in which for ages it had lain, and it has since become a chief object of attention with the numerous travellers who now annually visit this Archipelago; occupying not only a prominent place in their journals, but even furnishing materials for much learned controversy, in many an elaborate work devoted to the illustration of its topography. By a very interesting coincidence, nearly at the same period, and under the same British auspices through which it was first restored to fame, it has now become a populous and flourishing community—perhaps upon the whole, in spite of its diminutive size, the most thriving of the Ionian islands.

The existing peculiarities of site and scenery—the snug little town and port—the hollow bay in which it is embedded—the rugged rocks and lofty mountains that surround it—and the olive and fruit gardens that adorn their lower declivities—all tend, amid every difference of times and circumstances, to realize to the imagination of the traveller, on a first approach to its shore, the descriptions to which the island is indebted for its fame. The peculiar circumstances under which my own arrival took place, were certainly not such as to diminish the effect of a first impression. I could not, indeed, but be amused by the coincidence, that, like the hero on his return from his wanderings to his native island,* it was my lot to

* *Odyss.* xiii. 113.

reach its coast from Scheria in a Phæacian vessel, and fast asleep on the deck, between the hours of midnight and daybreak. We did not in fact enter the harbour of Vathý till about one o'clock, when I was awakened from a two hours' slumber on a bench by the intelligence that our vessel was in port. The night was gloomy but perfectly calm, and I could just distinguish that we were within a deep bay, surrounded by hills looming in heavy dark masses on every side. A few faint lights at the extremity of the cove, indicated the situation of the town. As we approached the shore the vessel checked her way, and advancing slowly and steadily, enabled me to contemplate the scene, undisturbed by the noise of paddle or engine, those antidotes to every kind of sentimental enjoyment. The stillness was again interrupted by the firing of a signal gun on board the vessel, answered by innumerable echoes from the hills, and by a loud chorus of crowing cocks and barking dogs from the shore. A few minutes afterwards, the splash of oars and the motion of one of the lights towards us, betokened the approach of a boat from the quay, into which I was lowered, together with my equipage and the despatches. The vessel then reset her paddles, put about ship, and continued her outward course.

The captain and others in chief authority were below, and their representatives above board had not favoured the party in the boat with any particulars relative to my person, or the object of my visit to their island; so that, on rowing towards the shore in the dark, I had to explain for myself to the coxswain, who spoke Italian fluently, who and what I was. On proceeding so to do, I was interrupted by his assurance that he both knew and expected me. Although nothing could be more gratifying to the vanity of a classical tourist, than to find that his fame had preceded his arrival in so illustrious a spot,

yet knowing it to be impossible that any notice of my intended visit could have reached it, I ventured, in as far as the profusion of complimentary interruptions on the other side would admit, to follow out my statement to the effect, that I was an English gentleman from Corfú, with letters to the Resident, and at the same time mentioned my name. All this was perfectly satisfactory to my new acquaintance, who assured me that both my name and character were quite familiar to him, and that he had been for some time expecting my arrival. There appeared, therefore, to be no longer any doubt on the subject, and, surrendering the remainder of my modest scepticism, I went on to make some enquiries as to the mode in which the report of my approach had reached the island, when the mystery was cleared up. It turned out that a new superintendent of the department of sanitary police, in which this individual was second in authority, had lately been appointed, and for some time past expected from Corfú, in the person of a gentleman of the name of More or Moore. The discovery, however, that I was not his future commander, caused no change of behaviour towards me on the part of my companion—a man of some small importance in his way, and whom I found, throughout my dealings with him, in various little matters where his good-will was necessary, a most friendly and obliging person. Indeed, I had reason to complain of the excess rather than the deficiency of his zeal for my service. Finding that I was addressed to the Resident, with that over officious but sincere *bonhommie* common to persons of this class of life, both in Greece and Italy, he assured me on landing, that his excellency would not yet have retired to rest, and would be delighted to see and accommodate me. This I doubted, considering the lateness of the hour, and requested him rather to conduct me to his own office, or to any

other place where I could find a floor on which to lay my mattress, being all I required till daybreak. He acquiesced, as I supposed; but, on arriving at our destination, I found that he had persevered in his original intention. Before I had time to remonstrate, he had roused one of the Resident's servants, a surly John Bull, who soon settled the matter by informing us, that his master had been in bed, and sound asleep for several hours, and could see nobody till the morning. I was then conducted to my guide's own office, where light was still burning. On the floor above was the public reading-room, about as primitive a literary establishment as I have chanced to meet with, containing one or two Corfuote and Athenian newspapers, partly in the Greek, partly in the Italian tongue. These I amused myself in perusing for half an hour, and then made my bed on a rush-bottomed sofa, the most elegant piece of furniture in the apartment.

Early the next morning I received an invitation to breakfast from the Resident—Captain W—— of the artillery. I remained five days under his hospitable roof, and have seldom spent as many with so great pleasure or profit. My reception was of that nature which places a guest at once at his ease, and in my host I found an instructive as well as a most agreeable companion. With no pretensions to deep antiquarian science, he had paid that attention which every well educated man ought to do, to the objects of interest within the district over which he presided—was familiar with its classical topography, and even with the details of much of the controversy on the subject. He was by consequence as competent as he was a kind and attentive cicerone; while his skill and taste as an amateur artist, rendered him as valuable a guide to the picturesque as to the classical scenery of the island. Free from those prejudices which,

while they too often unfit the English to judge of the character of the foreign nations among whom their lot may be cast, lead them at the same time to depreciate or despise them, he seemed to enjoy with all classes in the island a well deserved popularity, and was to me a most useful informant in every thing relating to their social condition and habits. His lady was worthy of him, both in respect to person and manners; and a fine family of children, of different ages, completed the charm of their social circle.

The town of Vathý extends in one narrow stripe round the extremity of the horseshoe port, or "deep," (βαθὺ) from whence it derives its name. This bay is but a recess in the larger gulf of Molo,* which, running up into the heart of the island, divides it into two nearly equal parts, connected by a narrow isthmus, on which stands the palæócastro of Actó, commonly called the Castle of Ulysses. The houses are for the most part whitewashed, and of cleanly exterior, but small: a large proportion of them consist of but a single floor, and the place offers no church or other public building making the least external show. About the centre of the range is the Residence, a neat edifice of two stories, the most respectable of the town. Its exterior front is encased in verandas; the interior fitted up with every English comfort. The view from the windows was, indeed, very much that with which one is familiar in a snug little English watering-place; and but for the bolder character of the surrounding hills, I could have fancied myself in the house of the resident engineer of a small military station on the coast of Devonshire or the Isle of Wight. Between the house and the water is a small esplanade,

* The numerous small harbours or recesses in the great gulf of Molo, may be alluded to by the expression λιμένες τε πάνορμοι.—*Odyss.* xiii. 195.

with a flagstaff, and the customary testimonial to "King Tom,"* which in this instance is a column, surmounted by a bronze bust, presenting a tolerably faithful likeness of his severe and coarse, but penetrating and commanding countenance. On the pedestal, some reliefs, from the chisel of a native sculptor, perpetuate by allegorical emblems the glories of his sceptre, and the gratitude of those who experienced its benign sway. Beyond, is displayed nearly the whole circumference of the amphitheatre formed by the port of Vathý, flanked on each side of its entrance by projecting headlands, of which that to the left is fortified by a circular tower. Full in front, in the distance, rises the lofty Mount Neriton, now called Anoí, bearing, in form, size, and colour, a considerable resemblance to Benlomond, as viewed from the southern extremity of the lake.

* The familiar sobriquet of Sir Thomas Maitland during the period of his viceroyalty.

CHAPTER V.

CRIME, AND CRIMINAL JUSTICE IN ITHACA.

Our arrival at Ithaca took place at a moment when the minds of its population were under the influence of an excitement, unequalled perhaps, in the annals of the place, since that consequent on the destruction of the flower of the native nobility by the arrows of Ulysses, and like it, produced by the commission, within the bounds of their own little island, of a mysterious deed of blood. The interest excited by this occurrence was not confined to Ithaca itself, but had spread throughout the septinsular republic. The crime, indeed, was one of those to which, in point of complication and horror, it would perhaps be difficult to find a parallel in the Newgate Calendar, or the *Causes Célèbres*, and, occurring in the bosom of a small and simple community, possessed a special claim on my attention, which induced me to note its details. As they tend also to throw a curious light on the social condition of the island, a brief statement of them may perhaps not be uninteresting to others.

Upwards of twenty years ago, a Frank of the name of Soleure had established his domicile at Vathý, with a wife and only son. He was a person of some education, and of extensive knowledge of the world. Hence, as his character had been irreproachable since his settlement in Ithaca, he had been appointed teacher in the public grammar school, and had acquired considerable influence among the more intellectual class of the inhabitants. There was some mystery attached to his

early life, which, even according to his own account, had not been of the most creditable description. He gave himself out for a Frenchman, native of Avignon, yet he spoke Italian better and more fluently than French—a circumstance which might, perhaps, be explained by a residence of more than half his life in countries where the former was the prevailing dialect. He described himself as having held a captain's commission in the French imperial army in Spain, where he had been taken prisoner during the early part of the war, but had effected his escape in the disguise of a capuchin friar to Malta. To account for his not returning to his own country to resume his military duties, he pleaded a distaste for the service, and a constitutional nervousness and timidity, which disqualified him for the profession of a soldier. This latter statement, although in itself perfectly true, naturally suggested to those who were disposed to cavil at his story, the further question, how a person of such a temperament should have managed to attain the rank of captain in Napoleon's army. At Malta, and subsequently at Zante, he continued to support his character of capuchin. In the latter island, however, he attached himself to a female, with whom he eloped to Patras, where he threw off his canonicals, abjured the Catholic for the Greek persuasion, and married his mistress. Afterwards he kept a school at Sta Maura, from whence he removed to Ithaca, where he was now settled under the circumstances already stated.

For some years past, freemasonry had been much in vogue in the Ionian islands, and more especially in Ithaca. As it comprised many British members, the society was viewed without suspicion by the government, and thus afforded opportunity to the more enlightened classes for private convivial meetings to discuss matters of public interest, without the suspicion which would

attach to organized political clubs, or other secret associations. Soleure from the first took a lead in the affairs of the lodge, and for several years past had officiated as its master. During this period the society had fallen under the displeasure of the clergy, who saw in it but a medium for the dissemination of principles calculated to open the minds of the people to the absurdity of their own system of superstition, and, by consequence, a conspiracy against their authority and influence. They therefore took every means to inflame the minds of the lower orders against it, and their exertions were crowned with complete success. To such an extent was the popular feeling carried, that the council of the lodge, during the early part of the year 1837, fearing disturbances or acts of violence against their own persons, had deliberated on the propriety of its dissolution. Some of the leading members, however, objected to this plan as a mean subserviency to popular clamour, and an act of injustice to the people themselves, by still further countenancing and confirming their foolish prejudices; and so it fell to the ground. Soon after, a violent sermon was preached by the bishop against masonry, and the same night the lodge was broken into, and robbed of arms and other articles used in the ceremonial of the society. Soleure, as the head of the establishment and a foreigner, was the chief object of popular odium. He was frequently mobbed in the streets; and, as he resided at some little distance from the town, he requested and obtained from the superintendent of police, (a retired British officer of great respectability,) a constable to guard his house by night until the excitement had subsided. A few nights afterwards, several hours before daybreak, the superintendent was roused by the servant maid of the Soleure family, who announced that the work of murder was going on in the house; she could

give no further particulars, as, on hearing a tumult and screams in the family apartment from another part of the dwelling where she slept, she had fled for assistance. He immediately proceeded to the spot, where the unfortunate woman and her son were found lying quite dead and fearfully mutilated on the floor. Soleure himself was stretched on the bed in a corner of the room, also apparently lifeless from terror, but with no other bodily injury than a slight wound in the flesh of the arm. His account was, that when the assassins broke in, the family were preparing to retire to rest; that, becoming aware of their purpose, he instinctively took refuge in the bed, where he had swooned from terror; and that the wound in his arm had been inflicted by a random thrust, aimed at him as he lay enveloped in the clothes. Nothing tending to afford any trace of the murderers was found, but the scabbard of a sword lying on the bed by his side.

By a coincidence which appeared almost too singular to be the effect of accident, the constable appointed to guard the house, was, upon some pretext, absent from his post that night. Soleure, although he did not pretend to recognise his person, which was disguised, denounced as the murderer a man formerly a freemason, but who had been expelled the lodge, by his sanction and authority, for disreputable life. This individual had since become a sworn foe of his former brethren, and of Soleure in particular, identifying his cause with that of the priests, by whom he had been absolved from his previous crime of participation in the profane mysteries, and received into special favour and confidence. The superintendent proceeded, therefore, at once to the house of this man, who was not found within; and it was afterwards proved that he had been seen that morning at three o'clock, in company with the son of a priest

distinguished for the violent part he had taken against the freemasons. The only reason he could assign for this circumstance was, that he was an early riser, and fond of exercise in the morning; and he was accordingly placed under arrest. Suspicion, however, at the same time, fell upon Soleure himself, and, as will appear in the sequel, not altogether without reason. Public feeling ran, as might be expected, strongly against him—partly from his previous unpopularity, partly from a patriotic anxiety on the part of the Ithacans to shift the odium of so horrible a crime from their own shoulders upon those of a foreigner—and he was also taken into custody.

The office of crown prosecutor for the island about this time became vacant, and, owing to the importance and mystery of the case, a lawyer of distinguished ability was sent from Corfú to follow out the investigation. During several weeks, nothing more was elicited tending to throw light on the affair; and, according to the usual custom on such occasions, a solemn procession, partly of a judicial, partly of a religious nature, was held, in which the authorities, civil and ecclesiastic, paraded the streets of the town, headed by the bishop, summoning all those who had any information to give, to come forward, and pronouncing unqualified excommunication on all who, after this invitation, should hold back. Upon this an individual appeared, and deposed—"That on the night of the murder, while passing along the quay near the shipping, he saw a man come down as if from the direction of Soleure's house, and throw something into the water, and that he resembled Soleure in stature and general appearance." A search was immediately instituted at the place pointed out, and a sword found smeared with blood, which on trial exactly fitted the scabbard discovered in the apartment where the murder was committed. The appearance of the weapon, however, was

such as to render this evidence very suspicious; for, although it must have been already seventeen days under water, its general surface was comparatively bright and free from rust or corrosion, while the traces of blood exhibited a freshness which it was scarcely possible they could have preserved during so long a period of immersion. On the witness being questioned as to what he himself was doing in the streets at that late hour, he answered, that he was on his return from a visit to a sick friend. An epidemic fever, it is true, was prevalent at the period, and the friend in question was then afflicted by it. On enquiry, however, it turned out that no such visitor had been admitted that night. The explanation given was, that on arriving at the door of the house, and finding it closed and the family retired to rest, he had not cared to disturb them. Another suspicious circumstance was, that the spot from whence he stated the sword to have been thrown, was not in the direct road from his own house to that of his friend. Soon after, a person who kept a small shop in the town came forward and stated, that, some time before the murder, Soleure had come to his house, and showing him a sword he held in his hand, had asked him its value, adding, "that it was a good weapon, and before this time had killed both a mother and son!"—that he weighed the sword and entered the weight in his books, and that the weight of the one found in the water corresponded with his entry. On inspecting the books, however, the style of the entry showed it to have been made subsequent to the date under which it was inserted. His explanation was, that he had neglected to make it at the time, and that, when it afterwards occurred to him to do so, he had, for the sake of regularity, assigned it a place under the proper date. Why he should have thought it necessary to record the weight at all, did not appear, as he had not

purchased the sword. The servant girl was next brought forward with a statement tending to implicate Soleure; namely, that during the tumult in the room, while the crime was committing, she heard the young man call out —"What! wilt thou murder me?" The distinction between *thou* and *you*, which with us is but one of usage, is, it need hardly be observed, of considerable importance in most other European tongues, in regard to the sense of the expression; the former mode of address being customary only between relations or very attached friends, while the latter is that of ordinary social intercourse. This statement, however, was found to be broadly at variance with her deposition as formerly made before the superintendent of police, where she had no less distinctly and emphatically ascribed to the young man expressions of a very different nature. This was, in fact, so clear a case of perjury, that the witness was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, which she was undergoing at the period of my visit to the island.

Such was the cream of the direct testimony against Soleure—lame enough, no doubt, and bearing much in its own face tending to show the existence of a conspiracy against the unfortunate old man. On the other hand, there were certainly some strong points of circumstantial evidence of an unfavourable nature. In the first place, it seemed strange that a plot on the part of his own enemies, and of those of freemasonry, should have been so managed as to wreak its malice on the wife and son, while he himself escaped comparatively uninjured. Hence it was assumed by the party unfavourable to him, that the flight to the bed, the terror, and the swoon, were mere pretexts, and that the wound in the arm was inflicted with his own hand, the better to avert all suspicion from himself. And yet no reasonable motive was ever suggested that could have instigated him to so monstrous

an act. Something, indeed, was said of a feeling of jealousy having been occasionally expressed by him towards his wife; but no weight was attached by impartial persons to this circumstance. The parties were both well past the period of life when conjugal harmony is exposed to much risk of interruption from any such cause, and there was every reason to believe that whatever had passed between them on the subject was but in jest. Nor would this have accounted for the destruction of his only son, whom there was abundant proof he tenderly loved, and with whom there was no evidence of his ever having had a quarrel. Many, too, of those who knew him best, ridiculed the notion that so weak, nervous, and timid an old man, even had he been ferocious enough to form the design, should have been able to muster sufficient energy, either of mind or body, successfully to carry into effect an assault of this kind against two persons much more active and able-bodied than himself. It was moreover proved, that his right arm, from the effects of an old hurt, added to constitutional debility, had for many years been incapable of any great exertion; and it was hence argued by his counsel, that it would have been impossible for him to have thrown the sword to the distance at which it was found from the shore.

The newly appointed advocate, considered a man of great talent, but apparently altogether devoid of principle, on observing how strong the tide of popular feeling set against the prisoner, had, shortly after his arrival, thrown aside even a semblance of impartiality, and completely identified himself with his enemies; exerting himself, with a zeal almost amounting to enthusiasm, to fix the stain of guilt upon him, and remove it from others on whom suspicion might have fallen. The ex-freemason who had been arrested at the commencement, and against whom so much circumstantial evidence

existed, was released by him shortly after his arrival. Immediately on being set at large the man started for Constantinople, but returned two or three months afterwards; when, hearing that the servant-maid had been imprisoned for perjury, he again decamped after a two days' stay in the island, and had not since been heard of.

For a long time the feeling, not only of the populace, but of all classes, even of the English residents, was unfavourable to Soleure, owing to the apparent plausibility, at first sight, both of the testimony and of the circumstantial evidence against him. But upon more full investigation, a change took place; and, although opinions were still divided, the conviction of the majority of impartial persons of the upper class, including most of the English, seemed now to be, that a foul conspiracy existed to involve the unfortunate man and his family in the cruellest species of destruction. It was conjectured, to explain the apparent singularity in the selection of the two principal victims, that the plot had been to kill the wife and child before the father's eyes, and then to fasten the guilt of the action upon himself, and bring him to the scaffold. This, however, seemed a refinement of iniquity scarcely conceivable, and hence others preferred the supposition, that the plan had been to murder the whole family, but that its authors had been prevented, by some sudden alarm, from the complete execution of their purpose. The perjury of the servant girl, of the tradesman, or of other witnesses for the prosecution, did not in itself seem to be considered as necessarily implying the existence of a conspiracy; it being, as I was informed, not altogether inconsistent with the principles of modern Greek morality, where a firm conviction prevailed of the guilt of an individual, and an excessive anxiety for his conviction, to promote the desired object

even by false testimony! This, at least, was the mode in which the more intelligent believers in the guilt of Soleure proposed to set aside the argument which the palpable falsehood of a great part of the evidence supplied of his innocence.

The crown advocate's own fate furnished a striking episode in this tragical history. In the full ardour of his zeal against the prisoner, and while basking in the sunshine of popular favour, he suddenly became deranged, and was sent off and placed in confinement at Corfú. The circumstance was naturally turned to account by the friends of Soleure, as a Divine judgment against his persecutor; and there was reason to believe it had not been without its effect on the minds of the superstitious populace. Owing to this and other incidental causes of delay, upwards of a year had elapsed before the opening of the trial, and the process was now at one of its most interesting stages. The prisoner, if deficient in physical courage, displayed no small degree of that mental firmness which might be the result either of philosophy or of despair. He was entitled by law to claim his release, if not brought to the bar within the year. But he disdained to avail himself of this privilege, asserting that, if he were to live, he would not live under the odium of so horrible a crime; and if he were to die, it mattered but little, as he had lost all that made life dear to him. The newly appointed advocate—himself a native of the place, a personal friend of Soleure, a mason, and engaged as a witness for the defence—was incapacitated by these causes from performing his functions, which were transferred to the individual holding the same office in the neighbouring island of Cefalonía. This person, a man of honour as well as of ability, made no secret of his conviction of the innocence of the accused; and it was even said, that so strong was his sense

of the futility of the charges against him, that it was not his intention to reply to the speech of the counsel for the defence.

It rained hard the whole morning—I therefore the more readily acquiesced in Captain W——'s proposal to accompany him to the court, where the proceedings promised to be interesting. In approaching the Ithacan agora, the mind instinctively reverted to the description of the second book of the Odyssey; and the contrast between the scene which now presented itself, and the image long familiar to my fancy of that where Telemachus, like this poor schoolmaster, the victim—with his family—of a cruel conspiracy of his fellow-citizens, expostulates with his oppressors, added much to the interest of a first view of the humble council-hall, and the assembly that filled it. It was a small two-storied edifice of the most homely architecture, with a wooden staircase outside, according to the prevailing fashion of the islands, and of the whole of continental Greece, in the few cases where access to an upper floor is required. The tribunal offered much the appearance of the room set apart for the meetings of justice courts in a second-rate English market town. The judges, three in number, sat at one extremity, on a platform considerably raised above the level of the floor; the crown advocate in the corner below, to their right, near whom Captain W—— and myself were accommodated with chairs; on the other side, the clerk of the court. The prisoner, who was also allowed a seat at the bar, was a thin infirm-looking old man, with a haggard, care-worn countenance, in which a naturally mild and placid expression was nearly effaced by one of deep and poignant grief. Behind him, the remainder of the floor was filled with spectators, who, though very attentive, displayed little of that intense interest in the proceedings which their rancorous prejudice against him might have

led one to expect. The pleadings were in Italian, in which language the whole business of the court was conducted, unless in the case of witnesses of the lower and less educated class, who were examined in their native Greek. The form of process differed in no great degree from that of our own tribunals. When we entered, the counsel for the defence, a young Cefalonian lawyer, was speaking to the evidence of the discovery of the sword, which he impugned with some ability. The sword itself was produced, and handed round the court for inspection. After he had concluded, testimony was brought forward to the character of the prisoner. The most important and interesting was that of the crown advocate of the island, a remarkably pleasing, good-looking young man, an intimate friend of my host, and who dined that afternoon at his table. He recapitulated with much eloquence and feeling a number of proofs, which he himself had witnessed, of the fond affection borne by the unfortunate old father to his murdered son, who it seems had been a youth of remarkable promise; of the pride he had taken in him; how often he had boasted of the excellent education he had given him; and with what delight he looked forward to the honour that would crown his own gray hairs, from the distinction he was destined to attain in whatever civil or literary career it might be his lot to pursue. The countenance of the old man, who had hitherto listened in mute apathy to what was going on, here became slightly convulsed, and torrents of tears rolled down his cheeks; but he remained silent, and in other respects motionless. It certainly was a most affecting scene, and ought to have gone far to convince of his innocence even those among his bitterest enemies whose hearts were not as hard as the rocks of their native island. It would, indeed, be difficult to conceive a more horrid destiny than that of the poor sufferer, assuming him to

be guiltless: after having witnessed the murder of a wife and only son, the joy and hope of an otherwise forlorn and comfortless old age, to be impeached and exhibited in public as their assassin; to lie in prison in a foreign land during a year, under so odious an imputation; and to have, from day to day, all the revolting details of their massacre forced upon his recollection, by enemies unremitting in the exercise of every art of ingenuity or treachery to fasten the stigma of it on himself.

During a pause in the proceedings, the judges retired to a small side apartment, where coffee was handed round, of which we also partook. Their appearance and conversation gave a favourable impression of their character; and as there was no real ground to suspect their impartiality, it was the more amusing to observe how necessarily it seemed to be assumed, even by the more intelligent of the prisoner's friends, that their decision might be influenced by motives such as with us no one would ever imagine could interfere with the rectitude of a verdict. One, it was said, was a Catholic, and would bear ill-will to Soleure because he was a renegado from that persuasion; another was a native of Ithaca, and connected by blood with some of the parties most hostile to him; a third had a great dislike to freemasonry, and so forth. Groundless as these assumptions might be in the present case, they did not speak much in favour of the general character of the Ionian tribunals, or at least of the esteem in which they were held among the lieges. The only species of external influence which there seemed to be any plausible ground for apprehending, was the fear of popular outrage in case of acquittal; and the general belief was, that the verdict would be of that ambiguous and unfair description, which in England is unknown, but in Scotland is admitted under the name of "not proven;" and which, without too rudely clash-

ing with the prejudices of the community, would at the same time evade the sin of punishing an innocent man. Soleure, however, had declared he would be satisfied with nothing less than a full acquittal, and in the case of any decision of the nature above mentioned, would appeal to the Supreme Court of Corfú for a new trial. On my return, I heard that the verdict had been in his favour, but whether by the full or half species of acquittal, I could not ascertain. The real perpetrators of the mysterious crime remained still undiscovered.

The weather improved towards the afternoon, and I had time for a walk in the town and its environs. I was struck with the apparent commercial activity of the port, where I counted lying about a dozen of ships or two-masted vessels of considerable burthen, besides numberless others of inferior size and denomination; yet the harbour was said at this moment to be comparatively empty. If we remember that Ulysses, with the whole force of the Cefalonian group of islands, could only muster twelve vessels as his contingent to the force before Troy. it must be admitted that Ithaca has no reason to complain of any falling off in her naval establishment since the heroic age.

CHAPTER VI.

TOPOGRAPHY OF ITHACA

ἀλλ' ἄγε, τοι δείξω Ἰθάκης ἕδος, ὄφρα πεποίθῃς.—*Odyss.* xiii. 344.

" Come, view the land of Ithaca with me,
If thou thy breast from sceptic doubt would'st free."

THE impressions which a personal visit to this island can hardly fail to leave on the mind of the impartial student of Homer is, that, so great is the general resemblance between its natural features and those of the one described in the Odyssey, the difficulty is, not so much to discover in each case a bay, rock, cavern, or mountain answering to his description, as to decide, among the many that present themselves, on the precise one which he may happen to have had in view. In estimating the amount or value of this correspondence, he will also bear in mind how unreasonable it were to exact from the poet of any age, although possessed of the closest personal familiarity with the district selected for his scene of action, the rigid accuracy of the land-surveyor, or to deny him the privilege of his profession, even in his description of real objects, to depart a little from the truth, where a slight variation of site or appearance was necessary to their full effect. To pronounce, therefore, as some have done, in the face of so great a mass of general evidence to the contrary, that Homer had no personal knowledge of Ithaca, because

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY
OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY

J. Nethercliffe Lithog.

the more fastidious commentator may find difficulty in arranging on his classical atlas, consistently with existing appearances, the hut of Eumæus, the fountain of Arethusa, or the port of Phorcys, were almost as unreasonable as to deny the "Author of Waverley" any personal knowledge of Scotland, because of an equal difficulty of identifying the bay of Ellangowan or the castle of Tillietudlem.*

Equally unwarrantable, on the other side, are the attempts of the more orthodox school of Homeric interpreters, to force on existing objects or localities a closeness of harmony with his descriptions, such as was, doubtless, as little congenial to his own taste as conducive to the interest of his poem; and this over subtilty, as displayed in the elegant but not very critical work of Gell, the patriarch of modern Ithacan topographers, is among the chief causes that have led some of his successors into the opposite extreme. For my own part, I confess that, while nothing can be more delightful than to recognise a strong general resemblance between the descriptions of scenery contained in any poetical work of deep interest, and the real localities to which they refer, it would tend but little to enhance this pleasure could I be convinced of the accuracy of all their minutest details, even to the back-door, kitchen-offices, and draw-well of the hero's dwelling. To take a less extreme case of illustration—the poet describes the suitors with their galley as laying their ambush for Telemachus, when on his return from Peloponnesus, behind an island called

* The arguments on the sceptical side have been collected and arranged in a very subtle and elaborate manner, by Professor Voelcker of Giessen, in his *Geographia Homerica;* (Hannov. 8vo. 1830;) but have been met and successfully confuted in a pamphlet by the Prussian general Rühle von Lilienstern.—*Ueber das Homerische Ithaka;* Berlin, 1832.

Asteris, in the strait between Cefalonía and Ithaca, provided with a good port on each side, and in every respect favourable to their design. There is still visible in this channel a rocky islet, now called Dyscallio—a correspondence which is in so far satisfactory. According, however, to the prevailing system of topography, where the palæócastro, or "ancient fortress" of Aetó, is laid down as the citadel and palace of Ulysses, Dyscallio, owing to its situation towards the northern extremity of the strait, would but ill have served the suitors' purpose as a place of ambush for a vessel coming from the south.

Hence the supporters of this system have been at their wits' end to discover how the blank was to be filled up in their chart of the channel, and all the shifts common in such cases have been resorted to.* The difficulty has, on the other hand, been well turned to account by another party, who place the city of Ulysses, not at Aetó, but in a small bay to the north, nearly opposite the existing islet. Dyscallio, however, it must be admitted, in no respect corresponds with the Asteris of the poet. Instead of having two ports, as in his description, it has no harbour whatever, and is in fact but an insignificant rock, too small and low to have afforded

* It seems not altogether improbable that the island may have been called into existence by the poet, merely for the sake of his narrative, and that Ἀστερίς may be a fictitious term, like Καλυψώ and others similar, compounded of the root ΣΤΕΡ with A privative, and denoting "unsteady" or "inconstant." This conjecture may receive support from the circumstance that Delos, the most celebrated of all floating islands in the Greek mythology, is said anciently to have borne the title of Asteria.—Apollod. *Rhod.* i., 4, 1. Plin. *Hist. Nat.* iv. 12. Strabo, who, after Apollodorus, speaks of Homer's Asteris as still existing, says it was also called by the variety Asteria. Asterion was the name of a river of Argolis, sacred to Juno, equally remarkable for "inconstancy," being engulfed or absorbed in the soil below the temple of the goddess.—Pausan. *Cor.* c. xvii

either the necessary concealment or shelter to the galley of the suitors. The want of a real Asteris, therefore, certainly supplies a good argument, on the sceptical side, of a general failure of correspondence between the present Ithaca and the Ithaca of the Odyssey. So lax are my own principles as regards poetical topography, that I am disposed to feel grateful to Homer for the pittance of matter-of-fact which he has allowed us, in the existence of a small island between the two larger ones; and would readily allow him in return the full exercise of the license claimed by his profession, to convert it into a Plota or a Planota, and thus to shift it to any part of the strait, and swell its harbours to such a capacity as may best suit his convenience. Apart from the controversies relative to the general correspondence between the Ithaca of Homer and that of the septinsular republic, the adherents of more orthodox principles are far from being at one as to the claims of the individual localities of the latter island to an identity with those described by the poet. Consistently with the views expressed at the commencement of this chapter, I shall not range myself as a partizan on any side, but shall be content with a simple statement of my own observations, for the benefit of those who may be disposed to follow my example of examining the ground and judging for themselves.

The first part of the island which I visited in commencing my own survey of its interior, was the district of Amarathía, assigned by Gell as the site of the swineherd's establishment. Amarathía is a small hamlet of straggling cottages, spread over a piece of table-land on the summit of a cliff, laid down by the same traveller as the rock of Korax, at the foot of which springs the fountain bearing the classic name of Arethusa. This group of objects lies towards the southern extremity of the

island, about five miles distant from Vathý. A good road, the work of the British government, leads up the valley extending behind the town and port nearly to the hamlet. The valley is bounded on the right by Mount Stefano, or Meravugli—the Neïus of Homer according to Gell—and the loftiest summit in the island, with the exception of Anoï, the Neriton of the poet. The open arable land, of which there is, for Ithaca, a considerable extent just behind the town, gradually contracts as we ascend, until lost in the rocky declivities that close in upon both sides. Just where the blending of the fertile and barren soil takes place, the industrious peasantry were busy in extending the frontiers of the cultivated region, by extirpating rocks, gathering loose stones, and building up terraces, on which the good soil is accumulated, and planted with vines and olives. This is an operation common throughout Greece and Italy, and indeed in all other rugged districts where a fine climate and a favourable exposure render the value of the land obtained more than an equivalent for the price of its redemption. It assumed, however, a more especial interest in the present case, from having been so pointedly noticed by the suitor Eurymachus, in one of the insolent harangues addressed by him to Ulysses in his disguise of mendicant, where, bantering the hero as a sturdy beggar and lazy vagabond, he tells him, that were he willing to work he would provide him plenty of profitable employment:—

> "Friend, if to labour thou would'st turn thy hand,
> Upon the outskirts* of my own best land,
> A fair day's wages thou might'st earn with ease,
> In gathering stones and planting goodly trees."
>
> *Odyss.* xviii. 357.

* As evidence how little the most esteemed translations are often to be depended upon, as representing the *spirit* of the original, it may be observed that the phrase of v. 358, ἀγροῦ ἐπ' ἐσχατιῆς, which here

At a distance of about four miles from the port we struck off to the left, towards the fountain, along rocky steeps overhanging the sea. Some of our party carried guns, and found in the brushwood several coveys of the red-legged partridge, a bird which abounds in the island. Hares are also plentiful, and Captain W—— informed me that during the winter his larder was well stocked with presents of this animal from his insular acquaintance. Hence Pliny has been taken to task by Gell for saying that hares imported into Ithaca die, (*lepores illati moriuntur;**) as if that author had meant to assert that the animal could not live in the island. Little weight can in many instances be attached to these laconic notices of the Roman natural historian, especially when referring to the unusual or marvellous properties of the objects he describes. The terms of his text, however, in the present instance, if taken by the letter, do not imply that there were no native hares in Ithaca, but merely that such as were imported from abroad would not thrive there. The truth of the fact would not be very easy to put to a fair test.

Correspondence of names is certainly a good *primâ facie* argument of the identity of any existing object with one described by the ancients as similar in character or situation. This argument, however, the cautious enquirer will only admit in cases where he can be satisfied that the name in question was found prevalent in the popular usage of the district, by the traveller who first explored it. Whenever any country presenting a fertile field for historical or antiquarian research has become the habitual resort of tourists, the popular appellatives are liable to be gradually supplanted, even in the native vocabu-

forms the whole pith of the allusion, has been entirely overlooked by both Pope and Cowper in their version of the passage.

* H. N. viii. c. 58.

lary, by those with which they have been baptized by the classical topographer, in deference to some text of Strabo or Pausanias. In Greece—especially since its exterior has been more completely opened up to the European public, owing to a variety of causes—the desert condition of most of the ancient sites, and consequent uncertainty of the titles they bore among the natives; the comparative scantiness of the population, and the far greater curiosity excited by the visits of strangers; the revolution which, in compliment to them, has lately been taking place in the names of such objects, is more rapid and more observable than in Italy, or other countries possessing similar sources of attraction. For example, the only term by which, in most cases, the ruins of a Hellenic city used formerly to be known among the country people, was that of the palæócastro, or "old castle," of the village or district in which it was situated. Now, many of them are familiar, even to the peasantry, under their classical titles. Mycenæ was formerly but the palæócastro of Karváta; but there are probably few intelligent natives of that village, who, if asked the name of the ruins to which the gate of lions belongs, would now be at a loss for the answer most congenial to the ears of the learned enquirer. The great subterranean vault which forms a chief object of attraction to that celebrated site, was known in primitive local usage by the very homely but expressive name of the "Oven." It now bears, even among the mountain herdsmen, (on the authority perhaps of Dr E. D. Clarke,) the somewhat indefinite, but certainly very classical title of "the Agamemnon." On some occasions I observed this revolution in progress. The fine ruins on the banks of the Acheloüs, to be described in the sequel, still among the least known and visited in Greece, when first explored by Leake, and identified by him as those of Œniádæ, bore

no other appellation than that of Trikardo, which has attached to them since the beginning of the 15th century. By this term they are still exclusively designated by the lower class of peasantry. But the more intelligent inhabitants of the neighbouring village now call them Trikardo Œniádæ, or simply Œniádæ. Something may here have been done towards the restoration of the ancient name by Leake himself; more probably by General Church and his staff, who were for some time quartered in the village. The demarchus, or chief magistrate, in whose house Church lodged, told me that he had first received it from him; and, under these joint military and magisterial auspices, we may presume it will soon become firmly established in the improved vocabulary of the place.

Although Ithaca, when first visited by Gell, might be considered a virgin soil for the exercise of antiquarian speculation, I had yet happened to hear of an instance, to be mentioned in the sequel, where he had been himself imposed upon in a case of this kind, and had thus become the innocent means of duping others. I was therefore doubtful what degree of deference might be due to his statement, that he found the name of Korakapetra, or "Raven-rock," inveterate in popular usage as that of the cliff which he identifies as the rock Korax of the Odyssey. As we approached, however, evidence of a very simple but forcible nature was supplied of the value of his testimony, by several ravens soaring and croaking over the summit of the cliff, in a manner which seemed plainly to indicate that they had their nest or favourite haunt in its recesses. Such coincidences speak home to the conviction with greater force than many pages of learned quotation or argument.

The cliff itself, of which Gell's drawing is, it must be

allowed, a very sorry representation, forms the extremity of a precipitous glen, the sides of which are beautifully clothed with evergreen timber and aromatic shrubs. This ravine gives issue to the waters collected on the summit and base of the rock, which, with those of the fountain below, form a small stream, discharging itself into the sea, after a course of less than a mile. Halfway down, on the left bank of the streamlet, is the spring now baptized as the "fountain of Arethusa," but which Gell himself describes as simply bearing the name of Pegáda, or the Well, when first explored by him. It has a basin, surmounted by an arched recess excavated in the solid rock, with some remains of masonry, apparently of no very ancient date. The little bay called Port Lia or Parapegáda, at the extremity of the glen, was the scene of an adventure of some notoriety during the Greek war of independence. A Turkish frigate, hard pressed by some small vessels of the insurgents, was run aground on its shore by the crew, who fled into the interior of the island, pursued by the Greeks. The alarm spread to the presidency, and a detachment of British troops was sent up, on seeing whom the insurgents made off and set sail, after destroying the frigate. For this violation of the Ionian territory, the then lord high commissioner, Sir T. Maitland, exacted a heavy penalty in money from the patriot government; and as it tended, at the same time, to increase the unfriendly feeling which he all along showed towards the cause of the insurgents, the destruction of the frigate was but a poor equivalent for the damage that accrued to themselves from their gallant exploit.

On the summit of the cliff is a small rocky plain, interspersed with olive groves and straggling "kalyvia," or farm cottages. As a site for the dwelling of Eumæus,

the spot corresponds well with the Belvedere, or "place of open prospect,"* which Homer assigns to that establishment. The face of the cliff is also hollowed out at its summit in various places, partly by nature, partly perhaps by art, into open cavities or sheltered terraces, where we might figure the swineherd reposing as the poet describes him:—

> "Encircled by his cloven-footed flock,
> From Boreas safe beneath the hollow rock."†

The proposal to place the residence of Eumæus on the little plain above the precipice, also realizes in a very lively manner to the apprehension the spirit of Ulysses' protestation‡ to the old man, that if his tale turned out to be false, he might punish him by throwing him from the top of the neighbouring cliff. Gell's account of the exact correspondence of the present generation of rustic dwellings to the poet's description of that of the swineherd, is probably itself a little poetical. Yet even those I saw presented, it must be allowed, some curious points of resemblance. They consist of one, or at the most two oblong cottages, sometimes with a "circular court"§ contiguous, surrounded by a fence, which, although neither "lofty," "large," nor "beautiful,"‖ corresponds closely in other respects to that described by Homer; being a rude wall, "built with loose stones," and "crowned" with a *chevaux de frise* of "dead thorns," or other prickly plants.¶ The same style of fence is still very generally used both in Greece and Italy; in the latter country, for

* περισκέπτῳ ἐνὶ χώρῳ.
† *Odyss.* xiv. 533.
‡ *Odyss.* xiv. 396.
§ αὐλὴ περίδρομος.—*Odyss.* xiv. init.
‖ ὑψηλὴ, καλήτε, μεγάλητε.—*Odyss.* xiv. init.
¶ ἦν ῥα συβώτης . . . αὐτὸς δείμαιν ὕεσσι . . . .
ἑυτοῖσιν λάεσσι, καὶ ἐθρίγκωσεν ἀχέρδῳ.—*Odyss.* xiv. 7.

example, it is common round the vineyards in the retired parts of the interior of Rome.

Admitting the Palæócastro of Aetó, as is generally assumed, to have been the city which Homer had in view as the residence of Ulysses, its site, as compared with that of Amarathía for the farm of Eumæus, would harmonize well with the poet's allusions to the relative position of the two places. Telemachus had been ordered by Minerva,* on his return from Pylos, to avoid the channel between the two islands, where the suitors lay in wait for him, and after making a circuit at a distance from both, to disembark on the nearest point of Ithaca, and proceed direct to the dwelling of the swineherd, which must consequently have been situated on the opposite or east coast of the island. Accordingly, the young hero,† after making a sweep to the north, past the group of Echinades, disembarks (it may be presumed) in the little bay of Parapegáda, and walks up to the establishment of Eumæus, after directing his vessel to proceed to port. On his arrival, after some conversation with his host, he sends him to the town to inform Penelope of his safe return. Eumæus sets out, and reaches his destination before the vessel had entered the harbour. All this is in close unity with the relative site of the existing localities. The walk to Aetó, by the shortest road, over Mount Stefano or Neïus, is from four to five miles, which distance a Greek mountaineer would perform in about an hour—a much shorter period than would have been required for the vessel to reach the nearest point of the shore below Aetó.

The landing-place of Ulysses was identified by Gell,‡ with equal plausibility, in the little horseshoe-formed

* *Odyss.* xv. 27, *seq.*

† *Odyss.* xv. 296, *seq.* 495, seq.—xvi. 154, 321, *seq.*

‡ *Topogr. of Ithaca*, ch. 5.

bay of Dexiá, on the coast between Vathý and the inner extremity of the great gulf of Molo. At the period of his visit, there still existed on the rocky shore the remains of a cavern, presenting a close correspondence with that of the Nymphs, as described by Homer. It had then been already mutilated by persons quarrying stones; and, although its site is still pointed out, all vestiges of it have since been effaced by the new line of road carried round the cliffs, close to the water edge. Exactly opposite the entrance of this little bay, on the other side of the gulf, rises abruptly from the sea the loftiest mountain of the island, now called Anoï—the Neriton of the poet there can be little doubt; so that a person standing on the declivities, in the neighbourhood of the cave, would have had it full in front of him. Hence the emphatic terms in which Pallas mentions * that mountain among the visible objects pointed out to the hero in her dialogue with him on this spot, as evidences of the reality of his restoration to his native land.†

The ruins of the city of Ulysses are spread over the face of a precipitous conical hill, called Aetó, or the "eagle's cliff," occupying the whole breadth of the

* τοῦτο δέ τοι σπέος εὐρὺ κατηρεφές . . . .
τοῦτο δὲ Νήριτόν ἐστιν ὄρος καταειμένον ὕλῃ.—*Od.* xiii. 349, *seq.*

† At some distance from this bay, in the interior of the island, I was informed there still existed a cave, which, from its resemblance in form to that mentioned in the *Odyssey*, was considered by the native antiquaries as the Cave of the Nymphs. As, however, it was obvious that the site in no way corresponded, I did not consider it worth a visit. This I afterwards had occasion to regret, as Professor Thiersch of Munich, a most competent authority, has since described it to me as one of the most interesting objects he saw in Ithaca, from its exact similarity, in every respect except its inland position to the original of the poet. The fact is at least interesting, as proving, in addition to other evidence, the existence of caves of this peculiar form in the island.

narrow isthmus which connects the two main subdivisions of the island, and which is here not more than half a mile across.* The walls stretch from N. W. to S.E.; their form is that of an irregular triangle, the apex of which is the acropolis, or castle of Ulysses by pre-eminence, crowning the extreme summit or peak of the mountain, and about as bleak and dreary a spot as can well be imagined for a princely residence. There can, therefore, be little doubt that this is the place to which Cicero† so emphatically alludes as the city of Ithaca, in eulogizing the patriotism of the hero: "ut Ithacam illam, in asperrimis saxis tanquam nidulum affixam, sapientissimus vir immortalitati anteponeret,"—"that wisest of men, who preferred his own Ithaca, perched like a bird's-nest among the most rugged of precipices, even to immortality."

On each side of the isthmus is a port.‡ That of Opíso Aetó, towards Cefalonía, is the best which the channel shore of the island supplies. The hill of Aetó is separated by two small valleys, connected by a narrow neck at their upper extremities, from the ridge of Stefano, already noticed as the highest of the southern division of the island, and identified by Gell with the ancient Neïus.

* This simple fact is sufficient to vitiate a long train of sceptical argument, in Voelcker's *Geographia Homerica*, as resting on his subtle analysis of the question—whether the town of Ithaca was on the east or the west side of the island? It was, in fact, on both.

† *De Orat.* i. 44.

‡ Here we have another incidental evidence of identity between Aetó and Homer's city of Ithaca. Telemachus, as we have seen, on quitting his vessel, orders the crew to proceed direct to the city. This they do, unperceived by the suitors, stationed in ambush within the channel to intercept his passage. It is obvious, therefore, that they could not have returned to the same port from whence Telemachus started. They would naturally, in obedience to his orders, make for the nearest, that, namely, on the east side of the isthmus.

Admitting the accuracy of this view, nothing can be more appropriate than the epithet "Under-Neïus," (ὑπονήϊον,) applied by Telemachus to his residence; for the mountain, in fact, covers Aetó to the south and east, which consequently may be said to "lie under it," both as regards shade and shelter.

In this way, too, a singular degree of reality attaches to a fine scene of the Odyssey,* where, during the debate in the agora, a pair of eagles suddenly descend from the mountain, and, after hovering with ominous cries and gestures above the assembly, rush screaming through the air, over the habitations of the city to the right. The right hand, in the primitive language of Hellenic divination, is synonymous with the east or south-east. Supposing, therefore, the agora to have been situated in the centre of the city, the course of the eagles over the houses to the right would have lain directly towards their native mountain, whither, after executing their divine commission, they might naturally be expected to return.

The walls are in many places well preserved, especially those of the citadel, which remain to a considerable height in almost their whole circumference. They are chiefly of polygonal masonry, with a tendency here and there to the ruder Tirynthian or Cyclopian style.† In several portions of the area both of the city and acropolis,‡ the line of the streets, and the form of the build-

* ii. 146, *seq.*

† For the explanation of these terms, see additional note at end of volume.

‡ I had both heard it said, and seen it written, in the journals of subsequent travellers, that the foundations laid down by Gell, as still visible in the interior of the acropolis, and on which he endeavours (*Topogr. of Ithaca*, chap. vi.) to engraft a plan of the palace of Ulysses, were altogether the creation of his own fancy. Having been from the first somewhat prepossessed against his subtle attempts to overstrain iden-

ings, are also distinctly traceable, in rows of contiguous square compartments, chiefly of the last-mentioned ruder style of structure.

The peculiarities of this situation seem to mark it out by nature as the spot which the lord of the Cefalonian isles, if he preferred Ithaca as his place of residence, would have selected as, in a military point of view at least, the most appropriate for his seat of government. On a narrow isthmus, connecting, or rather separating, the two subdivisions of the island, it commands the channel, together with a prospect of the whole east coast of Cefalonía, and possesses a tolerable port on each side, giving ready and speedy communication with both the eastern and western portions of his little empire.

To the modern traveller, however, there may seem something passing strange in the notion of a distinguished monarch, of a comparatively civilized and luxurious age, having been, under any circumstances, contented to fix the seat of his domestic comfort on the bare bleak summit of an almost perpendicular mountain, where so much as a square yard of level ground could only be won from the surrounding precipices at the expense of substructions

tities, I was the less disposed in the present case to see any thing more than really existed. I must admit, however, in justice to him, that the whole, or the greater part of the foundations, marked on his plan as actually preserved, are still to be seen. There is also the smaller excavation or cistern at the upper extremity of the platform, and the arger one, supposed by him the Tholus, at the lower end. That the latter really was a structure of the kind which in later times bore that name, seems to be confirmed by the remains of massive blocks of stone on its margin, indicating its having been formerly covered in with a vaulted roof. As for the ingenious topographer's own supplementary architecture, his colonnades, halls, armouries, and dormitories, they are no doubt—but then they profess to be—nothing more than a conjectural attempt to reduce the space comprized within the existing limits of the citadel, into the form and arrangement described by Homer.

and embankments. The present name of Aetó, or "Eagles' cliff," harmonizing so curiously with Cicero's description above quoted, is indeed most appropriate. After spending a full hour in clambering up its rugged sides on a windy day, and being obliged, on arriving at the top, by the fierceness of the blast, while inspecting the remains of the castle, to hold fast by the stones of its broken walls, or the stunted shrubs that with difficulty vegetate in its desert courts, lest I should be precipitated over the rampart into the sea, I could not but be sensible that the existing features of the place correspond far better with those of the Nephelococcygia, or City of Birds, in Aristophanes, than with the picture I had formed to myself, from the descriptions of the Odyssey, of the favourite residence of the Laertian royal family. One figures, indeed, the palace of Ulysses, a strong and commanding, but at the same time a commodious residence; nor is it easy to realize among these ruins the poet's descriptions of the easy and hourly passage and repassage of the inmates of the establishment from palace to port, and from port to palace, or of the suitors amusing themselves with quoits or javelins on its terraces and esplanades.

Here, however, we must free our minds for a moment from the prejudices of modern civilization. We must remember that few of the patriarchal chiefs of the heroic age, assuming them, as there can be little doubt was the case, to have occupied the acropolis of their respective cities, could have been much more conveniently lodged; and the same was the case, to a great extent, in our own middle ages. The avenues to the dwellings of the lords of Argos or Corinth, as to many a princely castle of Western Europe, were little, if at all, more commodious than that to the Eagle towers of Ulysses; and if the poet had been obliged, from any such consideration, to

modify his description of the luxury of his hero's domestic habits, many an agreeable passage of his works, as of our own popular romances, must have been suppressed. It would have been most unfair of Homer to have deprived Penelope of her proper number of suitors, or the 108 which he allows her of their dinner, and of their favourite sports of archery or quoits, because, in point of fact, the premises of the Ithacan royal palace were not conveniently situated or constructed for such amusements, or its hall roomy enough to accommodate so large a party. As regards the approach to its gate, we must also bear in mind the athletic powers of the race of Greek mountaineers, of which we have little or no conception, and which were as great, no doubt, in those days, among all ranks, as they now are among the peasantry and shepherds of these rugged steeps, who will run up and down, with all the nimbleness of their own goats, precipices which even a well-trained English tourist finds some difficulty in mounting upon all fours.

One of the days I spent in the island was employed in visiting the ruin near its northern extremity, baptized by Gell* as the "School of Homer," together with a rival tract of localities, which here advance the same pretensions to identity with the scenery of the Odyssey, as those which we have already examined on the other side of the isthmus of Aetó. We sailed from Vathý round the point of S. Elias, and passing the pretty bay and village of Kíoni, arrive at the port of Phrikes, where we disembark. After a walk of a mile and a half through the most open district I had yet seen in the island, we discover the ruin which bears this illustrious name. It is situated at the lower extremity of the village of Oxoæ, the chief part of which stands on a commanding

* Ch. ix.

situation above. The existing remains appear to be a portion of the cell of a small temple, converted into a Christian church. The site is very picturesque, on the summit of a cliff embosomed in olives and evergreen shrubs. At one side are steps leading down to a little platform, cut, like the steps themselves, in the solid rock, with a few niches hollowed out in the back wall of the excavation. I was assured at Vathý, that the title of School of Homer was invented by the Papa, whose hospitality Gell enjoyed on occasion of his visit, for the purpose of amusing his guest. The old gentleman, I understood, was still alive, and often chuckled with delight over his ingenuity in outwitting the celebrated English antiquary at his own art; and still more at this creation of his fancy having been immortalized with so much pomp and circumstance in the standard work on Ithacan topography. This story seems to be confirmed by the circumstance, that Leake,* who visited the place in the same year as Gell, says nothing of any such name. Be this as it may, the title is now become inveterate in "popular" tradition; and the villagers point out with patriotic pride the platform below as the place of instruction, and the niches in the wall as the book-shelves, asserting that there had once been the remains of tables and benches. The ruined building above, they describe as the "Schoolmaster's house."

Immediately below the "School," in the fertile land among the olive-trees, are traces of tombs discovered by the peasantry in the course of their labours. From thence we proceeded upwards of a mile northward to another rock, also known at the present day by the name of Korax, to which it may possibly have as good a claim as the rival precipice to the south; since, in the year

* *Northern Greece*, vol. iii. c. 22.

1806, Leake already found the title in familiar use, although that cautious topographer, upon reasonable grounds, suspects its genuine antiquity. Beneath the rock springs a fountain, possessing, of course, its pretensions to be that of Arethusa. This whole group of objects offers, in fact, a counterpart in miniature of their name-fellows at Amarathia—a bluff cliff with a flat summit—below, a spring, from whence a rivulet flows through a little valley into the sea. There is this difference, however, that the sides of the valley, instead of forming a precipitous glen, are here a gentle slope, and the ground towards the sea, in place of a rugged bushy heath, is fertile and well planted. The fountain is also far more copious, and has lately been adorned with a showy architectural front, in a very barbarous style of art, with copious troughs for washing clothes and watering cattle.

Leake, in his work on Northern Greece,* gives several other details relative to the classical pretensions of this district. In confirmation of the genuine antiquity of the name Korax attached to the cliff, he was further informed that, on the flat land on its summit, there formerly stood a hamlet called Korakini, the inhabitants of which had removed to the more secure position of Oxoæ for fear of pirates.† Besides their rock Korax and fountain of Arethusa, the Oxoïtes have also their pretensions to a port of Phorcys and cave of the Nymphs. Leake was informed that the proprietor of a little bend in the coast, called Perivolia, immediately below the fountain, in attempting to establish a more convenient

* Loc. cit. I was not fortunate enough to obtain a sight of this valuable publication before setting out on my tour; a want which I had frequent reason to lament.

† Stephanus de Urb., v. Κόραχος πετρὰ, implies that there was in ancient times such a village in Ithaca, by his mention of Κόραχο πέτραιος as a Gentilic epithet.

harbour for the benefit of his estate, had broken down a fine cave, which an old man present at the work assured him had two openings, like that described in the Odyssey.

From Oxoæ we crossed over a ridge, separating the hill on which that village is situated from the lower declivities of Neriton, to the bay of Polis, on the west coast of the island. On the rocky slope above this bay are vestiges of a small fortress, of the same primitive masonry as that of Aetó. This is the place selected by what may be called the northern faction of Ithacan topographers, as the site of their city of Ulysses. The arguments they urge are plausible. The name Ithaca was evidently common, both with Homer and with the later Greek geographers, to the island, and to the actual residence of the hero—the Polis or City of Ithaca; in familiar usage, simply—Polis, the city. The fact, therefore, that this place has preserved the title, as a proper name inveterate in popular usage, is certainly a good argument that it was formerly the metropolis of the island. In this way the northern faction, besides their city—their rock Korax—fountain of Arethusa—and cave of the Nymphs, would also have their island—such as it is—of Asteris, the want of which is the great flaw in the system of their opponents; and if, in pushing identities still further, we conjecture, with Leake, that the rocky range of heights beneath which Polis is situated may have been mount Neïus, we should have another very complete system of Odyssean topography. All this tends to confirm the remark formerly made, that the difficulty is not so much to discover in Ithaca the originals of Homer's descriptions, as to fix, amid the various objects to which they will apply, upon those which he is most likely to have had in view. Gell, though he visited this extremity of the island, does not seem to have been

aware of its claims to the possession of any Homeric localities besides the " School." Perhaps he may have suppressed any further gossip of the Oxoïte Papa on the subject, in order to ensure more unity and solidity to his own system, which, upon the whole, I consider much the more plausible of the two.

On our return we had a beautiful walk along the western coast, through the rich and fertile community of Leuka, where Gell places the farm of Laertes. A good carriage road—the work of the British government, like that towards Amarathía on the other side—extends from Vathý along the gulf of Molo, and across the isthmus as far as this village. As there is not, I believe, a single wheel-carriage in the island, the improvement is—for the present, at least—somewhat superfluous.

There is one respect in which modern Ithaca may be said to differ essentially from the island described by Homer: its almost total want of forest timber. The poet describes the flocks of Eumæus as fattened with acorns; he applies to Mount Neriton the epithet "clothed with wood," and styles it the mountain " of the rustling leaf." It is now altogether bare of timber trees. How far some of the above expressions are to be taken by the letter, may perhaps be questioned. The Greek term here usually rendered wood, might denote equally the low brushwood that still covers the mountain slopes in most parts of the island, rising in many places to a considerable height from the ground. But, even assuming Ithaca to have been formerly a woody country in the strict sense of the term, the change would not warrant any reasonable scepticism as to the poet's personal familiarity with its scenery in his own time. The nakedness, at the present day, of many mountain districts, which are described by the ancients as once covered with forests, is a phenomenon of familiar occurrence both in Greece and

Italy, and indeed throughout Europe at large; and may be accounted for by causes connected with the vicissitudes, both of civilization and barbarism, too numerous and varied to require to be here recapitulated.

On the morning of each of the last two of the five days I spent in Ithaca, I made, accompanied by Captain W——, an attempt to cross over to Cefalonía. Our chief object was to undertake an excavation on the site of the ancient city of Sáme, on the immediately opposite coast, the cemeteries of which are well ascertained, and rich in archæological treasures. On both occasions our wishes were frustrated by the violence of the wind. The Resident had nothing at his disposal but a light six-oared cutter, little adapted to bear the brunt of the fierce squalls by which we were assailed, and which on our second attempt, when we thought fit to persevere beyond the bounds of prudence, forced us back into port with no little risk of an upset. All that I could glean of Samian antiquity was a copy of a very curious inscription,* on a sepulchral stela, found by Captain W —— in an excavation lately undertaken by himself, together with a strigilis of gilt bronze, stamped with the name of the maker Pisistratus, in letters of the best period, and in rather unusual style.† This relic was brought to light on the same occasion, and was presented to me by a gentleman of the Residency.

* See additional note at end of volume. No. 1.

† Ibid. No. 2.

CHAPTER VII.

VOYAGE TO PETALÁ—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CONTINENTAL GREECE—MOUTH OF ACHELOÜS.

ὤ μοι ἐγώ, τέων αὖτε βροτῶν ἐς γαῖαν ἱκάνω!
ἦ ῥ' οἵγ' ὑβρισταί τε καὶ ἄγριοι οὐδὲ δίκαιοι,
ἠὲ φιλόξεινοι, καί σφιν νόος ἐστὶ θεουδής;—*Odyss.* vi. 119.

"Ah me! what men are they whose land is near?
Relentless savages, without the fear
Of God, or human law, before their eyes—
Or pious souls the stranger's rights who prize?"

Disconcerted by our late failure, and the loss of time it had involved, I determined, in the prosecution of our course towards continental Greece, to leave as little as possible to the caprice of winds or waves. I therefore bargained with a shipmaster, whom the Resident recommended as an intelligent and trustworthy person, to the following effect: that he should take us, if the wind set fair, to the port of Mesolonghi; that if not, he should endeavour to make the nearest point of the opposite coast, where he assured us there would be no difficulty in finding a safe landing-place, and where Nicóla engaged to procure horses among the shepherds, to enable us to pursue our journey into the interior.

We sailed about eight on the morning of the 27th, and for the first few hours were becalmed, being indebted for what little progress was made to the oars of three men and a boy, who composed the crew of the caïque. The water at first was level and smooth as glass; but on

advancing a mile or two into the open sea, although there was still not a breath of wind, the tranquillity gave place to a heavy-rolling swell. While considering what could be the cause of this sudden agitation of the water amid the perfect stillness of the atmosphere, I observed towards the south, at some miles' distance, a dark line on the surface of the sea, gradually spreading in the direction of our vessel, and in a quarter of an hour a fresh breeze filled the sails. This phenomenon was new to me, and I was the more struck with it, from its bringing home to my mind at once the full power of a fine simile of Homer, which hitherto I had never properly understood or appreciated. The veteran hero Nestor, while engaged with a wounded comrade in his tent, hearing the tumult of battle thickening around the Greek intrenchment, goes forth to reconnoitre; and the effect produced on his mind by the dismal spectacle of national discomfiture that presents itself, is thus figuratively illustrated:—

ὡς δ' ὅτε πορφύρῃ πέλαγος μέγα κύματι κωφῷ,
ὀσσόμενον λιγέων ἀνέμων λαιψηρὰ κέλευθα,
αὔτως, οὐδ' ἄρα τε προκυλίνδεται οὐδ' ἐτέρωσε,
πρίν τινα κεκριμένον καταδῆμεναι ἐκ Διὸς οὖρον.—*Il.* xiv. 16.

"So doth the darkly-rolling sea presage,
With hollow swell, the coming tempest's rage;
While yet nor here nor there its waves are driven,
Till Jove send down the threaten'd gale from heaven."

The effect here described is precisely what I now witnessed. It is one of familiar occurrence in narrow seas and archipelagos. The wind which freshens in one portion of a maritime region of this nature—often, perhaps, behind a cape or island, and at such a distance as to be unobserved by the navigator in another—sends across the otherwise smooth surface of the water, the sort of undulation so aptly described by the phrase rendered *hollow swell*, literally *mute wave*, in the above

passage. The whole phenomenon has been dramatized, as it were, by Homer, under the admirable figure of the sea itself darkly foreboding, by the heaving of its bosom, the coming disturbance of its waters, while yet uncertain as to the direction in which they are to be impelled; as the old hero gloomily presages the approach of the adverse tide of war, though as yet doubtful as to the mode in which he may be affected by it, or the measures to be adopted for stemming its course. It was the more gratifying to have the full value of this fine image realized to the senses on the very spot, perhaps, where it may have been first presented to the poet. The same phenomenon is observable in mountain lakes, and affords the explanation of one of the wonders for which the Scottish Loch Lomond is celebrated—waves without wind. The sudden squalls which come down the glens from the surrounding hills, produce a partial agitation of the waters, which is communicated in the shape of a swell to those portions of the lake where no wind is felt at the time. The omen, however, in the present case, was but delusive for good as for evil; and in half an hour we were again completely becalmed. The voyage to the opposite coast, a distance of about fifteen miles, lasted nearly four-and-twenty hours. The day, however, was fine, and I amused myself with drawing panoramic sketches of the beautiful and varied outlines of land, which on every side bounded the horizon; Ithaca—Cefalonía—Leucadía—the whole range of the Taphian and Echinean islands, backed by the snowy mountains of Acarnania and Ætolia, with the still loftier summits of Peloponnesus in the extreme distance to the south. There was something in the calm placidity of the bright but hazy atmosphere, which added much to the interest of the scene; and, as darkness set in, I was lulled to sleep by the wild and plaintive song of our Ithacan mariners.

At daybreak the next morning, (February 28th,) on issuing from the hold, in which I had passed the night, I found we were lying at anchor, apparently about a mile distant from the nearest point of the mainland, under one of the numerous small desert isles that here line the coast of Acarnania, a portion of the group of Echinades. The mariners were preparing a little nutshell of a flat-bottomed boat for taking us on shore, into which we descended with the luggage, accompanied by the master and one of the men, while the two others were left in charge of the caïque. On enquiring why it was necessary to quit our vessel at so great a distance from port, I was told that she could neither float over the mud banks, nor make head against the current, which set strong from the land side between them. Both these obstacles, as they further informed me, proceeded from the mouth of the great river Aspropotamo, the ancient Acheloüs, which, although distant several miles to the south, extends its current far along the coast in this direction; and, in fact, the water was much discoloured by the admixture of a yellowish mud. All this was interesting as bearing on the very ancient and much agitated question relative to the influence of this river in the formation of new land at its mouth.* As we advanced, I observed the sea to consist of an extensive range of shoals or lagoons, with narrow channels here and there, affording often scarcely sufficient depth of water to float our little vessel, while the intermediate mud banks were in many places overgrown with reeds, sometimes in so dense a mass, and to so great a height above the surface, as to present the appearance of low marshy islands. The shore itself consisted partly of extensive flats, very similar in aspect to the reedy banks among which we rowed, partly of

* Scylax, *Peripl.* c. 34. Herodot. ii. 10. Thucyd. ii. 146, *seq.* Strab. x. 2. Plin. *H. N.* iv. 2. Pausan. *Arcad.* 24.

rugged promontories extending from the mountains of the interior, and covered with forests of oak. I asked our boatmen whether these mud banks ever increased to such an extent, or assumed so solid and permanent a consistency, as to form new land; and more particularly, whether, in their own experience, the accumulation had ever had the effect of joining any of the other islands of primitive formation to the continent. They replied in the negative, that they had no recollection of any island having ever been joined to the terra firma, or of ever having heard of such a thing; and that the force of the current, during the rainy season, or when the river was swollen by the melted snows or occasional storms, carrying off in its turn each successive deposit, kept the channels open, and prevented any permanent accumulation of the mud. As I saw no spot of land, at least on this part of the continent, the natural features of which could justify the hypothesis of its ever having belonged to the group of islands that extend along its shore, existing appearances would seem to corroborate the testimony of our mariners, in spite of the strong argument which the general conviction of the ancients, and the amount and nature of the alluvial deposit, afford to the contrary.

We continued to wind our course, with some difficulty, for a mile or two through these channels, frequently running aground on the banks; and after passing some lesser islands, and the larger one of Petalá, entered a small hollow bay or cove of deep water, formed on each side by projecting headlands, or rather rocky mountains, covered with straggling masses of old oak forest. This was our landing-place, situated on one of the most barbarous and inhospitable shores of Greece or of Europe; and a wilder or more picturesque scene can hardly be imagined. The atmosphere was perfectly calm and clear, with the exception here and there of the morning mists

floating on the sides of the mountains. Nothing was to be heard but the occasional bleat of a goat, or the wild cry of the herdsmen calling to their flocks, or to each other, upon the neighbouring heights. The only visible sign of human life was a small column of smoke rising from among the woods of the interior, indicating, perhaps, the site of one of their folds. On disembarking at the extremity of the cove, I dispatched Nicóla, with the master of the caïque, up the country to look for horses. The other sailor also disappeared with the boat, and occupied himself in fishing or mending his tackle in a distant part of the bay, leaving me sitting alone, eating my breakfast on the shore. Here I remained for nearly three hours, without seeing or hearing any thing more of the rest of the party; and, I must admit, I began to feel a little anxiety as to what was become of them. Nor were the surmises that naturally arose, of their having met with some unexpected disaster among the natives, rendered the more agreeable by one or two specimens exhibited on the surrounding rocks of their personal appearance. They, in their turn, seemed to eye me with some attention; and no doubt a Frank, sitting all alone on their coast at that hour, must have been to them an object of quite as much interest and curiosity as they were to him. The whole scene brought home in a lively manner to my recollection Homer's description of the arrival of Ulysses in the port of the Læstrygonians; and the coincidence between the two cases thus far was certainly curious enough, as will appear from the following free translation of the passage:—

> "The port of Læstrygon we now descried,
> Where lofty capes, projecting on each side,
> With narrow space between, a basin form,
> For ships to ride secure from every storm;
> No breeze disturbs its glassy face serene,
> No sound is heard nor human work is seen,

Save where the herdsmen, driving forth their flocks,
Salute each other on the woody rocks;
Or smoke, slow curling o'er the forest glade,
Of man's abode a doubtful sign display'd.
Our bark safe anchor'd off the rugged shore,
I send two trusty comrades to explore
What race of men these barren heights command,
Or eat the scanty produce of the land."

Odyss. x. 81. *seq.*, 87. *seq.*, 93. *seq.*

The sequel of the adventure, also, in so far tallied, that my two messengers reappeared at length, followed by a barbarian "of mountain stature and horrible aspect,"—(ὄσσον τ' ὄρεος κορυφὴν κατὰ δ' ἔστυγον αὐτὸν,*) master of three ragged steeds, upon which we forthwith disposed our persons and goods. I appropriated the most active-looking beast; the strongest was saddled with the luggage. The third was Nicóla's right; but he shared it from time to time with our Ithacan shipman, who accompanied us into the interior, for the purpose of visiting a cousin settled as an agricultural colonist at the village of Katochí, on the Acheloüs, half-way between our landing-place and Mesolonghi. The *agoghiates*,† being themselves excellent pedestrians, seldom care to bestride their beasts; and, when so inclined, make no ceremony of adding their persons to the load, however great, with which they may be previously burdened. These animals, although little familiar with any pace but a walk, which rarely and with much difficulty can be accelerated into a limping jog-trot, are for the most part as indefatigable as their masters.

My baggage I had endeavoured to restrict within the

* *Odyss.* x. 113.

† The word muleteer, usually applied in English to persons of this class, would here be inaccurate, the Greek travelling hackneys being exclusively horses. As our own language offers no appropriate equivalent, I shall be content to use the Greek phrase. The term ἀγωγίον signifies the same thing as the Italian vettura; its derivative ἀγωγιάτης, a vetturino.

narrowest limits prescribed by the actual necessities of the road, and the small degree of smartness it might be necessary to put forth at Athens, or other places where a sprinkling of European civilization had been imported. The only bulky piece of furniture it comprehended was a mattress. In place of sheets, for the few occasions where it would have been possible to use them, I was provided with a large linen dressing-gown which was set apart for this purpose. The remainder of the luggage, properly so called, consisted of two carpet-bags, strapped across the back of the pack-horse in the style of saddle-bags, and of a writing-desk, which was deposited, rolled up in the bed, between them. Among the commodities with which I had been recommended by friends experienced in Greek travelling to provide myself at Corfú, was a saddle, owing to the excessive inconvenience of the equipage which the country itself supplied. This precaution, however, Nicóla had pronounced to be superfluous—advising me not to burden myself with so cumbersome an article, and assuring me that I should find the country packs every where tolerable, and that for a considerable part of the route he had little doubt of procuring a real saddle. As it turned out, I had no great reason to regret having followed his advice, although scarcely justified by the facts on which it was grounded. I had, however, fortunately brought with me a good supply of cloaks—*M'Intoshes*—dreadnoughts, &c., a species of travelling stock which combines great and varied usefulness with equal facility of transport, and here supplied the only means that could have rendered a seat on a Greek pack-saddle tolerable. This piece of furniture, which admits of no variety of form in its adaptation to the use of either man or baggage, consists, besides the small quantity of stuffing necessary to protect the spine of its bearer, of a few pieces of wood, forming what with us would be con-

sidered but the first skeleton or framework of the rudest article of its class. Two of these, running lengthwise at about six inches apart, and connecting the others which form the pummel and bow, are destined as the seat of the rider, who, in order to use it in its natural state, would require to have his hinder parts composed of the same material as those of the young King of the Black Isles, in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Upon this substruction therefore, itself elevated considerably above the back of the animal, it was necessary, in order to provide against excoriation, to raise a pile of the loose drapery above mentioned to so great an additional height, that when fairly packed and mounted, my charger and self presented somewhat the appearance of a very gigantic man upon the hump of a very dwarfish camel. For supporting the legs, I used a portion of a long rope, serving both for halter and rein, and which, when twisted round the two projecting sticks of the pummel into a loop on each side, offered as good a substitute for stirrups as the rest of the apparatus for saddle and bridle.

CHAPTER VIII.

PASTORAL HABITS OF GREECE, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

τόσσα μὲν ἀμφ' ἵπποισιν· ἀτὰρ κατάβηθι, φίλη φρήν,
οἶμον ἐπὶ σκυλάκων.—OPPIAN, *Cyneg.* i. v. 368.

"So much for horses; let us now, O muse!
Of dogs the praises tell."

THUS equipped, we made the best of our way over the declivities of a rugged barren heath into the interior, hoping to reach Mesolonghi, called seven or eight hours' march, before nightfall. In about a quarter of an hour, we arrived at the community to which our cavalcade belonged—an encampment of small low reed wigwams, of nearly the same form as the pastoral capanne of the Roman plain, but vastly inferior in size and structure. The best of them seemed barely sufficient to supply the shelter absolutely necessary for the proprietor or his family, by night or during inclement weather. The household apparatus was arranged in front of the entry, where sat also the women and children in the open air, or under mats supported on sticks, engaged in their domestic avocations. As we approached, however, roused by the noise of the dogs and of our voices, there crawled forth, out of some of the nearest huts, two or three male figures of such gigantic dimensions, as I had hardly supposed possible the den from whence they issued could have accommodated. They were joined by several others, as we rode past, from the extremity of the encampment, all

nearly of the same stature; none of them appeared to me less than six feet high, and several were equally remarkable for manly dignity and beauty, both of person and feature. One more especially, a man past the prime of life—whom, from his stopping our caravan with an air of authority, to give some instructions to the *agoghiate*, I discovered to be one of the chiefs of the community—was a most magnificent-looking barbarian.

This colony, together with some others spread along the coast, are neither natives of the district they occupy—which indeed seemed totally devoid of indigenous inhabitants—nor of genuine Hellenic blood; but are nomad shepherds of Wallachian race, who come down annually with their flocks, when the herbage fails in their native mount Pindus on the Thessalian frontier, to the warmer region and extensive grassy plains on the sea-shore. For the use of these they pay a tax to the proprietor or the Greek government. In spite of the squalid misery of their habits, they possess considerable wealth in live stock of all kinds. This encampment, consisting of sixteen families, occupied with its herds not only the hilly region in its own immediate vicinity, but the rich though swampy and uncultivated plains on the banks of the neighbouring Acheloüs, which were covered with oxen, sheep, and horses. Their wanderings, however, are not confined to this part of Greece, or to the north side of the Isthmus. We fell in with troops of them even in Peloponnesus, invariably characterized by the same athletic powers of body and rude simplicity of manners, which, together with their Wallachian tongue, and some peculiarities of dress, distinguish them from the lively race among whom they sojourn. I might have been inclined to distrust the impression produced by the first view of a novel and picturesque costume, worn by a people of strange and ferocious appearance, had I not afterwards

found them, both from my own further observation and on the authority of others, to be generally distinguished by the same Patagonian peculiarities that fixed my attention on first acquaintance. Their appearance, however, is no true index of their character; for they are said to possess as little of the martial spirit of the Greek mountaineers as of their lawless disposition; but are a quiet inoffensive race, whose chief or only care is to husband their store, and live in charity with the population of the countries they frequent. Struck by the classic beauty of their persons, I would fain have supposed them to be descendents of the old Pelasgic aborigines of their native mountains; but this is belied by their Wallachian tongue. They are said, however, to possess another claim to our classical sympathies, as representing the Roman colonies settled by the later emperors in Dacia, and afterwards blended into one people with the natives of the districts they occupied. The features of those with whom I made acquaintance, certainly partook more of the Italian than the Grecian character. The strong Latin element in the Wallachian tongue seems also to support this view;* and their dress, consisting of a tunic and loose pantaloons, instead of the Albanian jacket and fustanella, has been not inaptly compared to that of the Dacian captives in the triumphal monuments of Rome.

On approaching the encampment, being the best mounted, and eager to prosecute my acquaintance with the interior of the country, I was considerably in advance of the rest of the party, when I found myself on a sudden surrounded by a fierce pack of dogs, of size and appearance proportioned to those of their masters, and which

* Vlak-Wallachian, in the Sclavonic tongue, of which this language is a dialect, signifies a Roman or Italian, and corresponds to the epithet Welsch, used by the Germans in a similar sense, as also to that of Welch, applied by the Anglo-Saxons to the provincials of Britain.

rushed forth on every side, as if bent on devouring both myself and beast, proceeding to every extremity except the last, springing up into the air and snarling in my face, preparatory, as I supposed, to a gripe of my person. Being altogether unprovided with any means of defence but the rope-end of the same halter that supplied my stirrups, I was, I confess, not a little disconcerted by the assault of so unexpected an enemy, when one or two of the inmates of the establishment came to my succour, and pelted off the animals with the large loose stones that lay scattered over the rocky surface of the heath.

The number and ferocity of the dogs that guard the Greek hamlets and sheepfolds, as compared with those kept for similar purposes in other parts of the world, is one of the peculiarities of this country which not only first attracts the attention of the tourist, but is chiefly calculated to excite his alarm, and call into exercise his prowess or presence of mind. It is also among the features of modern Greek life, that supply the most curious illustrations of classical antiquity. Their attacks are not confined to those who approach the premises of which they are the appointed guardians, but in many districts they are in the habit of rushing from a considerable distance to torment the traveller passing along the public track; and when the pastoral colonies, as is often the case, occur at frequent intervals, the nuisance becomes quite intolerable. Their assaults, however, when thus unprovoked, rarely proceed to extremities, seldom beyond biting the heels or tail of the horse; but a single stranger, off his guard, and happening to penetrate unexpectedly into the interior of one of these establishments, might be exposed to greater risk.

The usual weapons of defence employed in such cases by the natives, are the large loose stones with which the soil is every where strewed; a natural feature of this

region, to which, as will appear in the sequel, also belongs its own proper share of classic interest. Greece is a country intersected in every direction by mountain ridges of a peculiarly rugged character, consisting chiefly of a class of rocks, which, though of iron-hard consistency of texture, are found at the surface broken, whether in their primitive formation or by the effects of natural convulsions, into detached fragments of infinitely varied dimensions. The plains or open districts, on the other hand, are for the most part narrow, and, besides being themselves occasionally of a somewhat rugged character, are exposed to the perpetual inroads of these enemies to their fertility from the surrounding heights. Hence an important element of agricultural industry in most parts of the country, is the collection and accumulation of these loose fragments from the arable land; and it is certain that many of the circular mounds which are noted in the popular itineraries under the rubric of "ancient tumulus," have been heaped up in this manner. This operation, together with that still common of rooting out the embedded rocks, has been in this country, as we have already seen, an important office of good husbandry ever since the days of Homer. It is to these stones that travellers, and the population at large, instinctively have recourse, as the most effectual weapon of defence against the assaults of the dogs. Those selected are seldom smaller than a man exerting his full force can conveniently lift and throw with one hand—a class of weapon by consequence most aptly and concisely designated with Homer by the term Chermadion,* or Handful, and which the *agogliates* and peasantry, like the heroes of

* χερμάδιον, ... Interpreted by Lucian (*De Gymnas.* 32.) λίθος χειροπληθής. Hence the same author calls dumb-bells, μολυβδαίνας χερμαδίους.—*Lexiphan.* 5.

old, are in the habit of hurling with great force and dexterity. The weapon is the more effectual, owing to the nature of the rock itself, broken as it is in its whole surface into angular and sharp-pointed inequalities, which add greatly to the severity of the wound inflicted. Hence, as most travellers will have experienced, a fall among the Greek rocks is unusually painful. This property is also very aptly described by the epithet "rugged" or "jagged,"* which Homer familiarly applies to the Chermadia of his heroes. The assailants, however, in ordinary cases, with the exception of some districts, Laconia and Messenia for example, where they are remarkable above others for determination and fierceness, seldom expose themselves to the risk of such a blow; and the lifting of one of these stones in a threatening manner,† or even the act of stooping for the apparent purpose, is in most cases a signal for retreat. Nor is the use of this primitive weapon confined to engagements with the brute species, but also extends to those between man and man, in extreme cases, when none of a more convenient nature is at hand. It was a personal familiarity with this joint feature of Hellenic nature and Hellenic manners, that first conveyed to my mind a clear and vivid impression of that perpetually recurring incident of Homer's battles, where the combatants, when momentarily unprovided with their regular missiles, at once resort to the substi-

* ὀχρίοεις.

† Hence the humorous allusion of Aristophanes, *Equit.* 1028.

Λέγε δῆτ'· ἐγὼ δὲ πρῶτα λήψομαι λίθον,
ἵνα μή μ' ὁ χρησμὸς ὁ περὶ τοῦ κυνὸς δάκῃ.

** It has been observed, with perhaps as much of satire as truth, that dogs are never seen within the walls of the Greek churches, owing to the terror inspired by the frequent bowing of the congregation in the course of their devotions, which the animal mistakes for the attitude of lifting a stone to throw at themselves.—*Spon. Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 365.

tute which their native soil so abundantly supplies.* No poet of our own, or any other country but one whose natural features and social habits were similar, could ever have given the same extent or importance to such incidents, in a narrative either of real or fabulous events; and no reader can either understand or appreciate the full force of his descriptions, who has not had personal opportunity of bringing them into connexion with the circumstances that immediately suggested them. In my own case, I may say that this was the result, not of observation alone, but in some degree of experience. Not long after the commencement of our land journey, our course happened to lie through a district much infested by petty bands of robbers; not brigands on a grand scale, but knots of idle or desperate peasants, who combined occasionally for the purpose of waylaying and plundering parties of unarmed and unsuspecting travellers. In reflecting on what might be the best mode of defence in such an emergency, it instinctively suggested itself, that the one we had found so effectual against the dogs, might be turned to equal account against an attack of biped enemies; and I meditated a scheme (which, however, to say the truth, I never thought worth while to carry into effect) for arming each of our party, on arriving at any dangerous pass, with one or two of these formidable chermadia, and on the approach of the foe dashing them at their heads. All this passed through my mind at the moment, without the least reference to Homer; but afterwards, when the train of ideas extended itself in that direction, it brought home the spirit of this class of adventures to the apprehension in the liveliest manner.

* Even in more civilized ages this weapon does not seem to have fallen altogether into disuse among the Greek military. See LUCIAN, *De Gymnas.* 32.

We have here, also, an apt illustration of the otherwise not so obvious point of a simile of the Iliad, where the thick cloud of dust that envelopes the advancing host is likened to the morning mist on the mountain side, through which the shepherd's eye "cannot penetrate further than he can hurl a stone:"* This image, in the spirit of our own vernacular idiom, has but little point; for a shot of several hundred yards were no great feat for a country lad, well skilled in the art of stone-throwing in the ordinary sense of the term. But the cloud of dust to which the poet alludes, was certainly of a much denser description than to admit of the view extending to such a distance. In the Homeric, however, or rather the Hellenic sense of the phrase, as allusive to the hurling of the ponderous chermadion, the figure is correct and expressive.

Among the numerous points of resemblance with which the classical traveller cannot fail to be struck, between the habits of pastoral and agricultural life as still exemplified in Greece, and those which formerly prevailed in the same country, there is none more calculated to arrest his attention than the correspondence of the shepherds' encampments scattered here and there over the face of the less cultivated districts, with the settlements of the same kind whose concerns are so frequently brought forward in the illustrative imagery of the Iliad and Odyssey. Accordingly, the passage of Homer, to which the existing peculiarity above described affords the most appropriate commentary, is the scene of the latter poem, where the hero, disguised as a beggar, in approaching the farm of the Swineherd, is fiercely assaulted by the dogs, but delivered by the master of the establishment, who pelts them off with stones.

* τόσσον τίς τ' ἐπιλεύσσει ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ λᾶαν ἵησι.

Pope's translation, with the exception of one or two expressions,* here conveys, with tolerable fidelity, the spirit of the original:—

> "Soon as Ulysses near the enclosure drew,
> With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew;
> Down sat the sage, and, cautious to withstand,
> Let fall the offensive truncheon from his hand;
> Sudden the master runs—aloud he calls,
> And from his hasty hand the leather falls;
> With showers of stones he drives them far away,
> The scatter'd dogs around at distance bay."†—*Odyss.* xiv. 29.

This whole scene, together with many others that follow, both as regards the character of the establishment, and the habits of its inmates, corresponds very closely to many a one which I myself have witnessed in the course of my journey. But there is one curious point in the description which more especially demands attention; where Ulysses, alarmed at the fury of the assault, is said to have "sat down cunningly, dropping the stick from his hand." I am probably not the only reader of the poem who has been puzzled to understand the object of this manœuvre on the part of the hero.‡ I was first led to appreciate its full value in the following manner. At Argos, one evening, at the table of General Gordon, then commanding-in-chief in the Morea, the conversation happened to turn, as it frequently does where tourists are in company, on this very subject of the number

* Mastiff is not a good term for a sheep-dog; nor is the phrase "showers" of stones very appropriate.

† This passage has been closely imitated by Theocritus, in his description of a precisely similar scene.—*Idyll*, xxiv. v. 68. *seq.*

‡ Pliny, indeed, (*H. N.* viii. c. 40,) and Plutarch (*de Solert. Anim.* xv.,) inform us, that "the fury of a dog is mitigated by a man's sitting down;" and the scholiast appends a similar remark to the passage, but with the usual qualification of φασί—"they say;" so that, apart from any appeal to facts or experience, the commentary in each case seemed to offer little more than a paraphrase of the text.

and fierceness of the Greek dogs; when one of the company remarked that he knew of a very simple expedient for appeasing their fury. Happening, on a journey, to miss his road, and being overtaken by darkness, he sought refuge for the night at a pastoral settlement by the wayside. As he approached, the dogs rushed out upon him, and the consequences might have been serious, had he not been rescued by an old shepherd, (the Eumæus of the fold,) who sallied forth, and finding that the intruder was but a benighted traveller, after pelting off his assailants, gave him a hospitable reception in his hut. His guest made some remark on the watchfulness and zeal of his dogs, and on the danger to which he had been exposed from their attack. The old man replied that it was his own fault for not taking the customary precaution in such an emergency; that he ought to have stopped and sat down, until some person whom the animals knew came to protect him. As this expedient was new to the traveller, he made some further enquiries, and was assured that, if any person in such a predicament will simply seat himself on the ground, laying aside his weapon of defence, the dogs will also squat in a circle round him; that as long as he remains quiet, they will follow his example; but that as soon as he rises and moves forward they will renew their assault. This story, though told without the least reference to the Odyssey, with which it had not connected itself in the mind of the narrator, at once brought home to my own the whole scene at the fold of Eumæus with the most vivid reality. The existence of the custom was confirmed by other persons present, from their own observation or experience. I never, myself, happened to be under any necessity of putting its efficacy to the test.

Besides the attacks of these animals, their incessant noise in the towns and villages is itself an intolerable

nuisance. The whole day long in these otherwise quiet communities, where noise of cart or carriage is never heard, bursts of barking or howling are perpetually succeeding each other in some quarter or another. The appearance of an unknown person, especially of a Frank, beyond the immediate bounds of the bazar or principal thoroughfare, even of a large town, is sufficient to call forth the anger, not only of the special guardians of the profaned district, but of all their neighbours within sight or convenient distance; while even from the remotest points, the remainder of the colony seldom fail to send forth at least a few sympathetic responses to the complaints of their fellow-citizens.

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CHAPTER IX.

RIVER ACHELOÜS—ECHINADES—RUINS OF ŒNIADÆ.

ἐρημία μεγάλη ἐστιν ἡ μεγάλη πόλις.—*Fragm. Comici ap.* STRAB.

"A mighty desert is this mighty town."

AFTER passing the encampment, we gain the brow of the eminence on which it is situated, from whence a magnificent view opens up of the course of the Acheloüs for about ten miles inland from its mouth.* It is really a noble river, by far the finest in Greece, and well worthy of the distinction it enjoyed of old, as the patriarch and eponyme hero of the whole fresh-water creation of Hellas. Its waters are of a whitish yellow or cream colour, similar to those of the Tyber, or perhaps somewhat lighter. This colour, although perhaps at the present moment arising in part from the melted snow, would seem to be natural to the stream, from the title it now bears—Aspropotamo or the White river. The ancients characterized it by epithets of similar import; and if we may trust Dodwell, the river god Acheloüs is represented in vases under the figure of a white bull.

The vast flat plain which it here traverses, called after itself the Paracheloïtis, though swampy and uncultivated, is of great natural fertility, and richly studded with copsewood and forest-trees, which in many places form a continuous fringe to the banks. As the stream hides

* See Plate II.

MOUTH OF THE RIVER ACHEEN.

itself here and there in the course of its windings, and again presents itself to view, the plain assumes very much the appearance of an extensive wooded park, relieved here and there by ornamental pieces of water. The foreground of the prospect is an open forest of knotty old oaks, scattered over the face of the rocky banks down which lay our course to the vale below. To the right the view is bounded by the sea, into which the river is seen to empty itself, and by the loftiest and most prominent of the group of Echinades; to the left or east, by the mountains of Ætolia. In the centre is the plain. From its outskirts rise here and there detached rocky heights, which tradition assumes to have been formerly islands. In the distance opens out another distinct view of the sea towards the Corinthian gulf; behind which the mountains of Peloponnesus form the extreme background.

The course of the river here presents the most extraordinary series of windings that I ever recollect having seen in any stream of equal size; offering in every direction—to use the classic phraseology of Dante—the figures of S, C, and occasionally, to the eye at least, very nearly of a complete O. These deflexions are not only so sudden, but so extensive, as to render it difficult to trace the exact line of its bed—and sometimes, for several miles, leaving its direct course towards the sea, it appears to flow back into the mountains in which it rises. The signification of the mythical combat between Hercules and Acheloüs, here forced itself at once upon the attention.* According to the fable, the river god first assaults the hero in the form of a serpent, and on being worsted assumes that of a bull. His adversary, seizing him by the horns, wrenches one of them from his

* Sophoc. *Trachin.* v. 9. Ovid. *Metam.* ix. Apollod. *Bibl.* ii. 7, 5.

forehead, which forthwith becomes a Cornucopia. The whole adventure alludes obviously to the efforts of some primitive improver of the district, by alterations on the course of the river, to check the ravages which in those days, as in the present, its inundations committed on the otherwise fertile region watered by its stream. The figure of the serpent assumed by the serpentine river speaks for itself. The bull, in Greek mythology, is the familiar type of a river god—emblematic of the impetuosity of his flood; while the horn is an equally apt symbol of any such sinuosity as that which here forms the prominent feature of the landscape. Deïaneira, the name of the heroine for whom the contest takes place, signifies literally "Ravager of men," and is probably but a symbol of the power of destruction asserted by the river, in opposition to the hero, over the works of human industry on its banks. A cut across the isthmus, with an embankment to restrain the outbreakings of the stream, while it would sever this horn from the body of the river, would at once convert it, together with the land it encloses, into a horn of plenty.*

Next to the river itself, the most striking feature of this noble prospect are the two lofty mountains, broken each into a number of sharp peaks, which rise immediately on the sea-shore beyond its mouth. One of them

* Hercules is, throughout the Greek mythology, the prominent actor in adventures of this kind. His combat with the Lernæan Hydra is a no less palpable image of the works undertaken to bring into tillage the marshes at the southern extremity of the Argolic plain, intersected by streams, and studded with deep pools and copious springs, figured by the heads of the monster. To the same hero is usually ascribed the piercing of the Katabothra, or subterranean emissaries, common in every part of Greece, by which the superabundant waters of her land-locked marshes and lakes find vent through the mountain sides to the sea, or which in some cases preserve her most fertile plains from being similarly swamped or inundated.

is completely an island, being separated from the terra firma by a channel of deep water. The other, though not altogether insulated, has much the same appearance, being surrounded on the land side by a stretch of low marshy ground. Hence in the later Greek geography they bore in common the name of Oxiæ,* or the "Sharp islands," which they retain to this day, under the slight variety of Oxiés. The one still possessing an insular character has the proper name of Oxiá. Their joint appellation, together with the feature from whence it is derived, affords the interpretation of that which they bore in the primitive geography, in common with the others extending along shore to the north: Echinades—or, as Homer has it, Echinæ. Echinus is the Greek proper name, both of the common hedge-hog, and of the curious shell-fish which we familiarly call sea hedge-hog or prickleback. As transferred to these islands, it most aptly denotes their pointed or prickly outline.

On descending into the vale, we continued our course up the right bank of the river. Wild and uncultivated as it now lies, there is no want of animal life on the surface of the plain. Besides the herds of the Wallachian pastors, we saw numerous flocks of ducks and other wild-fowl, together with some white herons—a bird of great beauty, and a novelty to me. After a ride of about an hour and a half, I observed to the left, along the summit of one of the broadest of the insulated eminences that rise out of the plain, within a mile of our route, extensive vestiges of walls, indicating the site of an ancient city. No satisfactory account of the nature of these ruins could be obtained from any of my attendants. Nicóla knew nothing of them; and the Wallachian

* Strab. x. c. 2. Stephan. de. Urb. in v. Αρτέμιτα. The epithet θοαὶ given by Homer to these islands, is also interpreted as a synonyme of ὀξεῖαι.

agoghiate, who was a good-humoured but very unintellectual sort of a barbarian, although he had often been on the spot, had not even one of the vulgar titles to apply to them—such as Palæókastro—Ta Helleniká, &c., by which the Greek peasantry are in the habit of designating all buildings, the epoch of whose destruction goes much beyond their own memory. Nicóla asked him if they were built without mortar, a favourite criterion among his own class of archæologers (and no bad one, it must be admitted) for distinguishing Hellenic from modern structures; but neither to this query could any satisfactory answer be elicited. Convinced however, as we advanced, of the truth of my first conjecture, I determined, if practicable, to explore them. Finding that the village of Katochí, for which our boatman was bound, was not far distant, and would afford lodging for the night, I sent on Nicóla with the rest of the equipage to prepare our quarters, and proceeded with my Wallachian attendant to the ruins.

I was well rewarded for my trouble, as I found the remains of an ancient city, offering, upon the whole, both in point of extent, preservation, and architectural peculiarities, the most interesting specimen of the kind I have seen, either in Greece or Italy. Not having made any special preparation for this portion of my journey, which I had not previously contemplated, I had no very distinct notion, while on the ground, either of the name or history of the place. But on referring afterwards to the chapter of Thucydides descriptive of the mouth of the Acheloüs, I saw at once that it could be no other than Œniadæ,*

* These ruins have been visited and described, with his usual accuracy, by Colonel Leake.—*Northern Greece*, vol iii. p. 556, *seq.* But his description is unaccompanied by plans or drawings of their architectural peculiarities—without which, they can scarcely be understood or appreciated. This want I have endeavoured to supply in Plate III.

RUINS of ŒNIADÆ.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1 a.

Fig. 1 b.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

a chief city of Acarnania, and considered one of the strongest fortresses in Greece, partly from its situation, partly from its artificial defences. The modern name of the site is Tríkardo.

The hill over which the walls extend, with the exception of its southern extremity, where a long slope (no part of which is comprehended within the city) stretching out in the direction of the Acheloüs, connects it with the terra firma of the plain, is surrounded by morass on every side.* To the north, these swamps deepen into a reedy lake or marsh, now called Lesini, by the ancients Melite. The upper surface of the hill presents three distinct rocky eminences, stretching in a line from S. W. to N. E. The ground within the enclosure is for the most part an open forest of oaks. The circumference of the walls, which are of polygonal masonry, is of irregular form, both as regards ground line and elevation, but cannot be much less than three miles. With the exception of one or two places where they descend into marshy ground, they are in a fine state of preservation, often to a height of from ten to fifteen feet. The town was further strengthened by two citadels: one occupied the height at its southern extremity; the other, on a lower level to the N. E., comprehended also the port,† communicating with the sea by a deep river or creek running up through the contiguous marsh. Some of the massive square towers of these forts are nearly entire. They are of irregular Hellenic masonry, connected by curtain walls of polygons. Several of the gates, sallyports, and salient angles, also present beautiful specimens of Greek military architecture.‡ On parts of the interior area of

* See Plan, in Plate II. fig. 4.

† The best preserved part of the interior front of this fortification is given in Plate III. fig. 6.

‡ The projecting angle which the wall forms immediately to the

the town, are extensive traces of domestic buildings. In some places the lines of street, and the subdivisions of the houses, may be distinctly recognised. Although the masonry of the walls is every where compact and solid, none of the blocks are of very extraordinary size; not equal to those I had lately seen in the fortifications of Cossa, Norba, and other Pelasgic cities of central Italy.

The earliest notice we have of Œniadæ is preserved by Pausanias,* who describes it as having been besieged, taken, and for a considerable time possessed by the Messenians, when driven out of Peloponnesus by the Spartans in the year 670 B.C.; and from his account, it would seem to have been already at that period remarkable for the strength of its fortifications. It was afterwards retaken by the Acarnanians, and attached itself firmly to the interests of Sparta, during the subsequent contests among the Greek states. Twenty-three years prior to the Peloponnesian war, it successfully resisted an attack by Pericles.† During the whole of that eventful struggle, it was the scene of much hard fighting, and was for long the inexpugnable, as it was the only bulwark of the Spartan cause in this district.‡ It continued to be a place of great importance during the Macedonian and Roman wars. In the year 219 B.C., it was taken by Philip, king of Macedon,§ who extended and repaired the works, and from this epoch may probably date some of the more elegant specimens of masonry which they still exhibit. The building of the port, more especially,

east of the great gate, situated between the port and the citadel, (Plate III. fig. 5.) is especially worthy of remark. It is in nearly perfect preservation. In form, it closely resembles the salient angle of a modern bastion.

* *Messen.* c. xxv.

† Thucyd. I., iii.

‡ Thucyd. ii. 68, 102; iii. 7; iv. 77.

§ Polyb. iv. c. 63, *seqq.*

is attributed by Polybius to Philip.* In 211 B.C., Œniadæ fell into the hands of the Romans.† The name Tríkardo or Trígardo, which it now bears, is at least as old as the fifteenth century, derived probably from the three summits of the hill on which it stands. Cyriacus of Ancona,‡ who travelled in Greece in 1436, describes it under that name very correctly, as having polygonal walls, two citadels,§ and a theatre. The remains of the theatre are mentioned by Leake, but I did not observe them.

The most interesting features of this fortification are its arched posterns or sallyports,‖ which, together with a larger gateway in the same style, described by Leake as connecting the port with the town, but which escaped my notice, prove, as he remarks, the use of the regular arch of concentric layers to have been combined with polygonal masonry in Greece, and to have been known, as he further infers, in that country at a much earlier period than is usually supposed. Although this argument were not, perhaps, in itself conclusive in regard to Œniadæ, considering the late epoch at which some of its principal works were constructed, my own further researches have convinced me, on evidence to be more fully adduced in the sequel, that the Greek masons were acquainted with the art of throwing an arch from the remotest period. There can, indeed, be little doubt that the peribolus, or outer wall of this fortress, is the work of a primitive age, whatever may be the case with some of its more complicated defences: and it can hardly be questioned that postern No. 3 in the annexed plate is

* Polyb. v. 65. † Liv. xxvi. c. 24. Polyb. ix. 39.

‡ *Apud* Dodwell, vol. i. p. 101.

§ There are less distinct traces of a *third* citadel or castle on the northern crest of the hill.

‖ Plate III. figs. 1, 2, 3.

an original element of the masonry with which it is connected. The larger gateway of the port, as forming part of the works repaired by Philip, is of more doubtful antiquity. It will also be observed that these four posterns offer a distinct gradation of expedients for covering in such structures, from the simple flat architrave of No. 1 *a*, to the regularly vaulted arch; No. 1 *b*, and No. 2 are the developement of the principle; No. 3 its perfection.*

I regret much, that amid the necessity under which I was of exploring the ground for myself, I should have failed to observe the arched gateway of the port. The marshy nature of the soil, with the thickness of the brushwood, prevented any closer inspection of this part of the work. Neither my Wallachian guide, nor any of the members of another colony of shepherds encamped among the ruins, were competent to afford the smallest assistance in my researches, not to mention the absence of all medium of communication between us; their language being, with the exception of a chance word or two, as unintelligible to me as mine was to them. The sudden appearance of a solitary Frank in the heart of their settlement, caused, as may be supposed, some little sensation among these sons of the wilderness; and they contemplated my operations, especially when handling either sketch or journal-book, with wonder and astonishment. But for the exciting interest of the occasion, one might have felt a little uneasy at finding one's-self thus alone in the midst of so strange and uncouth a race. The only precaution I took, on discovering the city to be not altogether uninhabited, was carefully to conceal every article about my person bearing any resemblance to the precious metals—having been warned that the temptation which such objects hold out to the cupidity

* See Plate III.

of the rustic population in remote districts, is almost irresistible. Nicóla, indeed, as interpreter to the agoghiate, had just before been regaling me with accounts of the recent murder of a Bavarian officer, near Vónitza, on the Turkish frontier; who, venturing alone and in uniform too far from his own quarters, was attacked and killed by some country people, who mistook his brass accoutrements for gold. Nicóla, however, expressed a more favourable opinion of the moral character of the Wallachians, and assured me that I might perfectly rely on the fidelity of my own attendant in particular, with whom he had already managed deeply to ingratiate himself, by showing a familiarity with his native mountains, and an acquaintance with several members of his family; good evidence of the extent of my valet's personal relations throughout the Turco-Greek continent, and of his tact in turning his advantage to account. The Trígardine pastors, however, were of Hellenic race; but I met with nothing but respect and good-will among them, as displayed more especially in their zealous efforts to allay the fury of their dogs at my trespass on their territory, which, but for their interference, would have put an immediate and effectual stop to all antiquarian research.

Throughout these remains, among the copious fragments of masonry scattered over the surface of the ground, not a single piece of sculptured marble or stone is to be seen—not even a scrap of painted pottery, a species of relic so thickly strewed over the site of many other Grecian cities as to form a large ingredient of the soil. If this apparent barrenness of elegant art convey but a poor idea of the politeness of the ancient population of the town, it invests its ruins with that other species of interest which belongs to primitive simplicity and grandeur. Every thing is rude and massive; rubbish there is little

or none; nothing but solid stone. Even the remains of what must have been common dwelling-houses, are composed of unwieldy blocks. These features may also be considered a reflection of the corresponding genius of the old Pelasgic race, as displayed on both sides of the Adriatic, wherever the later refinements of Hellenic civilization had failed to assert their full influence. The close resemblance in this and other respects between these ruins and those of the Pelasgic cities of Latium, which I had visited a few weeks before, struck me very forcibly, and affords living evidence of the handywork of a kindred race.

The site of Œniadæ is most picturesque, and the surrounding scenery as grand in all its natural features as in its classical associations. My wanderings were rendered the more interesting, if not the more commodious, by a tremendous storm, which raged at intervals during the greater part of the time I spent on the ground; the lightning flashing and the thunder bursting most terrifically over our heads, or growling among the dark-blue Acarnanian mountains, and across the wide expanse of reedy marshes, which, like green or yellow seas, extend close up to their base. While taking momentary shelter behind the wall from the torrents of rain that accompanied the storm, I observed on the top of a noble group of oaks that crown the rocky height of the citadel, six objects, apparently too large for birds, and which I at first took for clothes hung up by the shepherds to dry. On closer inspection, however, they proved to be eagles,* or perhaps rather vultures, a race of birds which I had never yet seen in a wild state; nor certainly could my first introduction to it have taken place under more auspicious circumstances. They

* ἐζέσθην, ὄρνισιν ἐοικότες αἰγυπιοῖσι,
φηγῷ ἐφ' ὑψηλῇ πατρὸς Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.—*Il.* vii. 60.

seemed no way shy, and sat meditating, in all probability, a future meal on the progeny of the flocks, their fellow tenants of this desolate region. To my fancy, however, it appeared as if they were musing in melancholy sadness on the change of times, since the ruins they contemplated were the habitation of a race of heroes, who assigned their own so distinguished a part in the war of elements that was raging over their heads. It were not easy to imagine a combination of circumstances calculated more powerfully to act on the imagination of an enthusiastic Hellenist, during the first few hours after stepping on shore on the classic land.

Wild and desert as this enclosure now is in all that relates to industry or culture, it is no way deficient in animated nature; for besides the six eagles—the shepherds—their dogs—and their flocks, I saw two woodcocks, a fox, and a hare, within the circuit of the walls. Game of all kinds, indeed, seems to abound in the district; the marshes swarm with every variety of water-fowl; nor could there be a more agreeable mode of passing a few months, for a party combining, as our young gentry frequently do, a love of field sports with a zeal for classical pursuit, and an admiration of picturesque scenery, than to pitch their tents during the healthy season in this most interesting and little explored region.

The number of birds of prey, of all classes, sizes, and colours, that swarm throughout Greece, is one of the features of its natural history which most readily attracts the attention of the traveller arrived from more civilized regions. I have often, in riding over the beautiful but desert Campagna of Rome, reflected on the fable of Romulus and Remus, where the two brothers mount on the summit of opposite heights to gather omens relative to the future empire of their infant community; when a flight of six eagles presents itself to the one, and imme-

diately afterwards one of twelve appears to his rival. The Roman plain, as well as the mountains that bound it, are probably far less populous or cultivated at the present day, than they were at the period when this mythical story had its origin. Yet its glorious race of winged inhabitants has disappeared; and were the future destinies of the eternal city to depend upon some new Romulus or Rienzi beholding a flight of eagles hovering over its ruins, vain indeed, to all appearance, were its hopes of resuscitation from its present state of political debasement. One might now stand for many a day or month on the summit of the Monte Sacro, before a single messenger of Jove would offer itself to the view. The godlike bird would appear to have become extinct, with the godlike race of men over whose destinies it presided.* In Greece the case seems to be reversed, and in the ratio of the decline of the human species in number and excellence, has been the increase in the remainder of the more bulky portion of the biped creation. In this country I have often seen several dozen of eagles, or vultures, (for at a distance it is not easy to distinguish one from the other,) soaring in company, sociably crossing each other's course in majestic circles, far above some lofty mountain, or extensive range of wild sheep pasture. No less remarkable than their number is their tameness and familiarity with man. The human species seems to be with them, not as in other countries an object of fear or respect, but of indifference or contempt; and they will remain unmoved by the road-side, perched on the summit of a rock, on the look-out for their prey, or engaged on the level plain tearing in pieces a choice piece of

* The larger class of falcon and buzzard, it is true, abound in the Campagna; and are often to be seen collected in large flights. Possibly *eagle* may here in the tradition be but a poetical exaggeration of the inferior order of the same species.

carrion, while the traveller passes within pistol-shot. Perhaps the delicate meals, with which during the recent eight years' war they were constantly supplied from the flesh of both Musulman and Christian, may have tended to encourage the easy footing on which they now stand with the lords of the creation; and to have refreshed their recollection of the former empire which their ancestors of the heroic age are made to claim over our own species, by so many ingenious arguments, in the humorous play of Aristophanes, dedicated to the honour of their race.* But the meek spirit of submission in which their insults or injuries are endured, is a circumstance not so easily accounted for. Both vultures and foxes seemed to be objects of as great indifference to the shepherds of Tríkardo, as they were to the foxes and vultures;—although it is certain that the lambs of their flocks must have been a chief article of subsistence with both animals. Perhaps the benefit to be derived from their destruction would scarcely be an equivalent to these poor people for the expense of powder and shot, or other apparatus necessary for the purpose.

* *Aves*, v. 481. *seqq.*

CHAPTER X.

KATOCHÍ—ACARNANIAN PEASANTRY—VILLAGE DÉMARCHUS.

"ὁρῶ γῆν πολλὴν, καὶ λίμνην τινὰ μεγάλην, καὶ ὄρη, καὶ ποταμοὺς, καὶ ἀνθρώπους πάνυ μακρούς, καὶ τινὰς φωλεοὺς αὐτῶν."

"πόλεις ἐκεῖναί εἰσιν, οὓς φωλεοὺς εἶναι νομίζεις."—LUCIAN. *Dial.*

"I see much land, and a great marsh, and mountains, and rivers, and very tall men, and certain burrows which they inhabit."

"These are cities which you call burrows."

WE reached Katochí before dark. This village, the first I had seen on the soil of Greece, described by the last generation of travellers as a respectable small town, appeared to me about the poorest collection of human habitations I had ever seen, bearing pretensions to the name of houses. Perhaps the impression would have been less unfavourable, had our visit taken place after my eye had been already familiarized to one of the most melancholy features in the face of this unhappy land. The site, with rare exception, of every Greek city, town, or village, from Athens down to the poorest mountain hamlet, presents in fact one confused mass of rubbish—ruins they can hardly be called—among which the new dwellings are interspersed, often at wide intervals, and little distinguishable from the remains of their predecessors but by the bright glare of their red tile roofs. During the exterminating war of which this country was lately the theatre, a war as much (or more) of fierce

devastation as of martial exploit, every group of houses within the sphere of military operations was reduced to ashes or to rubbish, often several times in rapid succession. The Greeks destroyed their towns when forced to abandon them, in order to deprive their Turkish occupants of shelter; the Turks, from rage against their revolted vassals; frequently, in the vicissitudes of the contest, from the same cause as the Greeks. Even before the war, the houses of a Greek town or village would seem, as well from the accounts of travellers, as from the few extant examples, which, in retired nooks beyond the immediate range of hostilities, have escaped the general havoc, to have been objects of no great value to their proprietors. A small oblong area, between two gable ends connecting side walls of mud, or the poorest kind of masonry, with a roof of thatch or tile, through the crevices of which the smoke escaped, and a portion of daylight was admitted, without window, chimney, flooring, or pavement of any kind, seems then as now to have been the common habitation of the lower class. Even those of a better description, and boasting of more than one story, were then, as they are still, with some exceptions at Athens and other chief towns, light flimsy structures of rubble, stucco, or mud, encased in wooden frameworks, and as rapidly and cheaply rebuilt as they were easily burned or destroyed. Hence one is able to understand what at first sight appears a sort of contradiction in the narratives of the war, how, after being told in one chapter that a certain town had been taken and demolished, we find it not many pages below again alluded to as in existence; and, perhaps after an equally brief interval, as once more sacked and destroyed. At present, some of the larger towns contain a few tolerable houses, and Athens has many both elegant and substantial edifices; but nothing certainly can be more dismal

than the aspect of those masses of hovels or rubbish, which, under the barbarous appellations of Skripú, Kôkla, Karváta, &c., have succeeded to the classic sites of Orchomenus, Platæa, or Mycene. In few cases are they relieved by any structure presenting, even as compared with its neighbours, the appearance of a public edifice. The church itself is often one of the most miserable sheds of the place, and frequently without roof. The best looking villages are those situated like Kastrí, (Delphi,) or Katochí itself, on the face of steep acclivities, where a lower floor, usually a stable, is in some measure rendered necessary for one-half the length of the building; so that where the roofs have but little slope, the gables project at right angles to the vertical section of the hill, and the approach to the entry, as frequently happens, is from a sort of terrace, supported by a retaining wall, the effect is not inelegant. Upon the whole, however, the wretchedness of these clusters of red-tiled hovels, scattered here and there over the surface of the land, detracts sadly from the picturesque beauty of Greek scenery; more especially in the eyes of one accustomed to the broad masses of building, and the varied outline of tower, terrace, and pavilion, which, in almost every village, harmonize so finely with the graceful undulations of the Italian landscape. There attaches, however, a sort of melancholy interest to the very contrast between the abject misery of the haunts of the present population, and the gigantic remains of the dwellings of their ancestors, or the never-failing splendour of nature, by which they are surrounded. The same remark may apply to the general desolation of the face of the country, as regards husbandry and every other feature of civilized life, which, in proportion as it mars the amenity of the prospect, enhances the power of the classical associations it inspires. A redeeming point, however, is the really

classical costume, and in many places manly beauty of the race by which it is worn,—the only features, perhaps, of modern Greece, which, apart from its mountains, seas, and ruins, recall to the mind, through the medium of the external senses, the glories of its former state.

The greater part of the village of Katochí is situated on a sloping bank overhanging the river, across which it supplies a ferry-boat.* I found my quarters prepared in one of the best houses it contained, occupied, whether as lodger or proprietor I did not ascertain, by the young Ithacan, our boatman's cousin, settled here as an agricultural colonist, and who was exceedingly anxious to obtain from me some instruction as to the culture of the potatoe, a vegetable not yet familiar in this region. Partly, however, from the defect of our means of communication—neither his stock of Italian, nor mine of Romaic, being sufficient for the discussion of so knotty a subject—partly from my own limited knowledge of the science of green-cropping, I much fear that my lectures will not have tended greatly to spread the growth of this valuable plant on the banks of the Acheloüs. My host's dwelling, being situated on the declivity of the hill, comprised two stories in the style above mentioned. The upper floor was approached by a wooden staircase, giving

* Colonel Leake (*Northern Greece*, vol. iii. p. 556) describes the Acheloüs as here *four hundred yards* in breadth. With the sincerest respect for the general caution and accuracy of this valuable geographer, as well as for the fine river itself, I cannot but think that, if there is no error in the text, either his notes or his memory must have betrayed him. I am confident it is not half that breadth. As the stream is here confined in a deep bed between banks of considerable height, the difference of our impression cannot be owing to any incidental extension of its waters, from inundation or otherwise, at the period of his visit.

access to a balcony of the same material, upon which opened the doors of the two rooms his lodging comprised. One of them was filled with dirty women and children, in the midst of whom Nicóla was busily engaged by the fireside preparing my supper. The other was the apartment of the master. Here another feature of oriental manners, which forcibly strikes the attention of a Frank on first arrival in this country, presented itself, in the total absence of chair, table, bedstead, or any other article of furniture, with the exception of a wooden chest or two. This trait of Turco-Greek barbarism, though common to almost every house whose proprietor ranks below the first aristocracy of the land, among whom European politeness has gradually begun to spread, was, however, the less to be expected in the case of my Italo-Greek host, as a native of a region where such luxuries are familiar even to the middle and lower class. It may be presumed that, like a prudent man, he had thought it best to conform to the customs of his place of settlement. Among the discomforts of Greek travelling, one of the most grievous is this want of table and chair. Nothing could be more irksome or disappointing, than on arriving at the halting-place after a long and fatiguing day's march, to find one's-self altogether precluded from indulging the instinctive impulse to sit down and take a rest. The difficulty of eating a meal is another serious inconvenience. I was too old to adopt on so short a notice the native fashion of squatting on the hams, and had as little turn for the classical refinement of reclining with the body supported on the elbow. This, indeed, is a luxury which I could never figure to myself as other than exceedingly irksome; for, apart from the comparative difficulty of helping one's-self, the danger is great of an attack of the disagreeable complaint called *pins*

*and needles.** My host's apartment was, however, comparatively cleanly, with a fireplace in the Turkish fashion, —a rare luxury in a Greek cottage—the hearth slightly raised above the level of the floor, projecting far into the room, and covered with an alcove for concentrating the current of air into the chimney. It seemed, however, more for ornament than use, as there was little trace of fire having burned in it during the winter, and my attempt to light one was abandoned on account of the smoke.

While supper was preparing, I availed myself of the few remaining minutes of twilight to walk out with my host, and take a survey of the place. Scrambling up the bank behind his house among the ruins, we reached an open terrace of green turf, commanding a fine view of the sea and the surrounding country. Here we found two elders of the village enjoying their evening walk, one of whom was presented to me by my companion as the Démarchus or chief magistrate, the other as his friend, also a leading personage of the community. Both were evidently on the look-out for the Frank stranger, a rare phenomenon in these parts. The Démarchus was a fierce warlike figure, of great breadth and robustness of person, with a neck like a bull, and a coarse, but intelligent and penetrating countenance; the other, a tall, lathy, active-looking veteran, of somewhat graver appearance, was introduced to me as one of the heroic band that cut their way through the Turkish lines on the last fatal day of Mesolonghi. This qualification was sufficient at once to render its possessor the object of my profoundest respect. These Katochian primates, in common with

* This inconvenience seems not to have been felt by the initiated. Hence: τὸν ἀγκῶνα ἐρείδειν, "to fix the elbow," came to be a sort of proverb for sitting down to supper. ATHENÆUS, *Lib.* iv. p. 142. A.—LUCIAN. *Lexiph.* 6; καπειδὴ καιρὸς ἦν, ἐπ' ἀγκῶνος ἐδειπνοῦμεν.

the inhabitants of this region in general, struck me by their fine athletic persons and martial bearing, which gives to the commonest villager the air of a chief of banditti rather than a peasant. First impressions of a strange people, in a picturesque dress, are, as already observed, always to be mistrusted. But I was convinced of their correctness in this instance, by the contrast offered in the appearance of the peasantry of the vale of Delphi, to which district I was transported after a ten hours' sail two days afterwards. I also found it generally admitted, on the part of those who possess the most extensive knowledge of the present Greek nation, that the Roumeliotes—that is, the population of Southern Acarnania and Ætolia—were not only the finest race of men in continental Hellas, but the one which, in point of language, character, and the small traditional evidence of purity of descent that can in any such case be obtained, had the best claims to be considered as the genuine representatives of the ancient stock.* Although the Greeks in general are fine athletic men, yet there can be little doubt that they are indebted to their dress for a large share of the admiration bestowed on them by Frank travellers; and that a body of Palikars,† culled from the flower of the Roumeliote chivalry, if stripped of their classic accoutrements, and measured by the side of an equal number of picked yeomen from Northumberland, or the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, would be found wanting.

My new acquaintances were both equipped in the full Albanian costume—even to the huge shaggy goatskin pelisse slung over their back and shoulders—although

* See additional note at end of volume.

† Palikar is a word of uncertain origin, common, I believe, to the Indian and several other Oriental languages, and denoting among the Greeks—hero or warrior.

the weather was scarcely such as to require so formidable a protection. There is nothing, indeed, which tends more effectually to evince the muscular strength and activity of these mountaineers, than their power of taking exercise, or even performing long journeys, with this enormous mass of leather and hair dangling over their backs. This is the same article of attire known among the ancients by the name of Sisyra, or Diphthera, and used by them as now both for cloak and blanket.*

Both these personages treated me with great courtesy, and invited me to visit them in their houses. In this proposal I the more readily acquiesced, when I found that a building, which from the first distant view of the village had attracted my attention, was the residence of the hero of Mesolonghi. It was, in fact, the only remnant of the ancient Turkish splendour of the place, and, situated on the crown of the eminence, with the remains of an exterior coat of whitewash, had a striking effect in the general landscape. It had formerly been the pyrgo, or castle, of some Turkish governor or great man, a class of edifice between a tower and a cottage, with a square substruction of stone, beyond which projected two upper stories, composed chiefly of wood and plaster, so as to have something the appearance, at a distance, of the body of a large windmill without sails. The upper portion of its exterior was also relieved by wooden balconies or parapets. It had probably owed its preservation, amid the general ruin of every other object in its neighbourhood, to its convenience as a military post for the victorious party. Each floor contained one or two small rooms, for the most part unoccupied, or filled with lumber. After having sufficiently administered to the vanity of the proprietor, by expressions of admiration for the architecture and fitting up of his dwelling, I next

* Aristoph. *Av.* 122. *Nub.* 72. conf. Schol.

accompanied the Démarchus to his seat of government, and a very miserable dirty hovel it was. It consisted of but one room, divided by a black curtain into two compartments—one of which was devoted to domestic purposes, and to the accommodation of a family consisting of a wife and six children; the other was the reception chamber of the proprietor, narrow, dark, and empty, with nothing to relieve the bare walls but the projecting Turkish fireplace. Coffee and pipes were produced, and my host seating himself in the usual squatting position on a mat, in front of the hearth, on which some embers were placed, invited me to do the same on another similar rug appointed for my use, and on which I reclined with the best grace I was master of. No Lord Mayor of London could be more perfectly satisfied with the state of his domestic accommodation in all respects than was this worthy magistrate; and I readily sympathized in the honest pride with which he announced, that the seat assigned me had formerly been habitually occupied by my old friend Sir Richard Church, who, during his campaign in that district, had done him the honour to accept of quarters in his house. He had visited Œniadæ in the general's company, and knew it, consequently, by its classical name. He also seemed to have some knowledge of the remaining antiquities of the district, and counted over to me on his fingers the names of a number of other ruins of similar character in the neighbourhood, which I would fain have visited had my arrangements permitted. Our interview was brought to a somewhat more hasty conclusion than I could have wished, by a general assault on my person from the live stock in the mat, which rendered my seat, irksome as it was from the first, altogether intolerable; and I rose and took my leave accordingly.

The vermin that swarms in the modern Greek dwell-

ing-houses, would appear to be no new evil in this country. If we may trust Aristophanes, the mats with which the pupils of Socrates were accommodated were little preferable, in this respect, to those that adorned the hearth of the Démarchus of Katochí. The following pathetic, but only half translatable complaint, put into the mouth of Strepsiades, in "*The Clouds*," when seated on one of those pieces of furniture, bears a ludicrously close application to my own case:—

ἀπόλλυμι δείλαιος· ἐκ τοῦ σκίμποδος,
δάκνουσί μ' ἐξέροντες οἱ Κορίνθιοι·
καὶ τὰς πλευρὰς δαιδάπτουσιν,
καὶ τὴν ψυχὴν ἐκπίνουσιν,
καὶ τοὺς ὄρχεις ἐξέλκουσιν,
καὶ τὸν πρωκτὸν διορύττουσιν,
καί μ' ἀπολοῦσιν.

"Alas, I'm done for! from this rug
What fierce assault of flea and bug!
My sides they lash, my blood they suck,
My very vitals out they pluck;
My body full of holes they bore,
My life runs out at every pore . . ." &c.*

Another verse of the same comedy (37) would imply, that the connexion between these creepers and Démarchi is also of no modern date:

"Some Démarchus doth bite me from this mat."†

On my return to our lodging, my frugal meal was served up on a large round tin tray, of two or three inches in height, placed on the floor. This piece of furniture is adapted by its form to occupy the centre of the company at meals, who squat around it. After supper, I arranged

* *Nubes*, 709—conf. *Ran.* 439. *Nub.* 634, *et alibi.*

† δάκνει με Δήμαρχός τις ἐκ τῶν στρωμάτων.

The pun is here upon the word Demus, (ΔΗΜΟΣ,) which in Greek signifies either *people*, or *rich fat meat*.

my mattress in a corner of the room, and lay down for the night. My host, who during my repast had respectfully left me to myself, then came in and settled himself in another corner, and soon after, his other guest entered and followed his example; while Nicóla, wrapping himself in his capotte, lay down like a large watch-dog on the open balcony in front of the door.

The next morning (March 1st) the Démarchus waited on me by appointment, for the purpose of acting as my cicerone to the remaining curiosities of his seat of government. This office he performed with much ceremony, strutting before me, as on the previous evening, with a military air from place to place, through mud and rubbish, stopping and turning round for a moment when I addressed him, to give his answer, and then resuming his line of march with the previous order and formality. The only object worth a visit is a church of considerable size, apparently of some antiquity, and in a good style of Byzantine architecture, but ruined and roofless. He then attended me to the ferry, where our equipage was in waiting, surrounded by a crowd of less distinguished members of the community, and bade me farewell with a hearty shake of the hand, and expressions of regret that my stay had been so short among them. All these compliments I most cordially returned. Apart from the man's friendly disposition towards myself, and the mere novelty and curiosity of his person and manners, there was something very engaging in the combination they exhibited, of martial pride, rustic simplicity, and natural good breeding.

CHAPTER XI.

ÆTOLIA—ANATOLIKÓ—MESOLONGHI—RUINS OF PLEURON.

ἔχεται δ' Αἰτωλία,
ἐν ᾗ πόλις Πλεύρων.—DICÆARCH. *de St. Gr.*

"Into Ætolia now we cross, where lies
A city, Pleuron call'd."

Our course on the Ætolian side of the river lay for some distance across the flat land on its banks, which, though still for the most part swampy, here showed greater signs of cultivation. On quitting the plain, and traversing some higher tracts of irregular forest ground, we came in sight of the town of Anatolikó. This place is situated on a low island, in the middle of a long oval gulf or salt-water lake, a branch of the same line of lagoons which extend along the coast to some distance beyond Mesolonghi. It is a point of great natural strength, was the scene of much hard fighting during the war, and repeatedly taken and retaken by the belligerent parties. The water is so shallow on the western side, that a mole of stones, projecting from the shore, brings the traveller half across the intermediate space towards the island; the remainder is crossed by a ferry-boat. Anatolikó is, like other Greek towns, a mixture of ruins and straggling new houses; but showed some appearance of population and commercial activity. A Turkish minaret of considerable height still remains entire, and has an imposing effect, rising in solitary dig-

nity from the surrounding rubbish. The mean aspect of the Greek towns is much increased by the style of the shops or warehouses which line the bazar and principal thoroughfares—low wooden sheds, not unlike the moveable booths set up at fairs or markets in the towns of western Europe. In fact, the main street of a populous Greek city very much resembles the double line of these temporary edifices, which, during the few weeks of their annual fair, cumber the streets of Frankfort or Leipzig.

As we halted for a moment at a shop in the centre of the bazar, a violent altercation commenced between two respectable-looking individuals and our Wallachian agoghiate, in which Nicóla occasionally took a part. On enquiring the cause of the disturbance, I found that our passports had been demanded by the police, and found not to be in order. The only document intelligible to them was a small scrap of paper signed by the Démarchus of Katochí, with which he had presented us at parting. It had never occurred to me, nor does it seem to have occurred to the Démarchus, honest man, that we had been guilty of a great irregularity in thus unceremoniously landing in a remote corner of the country, where was neither port, custom-house, nor lazaretto; a sin against the dignity, as well as the laws of the new kingdom, which, in some of the old ones on the other side of the Ionian gulf, would infallibly have brought us into serious difficulties, or even exposed us, if detected in the act, to the risk of being shot by the coast-guard as smugglers or pirates. The Hellenes, however, although not quite so apathetic as their old masters, the Turks, on the subject of quarantine, are not altogether so fastidious as the Italians, either as to passports or bills of health; and, after a quarter of an hour of to me unintelligible vociferation, we were allowed to pass. The chief brunt of the discussion was borne by the Wallachian, as

having supplied the offenders with means of further encroachment on the interior. He, poor fellow, who knew or cared as little about such nice points of civilized government as the beasts he drove, seemed quite bewildered at being called to account for breaking a law, of the existence of which he was altogether unconscious. He defended himself, however, with all the eloquence which a naturally phlegmatic temper, and his barbarous vocabulary, placed at his disposal; while Nicóla, evidently much more amused with the predicament in which the poor Nomad was placed, and his awkward efforts to extricate himself, than apprehensive of any ulterior obstacles to our progress, did little or nothing at first to help him out of the scrape. At length, on a more distinct representation, on his part, of the peculiarities and necessities of our case, and of my rank and importance, we were permitted to continue our route.

On disembarking from the ferry-boat that transported us across the eastern arm of the lagoon, our course lay for a few miles through a low swampy jungle of very dismal character, although a considerable portion of the coppice that covered it consisted of wild olive, showing evident symptoms of a former state of high cultivation. On emerging from this wilderness, we ascend a rocky ridge of no great height, extending towards the sea from the lower declivities of Mount Zygos, (the ancient Aracynthus,) which here rises immediately to the left. From this point we obtain a view of Mesolonghi, its plain, and lagoons, with the entrance to the gulf of Patras, and the distant mountains of Ætolia and Achæa. Scattered over this height are the remains of a small fortress of regular Hellenic structure. A little further on, looking up to the left, I observed the walls of a city of considerable size, in the same style of masonry, occupying the summit of one of the most precipitous of the lower ridges

of the mountain. Judging it would be more convenient to visit these ruins from Mesolonghi, we continued our route to that place, which we reached soon after mid-day. For about a mile before entering the gate, our track lay across a sandy plain, studded with the black stumps of olive-trees, once celebrated for their size and luxuriance, but which had been cut down by Reshid Pashá during the siege, and their roots seared with fire—the only mode of paralysing the reproductive powers of this energetic plant, or at least of permanently checking its vegetation. Mesolonghi takes its name from the forests, chiefly of olives, by which it was formerly surrounded on the land side; *longhos* denoting, in the low Greek dialect, a wood. The title may now be classed under the rubric of *lucus a non lucendo*, since neither grove nor tree is at present to be seen within a circuit of several miles.

After crossing the lines of defence—always of the most wretched description—now ruined and dismantled, behind which a few thousand barbarous warriors offered so long and so heroic a resistance to the combined force of the Ottoman empire under its ablest commanders, a wide scene of filth and misery presented itself. The esplanade, of considerable extent, between the walls and the first houses of the town, for the most part a desert of mud and ruins, was studded with low wigwams of the same structure as those which formed the moveable encampment of the Wallachian shepherds, though somewhat larger. The only advantage they derived from their superior size was, that while the Wallachian dwellings were adapted for the shelter of men alone, these were evidently the promiscuous habitation of both men and cattle. Towards the extremity of this dreary suburb, we pass on the right a new, large, and substantial stone edifice, several stories in height, which I recognized at once as a barrack. In front were exercising bodies of

regular troops in Bavarian uniform, remarkably fine young men, and displaying all the order and neatness of European discipline and equipment. At first I took them for part of the German force in the service of the king, but found, on enquiry, that they belonged to a native regiment, recently formed in terms of the new law of conscription, which ordains a contingent of a certain number of men from each province, in the ratio of its population, to be raised and disciplined in the European manner.

As Mesolonghi is a leading military depot, its population was greatly swelled by the influx of these new levies, and the various functionaries, civil and military, engaged in their training and outfit. It seemed also, from the numbers of people in the principal thoroughfares, to be market-day. The places of public accommodation were consequently full; and we wandered about for some time through crowded streets, mud, and ruins, looking in vain for a lodging of any kind. The only one offered me was an open wooden loft, constructed under the roof of a long dark shed pierced with numerous holes admitting a view of the heaven, and over the heads of an assemblage of the lower order of natives, drinking, smoking, and gambling in the area below, and had so uninviting an appearance, that although I have since been contented with worse, I declined to take possession. On Nicóla's suggestion, we then proceeded to the police-office, to show our credentials, and try what the authorities could do for us. The proposal was a fortunate one. My passport was from the Foreign Office, enjoining, in the French tongue, according to the usual form, "the authorities of all countries in amity with his Britannic Majesty, by all means in their power to provide for the welfare and comfort of the bearer." No sooner had the head of the office read this formidable

paragraph, with an unintelligible pronunciation but a loud voice, in order evidently to show myself and his establishment his proficiency in the language, than he began to shower down honours on my head. He forthwith instructed one of the clerks, a remarkably handsome agreeable young Greek of about eighteen, with large sparkling black eyes, to accompany me to a lodging, on which he gave me a billet. He next appointed to attend me, as a sort of orderly or *laquais de place*, during my residence in the town, another subordinate of the establishment, (also one of the heroes of the siege,) and who, unless when sent on commissions, stuck to me like a leech during the whole of the afternoon and next morning, strutting before me wherever I went, precisely in the same manner as the Démarchus of Katochí.

The house on which we were billeted belonged, as it turned out, to the father of the young clerk of police, and was comparatively a comfortable dwelling. Our landlord, though a native of the place, had passed the greater part of his life at Constantinople, where he exercised the profession of schoolmaster, but had re-settled in his own town on the conclusion of the war. Accordingly, both his dress and the arrangement of his apartment were after the Turkish fashion, with a good fireplace, glazed windows, and a row of divans or sofas along the wall, but without either table or chair. My own lodging, a small square room at the head of the stair, here, as usual, on the outside, showed no symptoms of having been recently occupied otherwise than as a roosting-place for fowls, so that a little sweeping made it tolerably clean. My host was upon the whole the most unfavourable sample of regenerate Hellenism that I have met with in the course of my travels—a poor, cringing, whining, mercenary creature. His abject shrunken form, and servile manner and address, were yet not

without their value, as reflecting the contrast between his Constantinopolitan habits, common probably before the war to the mass of his countrymen, at least to the dwellers in towns or civilized districts, and the ordinary deportment of the same race at the present day, who, since the emancipation, affect to bear their heads high, with the conscious arrogance of tried warriors and freemen.

Being unprepared for the total deficiency of the ordinary conveniences for even the most homely toilette in this country, I had neglected to make sufficient provision against it, and was consequently here, and on some other occasions, under the necessity of placing myself in the hands of the native barbers. I found them most skilful operators, although their cutlery seemed but indifferent, and their only strop was a coarse leather thong suspended to their girdle. But my fancy was tickled by observing that each man brought with him, as a part of his apparatus, a round portable mirror with a long handle, precisely the same in form as the ancient Katoptron or Speculum.

It had been hinted at the police-office that I ought to pay my respects to the governor, a person of some importance, as Mesolonghi is the metropolis of a large province. I accordingly proceeded to his house, where I found a fine portly-looking man, richly attired in full Greek costume. He received me with much dignified politeness, in a room fitted up in the European manner. He spoke no Italian; but his secretary, who, though a native Greek, wore the Frank dress, was fluent in that language. Coffee and pipes, as usual, were produced. The luxury of smoking in this country is carried to a high degree of perfection. The tobacco is delicious, and every respectable household is provided with a stock of pipes sufficient for the use of the guests, as well as of

its own members. These are straight tubes of about five or six feet long, made of a particular kind of nut-wood, with amber mouthpieces of large size, and often richly decorated with gilding and other ornaments. The pipe-head is the same small cup of red clay commonly known in Germany by the name of Turkish. Each guest is presented with a pipe ready lighted by the servant on taking his seat, and, as soon as it is finished, another is handed to him similarly prepared for his use, while the one removed is forthwith put in order for the next relay. Fastidious objections to the use of the same mouth-piece are still less common here than in Germany; and the servant who brings in the fresh pipe generally gives it a puff or two as he approaches, to ensure its being well lighted, wiping the point with his sleeve before presenting it to the guest. In houses of distinction, where much company is seen, a domestic is kept in constant attendance for the performance of this duty. These customs are adopted generally in the houses of the Germans, and other resident Philhellenes, especially those in the military service. The Greek pipes have the inconvenience, to inveterate smokers, of not being serviceable in taking exercise or in any active occupation, like the short German tubes, with heads better secured, and mouth-pieces adapted for being held, when necessary, between the teeth or the lips. A tolerable cigar is not to be found in Greece, but a substitute is provided, by enclosing a little loose tobacco-leaf in a roll of paper. This is the customary mode of supplying this primary want of human life among all classes when in motion, either on foot or on horseback; and bunches of white slips of paper, of a size and shape adapted to the purpose, hung upon pegs, are among the articles of commerce that chiefly attract the eye of the traveller in the shops of the towns and villages as he passes along.

The conversation turned on the ruined city I had observed in the neighbourhood, which I found the learned of Mesolonghi had, with a proper regard for the credit of their own environs, very naturally, though erroneously, baptized by the name of Calydon, the ancient capital of Ætolia. In the course of the discussion Homer was incidentally quoted, when the Governor showed his acquaintance with the patriarch of his national literature, by producing a volume of the Iliad, with the Greek text on one page and a Romaic version on the other. I requested some information relative to the line of route by land towards Delphi, along the shore of the Corinthian gulf, but could obtain none of a satisfactory nature. It is one which has been little explored; and for that reason, as well as to avoid a repetition of the delays and disappointments already experienced on our sea voyages, I was inclined to prefer it. The chief difficulties it presents are the passage of the river Fidari, the ancient Evenus, and a pass called the Kakè-skala, or "Bad ladder;" both within a day's journey of Mesolonghi. The bed of the river, always difficult to ford, often during the rainy season interrupts for many days the communication between the opposite banks. The road at the Kakè-skala runs along the face of a precipitous cliff overhanging the sea, half way up the mountain of the same name, (the ancient Taphiassus;) and if the weather or any other accident should produce a trifling change in the surface of the ground, often becomes impassable. The pass, however, derives its name as much from its bad repute as a haunt of banditti, as from its natural difficulties. The secretary said something of danger on this account, which the Governor did not altogether dispute; but, jealous apparently of the credit of his own province, contented himself with assuring me that he had no recent intelligence of brigandage within its bounds.

On my return to my lodging, I was visited by a young officer of the garrison, a native of Ithaca, but holding a commission in the Greek service, who, having heard of our arrival, had very politely come to offer me a bed in his quarters. This offer I as politely declined, being well satisfied with my present habitation. After the usual questions as to whence I had come, and whither I was going, he expressed his amazement at my foolhardiness in venturing without a strong escort through the region I had traversed, and remonstrated strenuously against my proposal to pursue my journey by land, supporting his advice by a fearful picture of the lawless state of the country. He assured me that he himself or his comrades seldom ventured willingly, unless in large parties and well armed, far beyond sight of the walls of the garrison. That the conscription law had much increased the evil, the strong aversion to the service of the regular army having induced many of the recruits to abscond or desert, and, as usual in such cases, to take the hill and lead a predatory life. He dwelt on the lawless habits of the villages along the line of route, which he represented as so many nests of banditti, and assured me that a large proportion of the picturesque figures I had seen lounging about the streets of the town, were characters of the most desperate description; that Mesolonghi was a central depot of the veteran palikars of the old irregular army, who, disappointed of place or promotion on the final establishment of the national independence, which they had believed was to shower down gold on the heads of its valiant assertors, were now living from day to day in idleness and profligacy, on the remnants of the plunder amassed and secreted during their former campaigns, or on the fruits of occasional acts of outrage. He even went the length of expressing his conviction of the probability, that at that moment some plan of attack

on our party was forming among them, to be carried into execution at the first convenient pass on the road, should we continue our journey in the same careless manner. This account was evidently so exaggerated, that it was the less easy to conjecture what might be the real basis of fact on which there could be little doubt it was founded. On his departure I mentioned what had passed to Nicóla, who, as was to be expected, turned the whole matter into ridicule, rating me soundly at the same time for listening at all to such idle gossip. He assured me that he had as good means of information as to the danger or safety of the routes, as any young coxcomb of the new conscript army, and that, if I would only trust to him, he would guarantee me against all risk. Although (as will appear in the sequel, and as he himself afterwards admitted) he somewhat overrated his own penetration, I felt certainly more disposed to confide in his judgment than in that of the Ithacan lieutenant.

It had been suggested to me that a visit to the town-commandant as well as the governor would be proper. On arriving at his quarters I was agreeably surprised to find, in the fine tall military-looking man to whom I was introduced as the present occupant of this post, Colonel F——, a distinguished German Philhellene. It was my lot to be indebted to the Universities of Germany for a considerable share of my education, and I have since been thrown much into the society of natives of that country; so that, in addition to the friendships formed among them at that more youthful period, and maintained, however imperfectly, through the medium of partial correspondence, or meetings at long intervals, I have been enabled to extend my circle of acquaintance in many new and interesting directions. The advantage of an early intimacy with this excellent people I have had numberless opportunities of appreciating in after life;

and at no time more than during this journey. There is no nation whose heart warms with such ready sympathy, in a distant region, not only towards a countryman, but also towards a foreigner who shows a knowledge of—or interest in—their native land and language. Upon the whole, the Germans must be admitted to be inferior to both the English and French in the quality commonly called national spirit; but in this especial branch of it they certainly surpass both their rivals. Englishmen, although proverbial, when collected in numbers at any of the great resorts of continental travellers, for their tendency to herd together, are often, especially those of the upper rank, cold and distant, or even distrustful towards each other, when they happen to meet as unknown individuals on a distant shore; and instead of being gratified when addressed by a foreigner in their own language, are apt perhaps rather to discourage it as a medium of conversation, being often more anxious to display or to improve their knowledge of other tongues, than to enjoy the advantage they derive in their intercourse with strangers from a fluency in their own. A Frenchman, on the other hand, is so perfectly satisfied how indispensable an intimate acquaintance with France —or rather perhaps with Paris—its language and usages, is, to constitute the smallest amount of excellence in human character, that even a large share of such qualifications can hardly be expected to have much effect on his feelings towards their possessor. With the Germans the case is different. Wherever it has been my lot to be thrown into their society in the course of my travels, I have invariably found a few words addressed to them in their own tongue an immediate passport to favour and cordiality; and that we soon became, through this medium, on as intimate a footing as one could wish to be with a countryman; especially if, as rarely failed to

happen, the conversation turned on persons or things of common acquaintance or interest to each, in their own romantic land.

Such was the case at present, and in various other instances in the sequel of my Hellenic tour. I was politely received by the Colonel, who, according to the usual courtesy, addressed me on first entrance in French; but no sooner had I asked him in his own language whether he was not a native of Germany, than his manner changed at once from courteous to friendly. He immediately placed such accommodation as his quarters supplied at my disposal, an offer which, for the same reason as formerly, I declined: but I readily accepted the invitation to drink tea and spend a portion of the evening with himself and lady, a very pleasing young person of good family in Holstein, several of whose connexions had been among my own intimates at Göttingen and Heidelberg. The Colonel did not admit the full extent of the Ithacan lieutenant's report as to the state of the country, although he did not deny it a certain foundation in fact; while another German officer, chief of the medical staff, who happened to be present, pronounced it to be very little exaggerated. The Commandant, however, upon the whole, strongly dissuaded me from the land journey, especially if my time was limited, urging, apart from the risk of warlike adventures, the difficulties of the country, and the state of the roads and rivers. He assured me that the passage up the Corinthian gulf to Skala di Sálona, the port below Delphi—besides its own beauty and interest—could hardly, making every reasonable allowance for contingencies of weather, last half the time that a land journey would necessarily occupy. I therefore decided upon once more trusting the fickle element.

Before breaking up for the evening, a party was made

for a visit to the Hellenic ruins in the neighbourhood on the ensuing forenoon; the colonel, and his friend the staff-surgeon, who were both familiar with the ground, offering to act as my ciceroni, and the former to mount me on one of his horses. I gave orders to Nicóla to engage a bark for the voyage, to be in readiness against our return, in order that, going on board in the evening, we might be enabled to start at latest with daybreak on the next morning.

As the remains of Pleuron, the more recent city, that is, of the name—for so Leake on satisfactory grounds has established them to be—have been very fully described by both that traveller and Dodwell, I shall confine my remarks to such peculiarities as appeared to myself more especially deserving of notice. Our party was joined in riding out of the town by another German officer, chief of the engineer department. We left our horses at the base of the hill, as the site of the city is not accessible otherwise than on foot. The ruins occupy the broad summit of one of the precipitous rocky heights which bound the plain of Mesolonghi to the north. On the sides of another lower eminence on the right hand, nearer Mesolonghi, are some lines of wall in the Cyclopian style, but not of very massive structure. The walls of Pleuron, which are in a tolerable state of preservation in almost their whole circuit, are of Hellenic masonry, with square towers at unequal intervals. The circumference of the peribolus, which is in the form of an irregular oblong quadrangle, may be near two miles. Over nearly the whole extent of the site, traces of buildings are observable. A little to the east of its centre is an esplanade of considerable extent, which there can be little doubt was the agora, offering foundations of edifices of considerable compass and symmetrical arrangement. The theatre has the peculiarity of being excavated in the rock, immedi-

ately within the rampart, in the centre of the western side of the peribolus, so that the stage must have been identical with the interior parapet of the wall; while the battlements, and one of the towers comprehended within the space it occupied, may have afforded the groundwork for the decorations of the scene and the working of the stage mechanism. It commands a noble prospect across the plain below, and the sea, bounded by the Echinean mountains. Not far from the theatre, towards the centre of the city, is a deep excavation in the rock, of large size, and somewhat singular form. It was probably a cistern, and presents some close points of analogy to the Sette Sale on the Esquiline hill of Rome. Like them it is divided into partitions, by parallel cross walls perforated with arches, or rather with triangular openings formed by the approximation of horizontal courses, the common Hellenic substitute for the arch. No marble fragments, nor any other remains of ornamental architecture, are visible on any part of the ground, except a few massive blocks of stone pilaster on the site of the agora, the capital of one of which was decorated in low relief with an elegant species of volute.

Dodwell has endeavoured, in a very diffuse and uncritical dissertation, to prove these ruins to be those of Œniadæ, in the face of the positive testimony of various passages of the ancients, which he himself quotes and misinterprets, showing that city to have been situated among the marshes on the other side of the Acheloüs. Gell is in the same error. Leake,* with his usual re-

* *North. Greece*, vol. iii. p. 539.—His conjecture as to the site of the more ancient city, if, as I presume, his remarks apply to the vestiges of Cyclopian wall already mentioned, in the immediate neighbourhood to the eastward, is less plausible; since the text of Strabo, his own principal authority, distinctly implies that the Homeric Pleuron was situated on the plain, near the Evenus or Fidari, at a much greater distance from the more recent settlement of its population.

search and penetration, has established them, on satisfactory grounds, to be the remains of the later town of Pleuron, built by the refugees from the old Homeric city of the same name, when destroyed by Demetrius Ætolicus in the year 235 B.C.

"Pleuron," says Strabo,* "formerly one of the bulwarks of Hellas, now lies humbled in the dust." If this description be correct, the state of the city in his day must have been very much what it is now.

Leake says that at the period of his tour he found but one individual in Mesolonghi who had ever visited these ruins. Taste for archæological pursuits seems to have made progress in the place since that time. Besides my German friends, both the governor and his secretary spoke at least as if they were familiar with them; and my young host, with whom, as being tolerably versed in the classical Greek, I was enabled to carry on a good deal of conversation, assured me he had often been on the ground. One of the evidences of the truth of his statement, if not of his competency to appreciate the object of his curiosity, was his further assurance, in answer to my question on the subject, that I should find a considerable number of inscriptions (παλαιὰ γράμματα) among the ruins. My anticipations of antiquarian discovery, which had been considerably raised by this piece of intelligence, were amusingly disappointed, on finding that these epigraphic monuments consisted of the names of the colonel, the doctor, and various other curious persons, for the most part Philhellenes, scratched in their best orthography, on the smoothest stones in the neighbourhood of one of the principal gates, and other more prominent parts of the masonry of the wall.

* X. 2.

CHAPTER XII.

MESOLONGHI—ITS DEFENCE AGAINST THE TURKS—CHARACTER OF MODERN GREEK NATION.

εἰ τὸ καλῶς θνήσκειν ἀρετῆς μέρος ἐστὶ μέγιστον,
ἡμῖν ἐκ πάντων τοῦτ' ἀπένειμε τύχη·
Ἑλλάδι γὰρ σπεύδοντες ἐλευθερίην περιθεῖναι,
κείμεθ' ἀγηράντῳ χρώμενοι εὐλογίῃ.—SIMONID. *Epigr.*

"If glorious death be virtue's brightest crown,
That boon to us no envious fate denied;
No time can tarnish our dear-bought renown,
Who true to Hellas and to freedom died."

MESOLONGHI, in the midst of its ruins, wooden sheds, and straw hovels, contains, scattered here and there, a few of the better class of Greek two-story houses. The shops were well stocked with provisions and merchandise; and what with the garrison, the recruiting establishment, and the crowds of country people in the bazar, the interior of the town presented a lively bustling appearance. In the centre of each of the principal thoroughfares is a piece of coarse stone causeway, a relic of the Turkish period, scarcely broad enough to admit of two horses passing abreast. The interval between it and the houses on each side, was in most places a river of liquid mud. The natural strength of the fortress is great. On the land side it is separated by a flat plain from the lower declivities of Mount Zygos, which are at too great a distance to command any portion of its defences. Towards the sea it is protected by a stretch of shoals and mud-banks, called the Lagoons of

Mesolonghi, which, while they prevent the near approach of heavy vessels, afford great facilities for lighter craft, laden with provisions or reinforcements, to elude the vigilance of a blockading squadron. The key of the place on the maritime side is the small island or mud-bank of Vasiládi, situated in the centre of the lagoons immediately in front of the town, at from two to three miles' distance. These lagoons abound in fish, which supply the principal employment as well as subsistence of the population, and are exported in considerable quantities.

The resistance which Mesolonghi opposed to the Turkish armaments successively fitted out against it, supplies the most brilliant chapters in the history of the late eventful war. The great catastrophe of the siege of 1825–6, more especially, ought to be sufficient, in the eyes of every impartial admirer of true heroism, to invest its squalid ruins with an interest equal to any that can attach to the most splendid remains of Greek or Roman architecture; and entitles the band of warriors who defended them, to a place in the annals of valorous achievement, second to that occupied by no other body of men in any age or country. The very dilapidation, mud, and misery, in which the place is now sunk, is but an additional claim on our generous sympathies, as affording living evidence of the sufferings, as well as the prowess of the garrison.

Among the most familiar and oft quoted examples of the inconsistency of human nature, as displayed even in one of its noblest impulses, the pursuit of knowledge, is the zeal which impels travellers to roam into distant countries, in search of objects of wonder or interest, while many, perhaps equally deserving of attention, in their native land, are not deemed worthy of the few days'—or perhaps hours'—journey, which would be

required to explore them. This remark applies with little less force to historical than to geographical research. Remoteness of time and of place seems to be equally gifted with the power of magnifying the importance of objects; like the mists that cause mountains, or other prominent features of a landscape, to exhibit a greater bulk to the eye than they in reality possess. The mind of the young student of history is thus habituated to concentrate its enthusiasm for what is great or glorious in human conduct or character, around certain events of standard celebrity, as viewed through the dim obscurity of remote ages; while others possessing similar claims to his admiration, which are passing immediately around him, are little appreciated or disregarded.

An intelligent traveller would feel ashamed to return from a tour in Greece without having examined the fields of Marathon or Platæa. It may be questioned whether one in a thousand ever visits Mesolonghi, unless driven by stress of weather into its port, or that it happens to form a convenient stage in the progress of his classical researches.

I remember at Athens to have heard a veteran Philhellene, who had borne his share in the brunt of the war, and of whose name honourable mention occurs in the narrative of its vicissitudes, maintain, that the acts of prowess by which it was distinguished fell no way short of those which shed the greatest lustre on the most brilliant period of old Hellenic history—that of the Persian invasion. The remark, though acquiesced in by some of his comrades, struck me at the moment as a paradox or an exaggeration; but on a fair estimate of all the specialties of the two cases, it was difficult to see how it could be controverted. Apart from individual displays of valour or patriotism, it is necessary, in order to a just balance of the merits of any such comparison,

that we should consider, in each case, the whole circumstances under which the struggle commenced and was carried on. In the Greeks of the present age we find a people who, after having, at a remote period of history, passed through the successive stages of decline, decay, and death, to which the body politic, like the human frame, is inevitably destined—who, after having lain for upwards of a thousand years in a state of corruption and torpor, though in the enjoyment, it is true, of a species of mock independence—had been finally reduced to little better than abject slavery, by the most cruel race of foreign tyrants that ever planted its settlements in a conquered country. During more than four successive centuries, they had been habituated to be buffeted and spit upon, to see their laws set aside or violated, their religion trampled under foot, their industry blighted, and their substance absorbed by the most grinding system of taxation; and, under the influence of these accumulated causes of debasement, had become, perhaps not undeservedly, a byword among the surrounding nations for all that is contemptible and worthless in our species. That any people under such circumstances should have preserved a national character at all, is perhaps a rare phenomenon; but that they should at this last hour suddenly shake off the spirit of tame submission which had become to them a second nature, and rise to a man against the overwhelming power of their oppressors, with all the native energy of a young and vigorous race of fierce barbarians, is an event unexampled in the history of mankind.

How stands the case on the other side? The Greeks, at the period of the Persian war, were a people in the flower of youth and vigour, flushed with recollections of ancient glory, filled with the loftiest spirit of national pride and independence. The whole population was regularly trained to arms, and inured to the dangers and

duties of military life. Their lower classes were practised warriors, their upper ranks skilful commanders. Their armies and fleets were in a high state of discipline and equipment, and were opposed to comparatively undisciplined and unwarlike hordes. They were invaded, it is true, by the whole force of a mighty empire, of which their native country, in point of extent, would scarcely have furnished a petty province; but it was at that time fully peopled, and the single state of Attica probably contained a population little short of that of the whole of Greece proper at the present day. Their enemies were at a distance, and full time was given to prepare and concentrate their means of defence. In the case of the modern Greeks, all these favourable circumstances were reversed. In addition to the disadvantages already noticed, the wealthier classes were either merchants or servants of the Porte—a timid and time-serving race. Their warriors were brigands and outlaws, or raw unpractised peasantry; their mariners, fishermen or pirates. Commanders they had none, above the rank of a captain of bucaniers or of mountain banditti. Funds they could scarcely be said to possess at all. Their enemies were not only a race of approved valour and powerful resources, comparatively disciplined, experienced, and well equipped, but were cantoned in the heart of their country, and in possession of all its principal fortresses. In respect to numbers, the disproportion between the Christian population of Greece and the Turkish empire, may be considered virtually as great as that between the dominions of Xerxes and the states of the Hellenic confederacy. But besides this, during the two or three first years of the war, they had not only the force of their declared enemy to contend with, but the still more galling hostility of his European allies, many of whom, under the name of neutrality, used every means consist-

ent with the shadow of its maintenance, to favour the Turks and browbeat the Greeks. Driven from their fields and homes, to make their abode for months or years "in deserts and in mountains, in dens and caves of the earth;" astonished and appalled to find themselves denounced as the common enemy of civilized Europe, in those very quarters to which they had most confidently looked for sympathy and support—under all these afflicting discouragements they never lost heart; and a few raw levies of squalid mountaineers or unwarlike fishermen, by the unaided resources of their own valour or conduct, successively overpowered the garrisons, dispersed the choicest armies, and baffled or discomfited the ponderous navies, of one of the mightiest empires of modern times.

While the history of the present race of Greeks supplies many strong internal evidences, amid all their degeneracy, of the justice of the claim they advance to a share, at least, in the blood as well as of the spirit of the ancient Hellenes,* it affords at the same time a striking proof of the *tenacity* of character which the Creator originally stamped on that favoured people, in appointing it the guide and instructor of the civilized world, in those arts and pursuits which tend chiefly to adorn and

* It is not my intention here or elsewhere to enter into the much-controverted question, as to the exact quantity of ancient Greek blood that may still flow in the veins of the modern Greek population. The strongest argument of their Hellenic descent, by however spurious a line, is the testimony borne by the most competent and impartial judges, whose opinions have been formed on personal experience, to the numerous points of resemblance which their disposition and habits, amid all the changes and corruptions they have undergone, still present to those portrayed to us in the pages of the popular writers of the best period of antiquity. See LEAKE, *Northern Greece*, vol. i. p. 14, *seq.* 438. GORDON, *History of Greek Revolution*, vol. i. p. 32, *seq.* Some of the traits of character or manner described from time to time in the course of this narrative, may perhaps, in however slight a degree, help to confirm this view.

ennoble our species. Long after the extinction of their own independence, their political subjection to the neighbouring powers that successively rose in the ascendant, was invariably accompanied by a corresponding subjection on the part of their masters to their own moral and intellectual influence. If Greece was obliged to yield to Macedon or Rome the palm of military or political power, both were proud in their turn to acknowledge her sway in every branch of art, science, and literature. On the break-up of the Roman empire, Greece was the only one of its constituent elements that continued to preserve a political status. Her talent had, it is true, degenerated into low cunning and intrigue—her learning into sophistry and pedantry; her art had become barbarous and grotesque. Yet she long continued, amid the still deeper intellectual darkness in which the rest of Europe was enveloped, to be acknowledged as the light that guided her states in the path of reviving civilization. It was this native intellectual superiority, such as it now was—this combined tenacity and elasticity of spirit, that enabled the Hellenic provinces, alone among the fragments of the Roman empire, to stem by whatever means the tide of encroachment from the new and vigorous barbarians who on every side surrounded and harassed them; to establish themselves as an influential member of the new European system; and to maintain a political independence for upwards of a thousand years, and the distinctive character and language which still belong to them for upwards of fifteen hundred, after the Romans themselves had forfeited all claim to a separate existence, either as a state or a nation. Nay, it is notorious, that the military and civil organization even of the Turkish empire, had been, for long previous to the late rupture, vested in a great measure in the hands of

Greeks; that while the name of some proud visir or pashá figured on the surface, some shrewd Greek secretary was the director of the hidden machinery; and in these latter days she has afforded an example, perhaps the only one upon record, of a nation politically dead rising phœnix-like from its ashes, and asserting its ancient independence, on the same ground where it had possessed it from the beginning of time, and forfeited it during two thousand years.*

The very vices for which the modern Greeks are chiefly notorious, cunning, deceit, and intrigue, are but an inheritance derived from those nobler talents for which they were formerly distinguished. According to one of their own proverbs, that "the sweetest wine makes the sourest vinegar," such defects are naturally greater in proportion to the original excellence of the genius of which they are a corruption. Habitually exposed to plunder and oppression from the lords of the soil—precluded from the free enjoyment of the fruits of their honest industry, the vassal was instinctively led, or rather driven, to avail himself, in self-defence, of those resources which his native superiority of intellect placed at his disposal: and all the arts of deceit and chicanery of which they were the hereditary proprietors, were put forth, in order to compensate the cruel disadvantages under which they laboured in their dealings with their oppressors.

Among the modes in which this *tenacity* of character has been displayed, there is none that ought to speak home more powerfully to the sympathies of Christian Europe, than the constancy of their adherence to their faith, amid the numerous tempting inducements to conform to that of their conquerors. The Mahometan religion is essentially one of proselytism, and there is none that holds out, to the Christian portion

* See additional note at end of the volume.

of the Sultan's own subjects more especially, so many temptations to apostasy. A Greek renegado at once passed from degradation to respectability, from the rank of a slave to that of a master, and, if a man of talent, had a ready path opened up to wealth and power. Yet even individual instances of conversion are comparatively rare among the Greeks, while no example of apostasy in the mass, on the part of any large province or community, is, I believe, on record. That this spirit is not characteristic of the Byzantine church at large, but proper to the essentially Greek portion of its communicants, seems to be evinced by reference to the very contrary conduct of their neighbours and cousins the Albanians—a race, generally speaking, of far greater pride and independence of character than the natives of Greece proper. Since their subjection to the Turks, whole tribes of that nation, tempted by the privilege and profit it secured them, have embraced the Ottoman faith; and what are now called Albanian Turks, forming a large proportion of the population of those provinces, are for the most part the descendants of apostate Christians. That the same pertinacity was inherent in the moral as well as religious element of the Greek character, when once roused to a sense of its dignity, seems also warranted by the fact, which I believe cannot be disputed, that although individual instances of treachery were of frequent occurrence, the whole eight years of the late war furnish not one example of desertion in the mass from the national cause, or formal submission to the enemy, on the part of any district or large body of men, amid the abundance of temptation to such conduct to which they were constantly exposed.

Apart, therefore, from mere classical association, the events of this war, from the very nature of the contest, afford matter of rare and deep interest to the contempla-

tion of the philosophic mind. Neither the revolutions of our own state of society, nor the page of universal history, offer any other instance of a naturally fine race oppressed with two thousand years of corruption, engaged in a desperate and united effort to shake the burden from their backs, and resume their place in the ranks of free and independent nations. It is in such a case more especially, that the student of human nature may expect to see all those mysteries of the heart, those strange anomalies, which the equal polish and refined mechanism of civilized life have effaced or smoothed down on the surface of our own state of society, displayed in their simple nakedness before his eyes. Hence, accordingly, the strange combinations which the vicissitudes of this struggle exhibit, not merely in the same people, but in the same individual, of the strength and the weakness of human character; of the meanest vices with the noblest virtues; of courage and cowardice; of treachery and devoted fidelity; of sordid avarice, and generous sacrifice of personal interest to public good.

But it might perhaps be urged, as indeed I remember myself to have experienced in former attempts to advocate Philhellenic principles, in opposition to the admirers of the Turkish character and government: How can any generous mind be expected to sympathize even with a good cause, the assertion of which is marked by such fearful acts of perfidy and cold-blooded atrocity? In reply to this question, it might again be asked, to return to our previous parallel: What sort of morality is that which can dwell with enthusiasm on the glories of those Spartans who, in defiance of the rights of nations and of the conditions of a treaty, swept off at one blow the place and nation of Platæa from the face of Hellas; who, under the most aggravated circumstances of treachery and contumely, butchered in cold blood a

band of the best and bravest of their fellow-countrymen —of a stock to whose valour and patriotism they themselves, in common with the rest of Greece, had not many years before declared themselves under an everlasting debt of gratitude, for its exertions in the common cause of Hellenic freedom—and all for no other reason than that they had, in the exercise of their just privilege of a free state, been faithful to the interests of old and valued friends, against their bitterest enemies?* What shall we say to the morality which can look with admiration or indulgence on the perpetrators of such deeds as these, but turns with sentimental nausea from the fierce outbreakings of long suppressed fury on the part of their unfortunate descendants, against a race of aliens and enemies, who had goaded them to the last extremity by nearly four centuries of grinding oppression?

Let us at least be consistent. If the massacre of a conquered foe, in defiance of the laws of nations or of equity, be a ground for extinguishing the glory that attends heroic exploit, then let the praises of Sparta, or even of Athens, be erased from the page of history. But if, in consideration of the general character of their citizens for valour and patriotism, we palliate such enormities in their case, where the motives were comparatively trivial, often scandalous, it were mere pedantry to refuse a similar indulgence to their unfortunate descendants, where the incitements were so powerful, so far beyond the bounds of ordinary human control—one might almost say, so just and reasonable. It were here almost superfluous to add, as a further ground of palliation, that our "ancient allies" showed themselves at least as great adepts in the arts of treachery and massacre as their revolted slaves. It is, however, after all, mere sophistry to attach the same importance to such practices in a contest

* See chap. xxi. of this Journal.

carried on between barbarous nations, (for such, in fact, were both the belligerents,) in a barbarous manner, as would belong to them in the campaigns of the civilized states of western Europe.

Among the various illustrations of the foregoing remarks supplied by the authentic annals of the war, we shall here be contented with a short outline of the fate of Mesolonghi, by which they were first suggested.*

It was in the month of June 1821, that this fortress, simultaneously with Anatolikó, first hoisted the standard of revolt, and became, during the whole sequel of the contest, the chief rallying point of the patriotic cause in north-western Greece. In the month of October following commenced the first siege of the place, on the return of the President Maurocordato—one of the staunchest patriots and bravest soldiers, if not one of the best generals, the insurgents possessed—from an expedition into Acarnania, the disastrous result of which was attributed mainly to the treachery and dissensions of some of the barbarous chiefs of that country. The defence of the town with his present means seemed now almost hopeless, and his officers objected to any further sacrifice in favour of a district on whose co-operation they could

* We shall prefer as our chief authority the work of General Gordon, the only one I have met with which has any real pretensions to be considered as a military history of the revolution. In addition to his own share in the contest, the author was otherwise favoured with sources of information, through his personal familiarity with the leading characters who figured in its vicissitudes, and his access to original documents, many of which have been cited in his appendices. Another reason for preferring his authority in the present case, is, that with an evident anxiety to exercise the strictest impartiality, he evinces at the same time a desire to counteract the exaggerated statements of the Greeks themselves, and their ultra admirers, relative to their military exploits; so that his narrative may, upon the whole, be considered as tending rather to underrate, than to exalt the deeds of the patriots.

place so little dependence. His answer was, that if he evacuated Mesolonghi, the province it commanded would submit to the enemy, who would thus have a favourable outlet for pouring troops through Patras into the Morea, already hard pressed by the Turks; and that he was resolved to defend its walls to the last extremity. "Nothing," says General Gordon,* "could at first sight wear a more desperate appearance, than this determination to stand a siege in a little town, built on a mud-bank level with the waves, protected merely by an unfinished ditch, seven feet wide and five deep, with a parapet of stones and earth, four feet high and two and a half in thickness; add to this, that the absurd development of its lines would have required a garrison of 4000 soldiers, and he had only 380, while his train of ordnance consisted of fourteen old iron guns, with but powder enough for one month's consumption." With this stock of troops and ammunition, aided by the counsels and tactics of six distinguished Philhellene officers, he succeeded in keeping at bay, and ultimately routing, an army of ten thousand men of the Turco-Albanian militia, the flower of the Ottoman troops. By a joint exercise of valour, stratagem, and political intrigue, he managed to amuse and perplex the thick-skulled Turkish commander, Omer Uriones, until he had gained time to improve the fortifications, and introduce supplies and reinforcements through the medium of the Hydriote navy; so that before any serious operations had commenced on the part of the enemy, the garrison had swelled to two thousand men. On the 5th of November, the Turks made their grand assault with great fierceness and determination; but were repulsed at all points, with the loss of five or six hundred of their best men. A few days afterwards the Ottoman general, setting fire

* *History of Greek Revolution*, vol. i. p. 157, *seq.*

to his camp, commenced his retreat. The Greeks sallying forth harassed his rear, and captured part of his baggage and ordnance. His army, in an attempt to cross the Acheloüs, was repulsed with severe loss, by a corps of Ætolians and Maïnotes, under a nephew of Maurocordato. After another interval, during which famine was superadded to his other disasters, he with difficulty succeeded in fording the river, with a loss of 600 men swept away by the stream. Upon this ensued a mutiny, and complete break-up of the force; and the pashá himself withdrew, secretly and in disguise, from the scene of his disgrace.

In October of the following year, another army of 15,000 men was fitted out ostensibly against Mesolonghi, under the same commander, while the capitán pashá blockaded the place by sea. Mortified, however, by his late failure, and impressed with an extravagant idea of the strength of the place, Omer never ventured to approach it, but occupied himself with the siege of Anatolikó. Here, again, a garrison of about 500 men, with a few old guns, in the working of which a British artilleryman of the name of Martin did good service, baffled all his attempts, and he was again forced to break up, and retreat into Epirus.

Mesolonghi soon after became the rendezvous of the leading English Philhellenes, who now began to take a prominent part in the cause, but whose co-operation had hitherto been directed to writing and negotiating funds, rather than fighting. Lord Byron arrived there on the 5th January 1824. His reputation and money at once obtained him an authority, of which the talent he displayed in a sphere of action so new to him showed him to be worthy. His unfortunate fate is well known. Mesolonghi was now the head-quarters of the turbulent militia of Northern Greece, as well as of the little less

wild and unmanageable spirits, who had collected from other parts of Europe, to gather laurels on the classic soil. Harassed by their dissensions and mutinies, and by the intrigues and plots which the jealousy of some of the native chiefs set on foot against his authority, or even his personal safety, his health declined. With characteristic recklessness, he neglected to adopt the ordinary precautions or remedies for its re-establishment, and sank into the grave on the 19th of April, at the moment of an awful thunder-storm.

On the capture of Navarino by Ibrahim Pashá, and after several disastrous engagements had shown the inability of the Peloponnesian mountaineers, with their wild and brigand-like mode of fighting, to keep the field against the disciplined Egyptian troops, the previous importance of Mesolonghi was still further enhanced, as the principal bulwark of the patriotic cause. The Turks, therefore, determined to make another grand effort for its reduction, and its lines consequently became the rallying place of the best and bravest combatants, native and foreign, from every portion of the Hellenic territory. The place was invested in the last days of April 1825, by Reshid Mehemet Pashá, considered one of the ablest generals and politicians Turkey has ever produced, and who had been appointed Roumeli-Valesi, or governor of Western Greece and Epirus, with unlimited powers, for the express purpose of carrying this great object into effect. The besieging force was reckoned in round numbers at 20,000, of which, perhaps, not above 15,000 were fighting men. As they had the command of the sea, supplies of provisions and artillery were introduced from Patras and Lepanto. The garrison was computed, at the outset, at something more than 3000, which number, when the Greek navy afterwards obtained temporary possession of the sea, was increased

to 4000, with about fifty pieces of ordnance, of various calibre. The fortifications were still of a very paltry description, in spite of the pains that had been taken under Byron's auspicies to improve them, and of the imposing terms of modern military science by which they were dignified.

The operations on each side consisted for a while chiefly of fierce assaults on the respective lines of defence, in which the Greeks, though obliged to perform the double duty of pioneers and soldiers, were invariably successful. It were inconsistent with the limits of this notice, to detail the numerous bold feats or ingenious stratagems by which these rude warriors frustrated all the elaborate operations of their scientific and persevering adversary. Sometimes, sallying forth with the sword in one hand and the spade in the other, they slaughtered numbers of the enemy, annihilated their newly thrown up works, and carried back arms, standards, and prisoners to the place. On other occasions, trusting to their superiority of physical strength as well as courage, they allowed large bodies of assailants to mount a breach, and then suddenly rushing forth, drove them with terrible carnage back to their lines. The grand attack of the Turks was on the 2d of September, when, springing a mine beneath the principal bulwark of the place, called the Franklin battery, they advanced with their whole disposable force, and succeeded in planting twenty standards on the ruins; but, after several hours of desperate fighting, they were repulsed. In this affair alone the Turks are computed, according to the lowest estimate, to have lost 500 men. Soon after, the Greek squadron by a series of skilful manœuvres dispersed the unwieldy fleet of the capitán pashá, and gave freedom to the place on the sea side—most opportunely, as famine was just beginning to prevail in the garrison.

The wet season now set in, and hunger, disease, and desertion, so thinned the ranks of the enemy, that their force dwindled down to 3000 fighting men; and even these reduced numbers, harassed in the rear by the guerillas from the mountains, found difficulty in procuring subsistence. The pashá, determined rather to perish than abandon the siege, buried himself for the present in such a line of intrenchments, as he thought would suffice to resist any attack on the part of the besieged, who now naturally entertained thoughts of marching out in their turn, and cutting him off in his position. But the measures which they had already set on foot for this purpose were frustrated by the favourable change that speedily showed itself in the enemy's camp. In as far as his original force was concerned, the siege was now virtually at an end. But the Turkish government had staked its honour and its hopes of subduing Greece on the reduction of Mesolonghi; and after a short interval, the garrison found the whole energies of the Ottoman empire united against them. The capitán pashá put to sea with a fleet of 135 sail, seventy-nine of which were men-of-war. Ibrahim crossed from the Morea with an army of about 15,000 men, for the most part disciplined troops, with a large proportion of practised artillerymen; while Reshid himself received reinforcements which made up his numbers to 10,000; so that the whole besieging force, in the beginning of 1826, amounted to 25,000, with a vastly superior train of ordnance, and greater skill in its management.

So long as the manœuvres of the Greek squadron sufficed, partially at least, to keep open the communication by sea, and favour the introduction of provisions or of slight reinforcements, to make up, to whatever small amount, the perpetual thinning of their numbers, the besieged continued to look with contempt on the imposing

array of the enemy; but these resources were now about to fail them. The overwhelming force of the Turkish fleet left little hopes of any further interruption of the blockade, and their condition was daily becoming more deplorable. "Invested for ten months," says their historian, "frequently on the verge of starvation, thinned by fatigue, watching, and wounds, they had already buried 1500-soldiers. The town was in ruins, and they lived amongst the mud and water of their ditches, exposed to the inclemency of a rigorous season, without shoes, and in tattered clothing. As far as the eye could stretch over the waves, they beheld nothing but Turkish flags; the plain was studded with Mussulman tents and standards: while the gradual appearance of new batteries more skilfully disposed, the field days of the Arabs, and the noise of saws and hammers, gave fearful warning of what was in preparation. Yet did these gallant Acarnanians, Epirotes, and Ætolians, never flinch for a moment; no thought of submission ever crossed their mind, and they carried as bold a front as in their hours of festivity." There could, indeed, be little chance of their capitulating with Reshid, whose habitual practice it was to put his male prisoners to death; but Ibrahim, who plumed himself—and with justice—on his good faith and humanity, supposed they might treat with him. He accordingly sent a messenger, (Jan. 13,) desiring the garrison to depute to him persons who could speak Albanian, Turkish, and French, with an offer of any hostages they might name. The Greeks replied, that "They did not understand so many languages, being illiterate men who were only used to handle the sword and the gun."

The works of the besiegers were now complete. Between the 23d and 27th of the month of January, they discharged 8000 shot and shells. The remains of the houses vanished; but as the garrison, taught by previous

experience, crouched in vaults and ditches, the loss of life was but trifling, and the majority of the sufferers were females. One of the noblest features of this struggle is, that the native population of the place, which, with the usual proportion of women, formed the bulk of its whole number, went hand in hand with the soldiers in all their labours, bore their privations with equal patience, and joined in all their desperate resolutions to persevere, and reject every offer of accommodation. Another circumstance, characteristic of this spirit of devotion, is the readiness with which, even at the last fatal extremity, when death stared them in the face, parties from without, whenever an opportunity offered for their introduction, volunteered to reinforce the garrison. A noble example of this species of self-sacrifice is that recorded of the Moreote Papa, Diamando Poulos, who, originally bred to the church, had officiated as municipal prefect of the town during the siege. Having found means in the month of February to effect a passage to Zante, for the purpose of raising supplies, he returned through all the dangers of the blockading force, at the eleventh hour, to die with his countrymen, and was accordingly one of the victims of the great catastrophe of the siege.

This fierce bombardment was followed by a repetition of the same series of impetuous assaults, sallies, and bloody combats, man to man, on the ramparts or in the trenches, in which the Greeks, as before, were constantly victorious. But the faint hopes which they still ventured to cherish were soon extinguished by the capture of Vasiládi, the key of the fortress towards the sea. The fall of this place now became inevitable, from the overwhelming superiority of the enemy's naval force, and their complete mastery of both sea and lagoons. It was gallantly defended with sixty men by a veteran Italian artillery officer, Captain Giacomuzzi, who succeeded,

with a portion of the survivors, in cutting his way, wading through the boats of the enemy, into the town. Another important outpost towards Anatolikó, called Dolma, was next carried by the Egyptian flotilla. It was defended by 120 Palikars under General Liaketas, who, with a loss of 300 men to the Turks, were all cut to pieces at their post. The last fatal loss was Anatolikó. This place, situated at the western extremity of the same line of lagoons that protect Mesolonghi towards the sea, and commanding one of their principal entrances, was, in fact, a sort of outpost or bulwark to the main fortress in that direction. Its inhabitants, inspired by the example of the Mesolonghiotes, had hitherto opposed an equally determined resistance to the besieging force both by land and sea. But now, discouraged by the fall of Vasiládi and Dolma, they capitulated.

Sir F. Adam, who had lately succeeded to Sir T. Maitland in the government of our islands, but whose generous mind contemplated with feelings very different from his predecessor the struggle between despotism and liberty that was going on under his eyes, soon after arrived in an English frigate, and offered his assistance in setting on foot another negotiation to save the garrison. But they again rejected all proposals of any kind that implied submission. The last bright gleam of success by which their spirits were sustained, perhaps the most brilliant affair of the whole siege, was the defence of the tower of the Holy Trinity, built on a shoal about half a mile to the south-east of the town, and garrisoned by 130 Roumeliotes, with four small guns. Following out their plan of reducing the out-posts one by one, the enemy attacked it with his whole disposable force, by sea and land, on the morning of the sixth of April. The combat lasted till late in the evening, when the Turks, after a series of desperate and persevering assaults, were

repulsed at all points with immense slaughter. No sooner was the retreat sounded, than the garrison, sallying from the tower, boarded and carried seven of the enemy's launches, and set up a triumphal pile of 1200 muskets and bayonets. The wild warriors of Roumelia delighted in such trophies of their contempt for European tactics. This was the bloodiest day Mesolonghi had yet witnessed. Reshid himself was wounded in the thigh. Hussein Bey, Ibrahim's second in command, was slain, with many other persons of distinction; and upwards of 1000 bodies of Turks and Arabs floated on the lagoons, the waters of which were red with blood in every direction. The loss of the Greeks was thirty-five killed, and about as many wounded. In the heat of the action, the Chiliarch Drosini, accompanied by his son, a youth of seventeen, and nine other warriors, pushed off from the town in a canoe, with a supply of water and cartridges for their comrades; and although four of the party were killed by a cannon ball, and the remainder lost heart, and turned back, the father and son made good their passage to the tower.

Such was the consternation of the Moslems at this disgraceful check, that had the garrison thought fit to evacuate the place during the night, it is supposed they might have effected their escape with little opposition. But although famine was now sore among them, their high sense of honour, and some faint hopes of relief from their navy, induced them to reject this scheme. And, in fact, although the general decline in the affairs of the insurgents was fearfully displayed in the reduced numbers and inferior equipment of their fleet, the gallant Miaulis had already commenced a series of manœuvres which in all probability would have tended to their relief; and could the place have been provisioned for a few months longer, there was reason to hope, that with the assistance of hunger, pestilence, desertion, or some other

of those accidents which, perhaps more frequently than gunpowder or steel, tend to the dispersion of Oriental armaments, they might ultimately have triumphed. But the succour came too late. For several weeks past no rations had been distributed; the firing had driven away every kind of fish; the people subsisted on cats, rats, raw hides, and sea-weed; and the earth was strewed with the sick, wounded, and famishing. Ibrahim, though aware of their sufferings, alarmed by the re-appearance of the Greek squadron, again came forward with an offer of the same conditions on which Anatolikó had capitulated, and which, to his credit be it said, had been honourably observed.* But they would not listen to him, resolved at least to die with arms in their hands.

To protract the defence, however, was impossible, as a few days more of starvation would not have left a living soul within the walls. In this last extremity, the native energy of Greek spirit disdained those suicidal expedients, which, in similar cases of desperation, have shed such lustre on the names of Saguntum or Numantia. On the 22d of April it was decided in the council of chiefs to cut their way through the enemy to the mountains, in such a manner as should give a chance of escape to the feebler part of the population. Their disposition was, that the fighting men of every description, who, including convalescents and the slightly wounded, were still numbered at about 3000, should rush headlong on the besiegers' lines, and open a road for 1000 artisans, and 5000 women and children. They found means to

* It must be admitted, that whatever may be the reputation elsewhere of this remarkable person, the authentic accounts of his conduct in Greece are much in his favour. Unlike either of the other two belligerent parties, he faithfully observed his engagements, was generally disposed to treat his prisoners with humanity, and still more to appreciate and to honour valour and patriotism, even in an infidel enemy.

communicate this project to Karaïskaki, who commanded a body of guerillas in the interior of Mount Zygos, and on whose co-operation they reckoned, on the rear of the enemy's lines, at the moment of onset. There is great reason to believe, even judging from the comparatively disastrous issue of this exploit, that had their secret been kept, its success would have answered their most sanguine expectations. But their plans were betrayed by a Bulgarian deserter to the Pashás, who, though half incredulous, yet took every precaution to frustrate them, lining their triple entrenchments with artillery and infantry, drawing up their cavalry on the plain behind, and sending a strong force to occupy the lower declivities of the mountain.

At sunset, on the 22d, the muster commenced; the women put on male attire, and girt their waists with swords and daggers; weapons were also given to such of the boys as were of an age to use them; and the warriors forming the van of the phalanx, with their wives and children, crossed the ditch and lay quiet upon their faces, awaiting the preconcerted signal from Karaïskaki. In spite of their care to prevent noise or confusion, the enemy, aware of their intentions, poured incessant volleys of grape and musketry on the ramparts. During an hour the Greeks lay passive under this galling fire. At length, perceiving no demonstration on the part of their countrymen on the hills, their patience gave way; and as the moon shone bright, with a simultaneous shout, they sprang up and darted forwards, their muskets in their hands, and their swords slung to their wrists. Neither ditch nor breastwork, neither peals of cannon, volleys of small arms, nor the bayonets of the Arabs, could arrest the terrible shock. In a few minutes the trenches were passed—the infantry broken—the batteries silenced, and the artillerymen slaughtered on their guns. The

enemy seemed paralysed by the fierceness of the onset, and a wide space was cleared for the column, which pushed across the plain in a solid mass. The Turkish horse, unable to make any impression on its front, hung on the flanks and rear, slaughtering the women, children, and stragglers. As they began to ascend the mountain, and fancied themselves in safety, they had to sustain the assault of a large body of hostile infantry posted in ambuscade; but with the assistance of 300 of Karaïskaki's men who now came to their relief, they got rid of this impediment. On reaching the quarters of that commander, they found him sick in his tent, and provisions so scarce that they could hardly obtain a mouthful. They were therefore obliged, in this extenuated state, to continue their course towards Sálona, several days' journey through a barren and deserted country, their numbers melting away from exhaustion and starvation by the road. At Sálona the survivors at length enjoyed rest and refreshment.

Unfortunately, the crowd of Mesolonghiote citizens had lingered at the moment of onset, and were the victims of their own hesitation, and of a panic cry that arose of "Back to the ramparts." Supposing a retreat had been ordered, they hurried back into the town. The enemy simultaneously entered, and a promiscuous slaughter ensued. Many of the inhabitants of both sexes had, indeed, from the first refused to leave their native place, and together with those whom age, wounds, or sickness, disabled from taking a part in the sally, had shut themselves up in some ruined buildings, where the residue of their ammunition was deposited. A primate, named Kapsalis, retired with his family into the principal magazine, containing thirty barrels of gunpowder, by the side of which sat a lame veteran with a match in his hand, ready for the explosion, as soon as a sufficient

crowd of assailants should be collected about the building, to ensure them at least, in the moment of destruction, a bloody revenge. Throughout the night, screams of despair or of triumph were mingled with the roll of musketry, and repeated explosions, as the enemy successively forced the magazines, and their devoted inmates set fire to the ammunition. So great, indeed, was the carnage of the infidels in the course of this catastrophe, that the number of their slain is supposed to have been at least equal to that of the Christians. Among the more distinguished sufferers on the part of the latter were, (besides the other gallant churchman already mentioned,) a Greek bishop, three general officers, the chief engineer, Dr Meyer, editor of the Greek Chronicle, and six other German Philhellenes. The veteran Giacomuzzi escaped in spite of his infirmities, and was greatly instrumental to the success of the sally, by restraining when necessary the rash impetuosity, and directing the fire of these undisciplined warriors, in their successive encounters with the hostile bands. The following affecting letter, which the unfortunate Meyer managed to transmit to a friend not many days before the sortie, affords a lively testimony to the greatness of the sufferings, and the heroic spirit of the garrison:—

"The labours we are undergoing, and a wound in the shoulder, (a prelude to that which will be my passport to eternity,) have hitherto prevented my writing to you. We are reduced to the necessity of feeding on the most unclean animals; we suffer fearfully from hunger and thirst, and disease is added to our calamities; 1740 of our comrades are dead; the shot and shells have overturned our houses and ramparts; we are in want of firewood, and pinched with cold. It is an exhilarating spectacle to behold the ardour and devotion of the garri-

son amid so many privations. In the name of our brave soldiers, of Nothi Bazzaris, Papa Diamondopoulos, and myself, to whom the government have entrusted the command of a corps, I declare to you, that we have sworn to defend Mesolonghi foot by foot, to listen to no capitulation, and to bury ourselves in its ruins. Our last hour approaches. History will do us justice, and posterity weep over our misfortunes. May the narrative I have drawn up of the siege survive me!"

The writer was sabred at the foot of the hills by the Turkish horse, his wife and child taken, and the wish expressed at the conclusion of his letter was never fulfilled.*

* See additional note at end of the volume.

CHAPTER XIII.

VOYAGE UP THE CORINTHIAN GULF—CRISSA—SACRED PLAIN OF APOLLO.

παρὰ ναῦν δ' ἰθύει τάχιστα δελφίς,
φιλάνορα δ' οὐκ ἔλιπεν βιοτάν.—PIND. *Fragm.*

"Around the ship the nimble dolphin plays,
To man still friendly as in former days."

On our return from the ruins of Pleuron, bidding farewell to my kind German friends, I rowed out in a little flat-bottomed skiff to our caïque, which lay at the extremity of the lagoons, under the shelter of the banks. This class of small boats, used for plying in rivers and smooth water, are called by the generic name of *monoxyla* or canoes; a somewhat unreasonable synecdoche, as very few of them are so in the strict sense of the term. Canoes, however, scooped out of the stems of large plane-trees, are not uncommon in the ports and rivers of Greece. On our way through the town to the shore, I was shown the ruins of the house in which Lord Byron died, and of several of the powder magazines, where the remnants of the garrison, who had been unable or unwilling to leave their native place with their more energetic comrades, had offered themselves a sacrifice to freedom. I landed, in passing, on the little island of Vasiládi, now dismantled and deserted; its surface strewed with fragments of artillery, unserviceable guns, rotten gun-carriages, cannon-balls, &c.; which, with heaps of rubbish, and a pile or

two of round shot still in their place, bore sad testimony to its late military importance and lamentable fate. Several pelicans, a bird which I here saw for the first and last time in a wild state, were fishing in the lagoons. They seemed to consider themselves at home, showing no symptoms of alarm at the approach of the boat, and enjoy, it appears, the same privilege of asylum as the stork in northern Europe; which is strange in a fishing port, considering the quantity of the staple commodity they must consume. We were unable to make any progress on our voyage that night, as a heavy gale from the south-east forced us to remain at our moorings in smooth water.

The next morning we were more fortunate, and a stiff westerly breeze carried us rapidly into the gulf. The day was fine but cloudy; and the sky, though bright and sunny overhead, was obscured towards the horizon by heavy mists, which effectually marred the enjoyment of the scenery of the surrounding coasts, so celebrated for its beauty and grandeur.

To the left, on quitting Mesolonghi, a long line of dark swampy plain, backed by a deep inlet in the mountains, marks the course and issue of the Fidari—the ancient Evenus—one of the fiercest and most treacherous torrents in Greece; the well-known scene of the fabulous adventure of Hercules with the centaur Nessus. There can be little doubt that this fable, like that above illustrated of the hero's combat with Acheloüs, is but a figure of the impetuosity of the river, and of the dangers to which unwary travellers in crossing its channel are exposed, from the rise of the waters when swoln by sudden showers. The Centaur is here out of place as a member of the fabulous community of the same name in Thessaly, and is probably, like the Bull of the Acheloüs, a type of the river itself. The horse, as the symbol of velocity and power, was the sacred animal of river gods,

as well as of Neptune and the marine deities; and hence the combination of the equine with the human form might the more readily suggest itself in the local mythology, as a personification of a stream so remarkable for these properties.* Deïanira, the heroine for whom, as in the previous case of Acheloüs, the contest takes place, is here still more obviously but a type of the right of devastation which the stream endeavours to assert, but which Hercules strove to restrain.

Immediately to the east of this plain, rises, in one dark gloomy mass, its base nearly perpendicular to the sea, the lofty pyramidal mountain of Chalcis, now called Varássova. The site of the old Ætolian city of the same name, mentioned by Homer, is doubtful; but the mountain, whose base is surrounded in great part by the waves, or by swampy lagoons, well merits the epithet of "sea-encompassed," assigned it by the poet. A little further on appears, on the same line of coast, separated by a stretch of lower ground from its neighbour, another huge rock of similar form, and nearly equal height and boldness—the ancient Taphiassus. As seen from the centre of the gulf, or from Patras, this mountain presents all the appearance of an enormous tumulus or barrow; hence possibly its name, and the fable that the centaur Nessus was buried below its base.† Along its precipitous sides, facing the water, is to be distinguished an irregular line of lightish colour, indicating the course of the Kaké-skala, or "Bad ladder," already mentioned. This is also the only modern name for the mountain itself that I could

* Nessus is the name of a Thracian river of some distinction. It is singular that, in Hesiod's catalogue of celebrated streams, this name occurs immediately after that of Acheloüs. Were it not that the Evenus is mentioned by its proper title in the sequel, it might have been inferred that, with Hesiod, Nessus was but another title of that river.— *Theogon.* v. 340.

† Strabo, ix. c. 4.

obtain from any of my companions.* It is common to the rugged pass of the Scironian rocks between Megara and Corinth, and I believe to others of equally bad repute in different parts of Greece. The combination of this unfavourable epithet with proper names in popular usage, which is as old as the days of Homer,† is still familiar in the Greek dialect. The most prominent feature of the Peloponnesian coast, immediately opposite to the Kakéskala, is the lofty Mount Panachaïcus, its summit white with snow. At its base, along the shore, are scattered the houses of the new town of Patras, among the ruins of the old Turkish and Roman cities.

We now enter the narrow strait, separating the gulf of Patras from that of Corinth or Lepanto, familiarly called by the Turks the little Dardanelles. It is, like that from which this title is borrowed, defended by two forts, one on each side, called respectively the castles of Roumelia and Morea, as the keys of the navigation between the two provinces. These forts, which are among the few modern edifices of any extent or dignity of appearance on the soil of Greece that have survived the ravages of the war, are apparently of Venetian structure, and in an elegant style of castellated architecture. They are situated on projecting extremities of the low land that extends from the base of the mountains on each side, leaving an intermediate channel of little more than a mile in breadth. The headland on the Peloponnesian side was anciently called Rhion, that on the Ætolian side Antirrhion, or the Molycrian Rhion, from a small town of Molycria, sacred to Neptune, in its immediate neighbourhood.‡ There

* At Patras it is called Palæovouni.

† As exemplified in the Κακοΐλιον οὐκ ὀνομαστὴν of Penelope.—*Odyssey*, xix. 260, 597; xxiii. 19. Suli in Albania, so celebrated for the ferocity and predatory habits of its population, is now familiarly known by the name of Kakosuli; besides other examples.

‡ Thucyd. ii. 84, 86; Pausan. *Bœot.* c. 31.

was also a sanctuary of Neptune on the opposite point.* Neither headland seems to have been fortified in ancient times. Such positions are indeed far more important now than before the invention of artillery.

As we approached the strait, scudding over the waves with a stiff breeze, I observed for the first time the dolphins playing around our vessel. There is something in the appearance and motions of this celebrated animal as it vaults from wave to wave, often completely out of the water, inexpressibly gay and joyous, and well calculated to procure it the high station it occupies in the poetry and mythology of a people of such lively imagination as the Greeks. My own fancy was the more powerfully affected, from having present in my mind the description of the hymn to Apollo, where the Cretan navigators, destined as the future ministers of the Delphic shrine, on their voyage up this very gulf to the sanctuary, are escorted by the god himself in the form of a dolphin.† I therefore hailed the omen as propitious to my own future progress through his sacred land.

The dolphin is the hero of numerous other adventures, of which the seas in the neighbourhood of this strait are the scene. The body of Hesiod, murdered and committed to the waves at Naupactus, a port situated just within the Molycrian promontory, was preserved by dolphins, who bore and deposited it safe on the opposite coast of Rhion. Telemachus, swimming when a boy between Zante and Ithaca, and in danger of drowning, was saved by a dolphin; and in grateful commemoration of the event, this fish is said to have been selected by Ulysses as the device of his seal.‡ Phalanthus, founder of Tarentum, when shipwrecked before his departure for Italy in the Corinthian gulf, was indebted to the

* Strabo, l. viii. c. 2. † *Hymn. Apoll.* v. 399. *seq.*

‡ Plutarch. *De Solert. Anim.* c. xxxvi.

same animal for his preservation. Hence the figure of that hero bestriding a dolphin on Tarentine coins, and the brazen dolphin dedicated by the Tarentines in the Delphic sanctuary.* On a later occasion, the ambassadors of Ptolemy Soter, when overtaken by a storm on the west coast of Peloponnesus, ascribed their deliverance to a dolphin, by whom they were guided into the port of Cirrha.† The services rendered by this animal to Neptune in his amours with Amphitrite, obtained him also a place and honours in the temple of the god at Ægæ, on the shores of this gulf.‡

There can be no doubt that all these fables derive their origin from the number and liveliness of the dolphins by which these waters are frequented.

Not far within the strait, on a steep declivity of the northern coast, is the town and port of Epacto, the ancient Naupactus. From the former of these names, by a still further corruption on the part of the early Italian navigators, is derived that of Lepanto, common also to the gulf in the vulgar usage of the Levant. The place was chiefly celebrated as the port from whence the Heraclidæ crossed into Peloponnesus, and as the scene of the death of Hesiod. Both the walls, a work of the middle ages upon ancient foundations, and the town itself, appeared at the distance from whence we viewed them to be entire, a rare phenomenon in this country;—to be accounted for, if I am correct, from the circumstance that the place never changed masters during the war, but, together with the neighbouring castles, was strenuously defended by the Turks, from its important situation at the entry of the gulf. The walls of the town form a triangle, the apex of which, at the summit of the hill, is the citadel, the base fronting

* Pausan. *Phoc.* c. 13. † Plut. *loc. sup. cit.*
‡ Oppian. *Halieut.* i. 383.

the sea. This form was frequently adopted by the ancient military architects where the ground was favourable, as at Ithaca—Orchomenus—Cortona, &c. It suggests itself indeed naturally in certain positions, and the plan of many fortified places of our own middle ages, of Edinburgh and Stirling, for example, is very similar.

As we advanced, the weather unfortunately grew still more hazy, and the fine mountain scenery of the gulf, beyond the declivities on its immediate shore, was altogether obscured. Neither the heights of Parnassus, nor the Acrocorinthus, which, rising out of the isthmus in insulated grandeur, forms in clear weather one of the most striking features of the prospect, were to be distinguished. Towards dusk, on rounding a small promontory, we came in sight of the bay of Skala, the ancient Portus Cirrhæus, but had some difficulty in reaching our moorings, owing to the fierceness of the squalls at its entrance. This bay was the scene of a brilliant exploit of the distinguished Philhellene Hastings, on the 30th September 1827. With his own corvette the Kartería, and five other smaller vessels, he destroyed, after an action of an hour and a half, a Turkish flotilla of greatly superior force, comprising nine armed vessels of various descriptions, and captured three merchantmen laden with provisions, then lying in port under the protection of the Turkish armament. This action, being a virtual breach of the armistice imposed by the allied fleets on the belligerent powers, provoked Ibrahim Pashá to reprisals, and was thus the immediate cause of the battle of Navarino, and indirectly of the complete emancipation of Greece from the Turkish dominion.

We passed the night on board the vessel, as the specimen offered of an hotel at Mesolonghi, one of the leading cities of Greece, did not speak much in favour of the accommodation to be met with in the group of hovels

which now represent the sacred port of Cirrha. On landing in the morning, I was well pleased at having done so. The khan of Skala was of the same class as that of Mesolonghi, only a degree darker and filthier. The scaffolding at its extremity had been occupied for the night by a Greek staff-officer, on his way, with wife and family, to occupy a situation to which he had just been appointed at Sálona. They had sailed from Mesolonghi the day before ourselves, but, owing to the unfavourable weather during the night, their arrival had anticipated our own but a few hours. My friends at Mesolonghi, anxious to ensure our passage, and at the same time save me expense, had proposed to this gentleman that he should admit me as a companion in the vessel already engaged by him, on my paying a share of the freight. The proposal was declined, which I thought uncivil at the time, not being aware of the size or accommodation of his packet. But when I saw that it was, like our own, but a small fishing caïque, and observed the strength of the party, and the state of cleanliness which distinguished both their persons and baggage, as they came forth one by one in squalid plight from their den, I had as much reason to be grateful to him for having spared me the horrors of the two nights I should thus have been doomed to pass with him on the stormy sea or in the khan.

This little port lies at the base of a low ridge of hills which bounds the western side of the bay. To the eastward extends a tract of level plain or downs, presenting at a distance a pretty green appearance, but assuming a marshy character here and there where it touches the sea. Through it the river Pleistus, that waters the vale of Delphi, flows into the gulf. On its mouth was situated the ancient port of Cirrha, probably at a place called Magúla, where Dodwell and Leake observed considerable traces of buildings.

We had no difficulty in finding horses for the continuance of our route to Delphi, as relays are usually in attendance at the port, for the convenience of the traffic carried on between it and its metropolis Sálona, together with the populous villages of Krissó, Kastrí, and Arrá-chova, in the Delphic territory. On reaching the summit of the ridge, at the foot of which the port is situated, a noble prospect suddenly opens up of the vale of the Pleistus. Immediately below extends the "sacred plain" of Apollo, called both the Crissæan and the Cirrhæan, from the towns situated at its respective extremities. It is perfectly flat, and bounded on every side by steep acclivities. The surface is partly cultivated, partly in green pasture, the remainder covered with luxuriant olive groves. Behind, towards Delphi, the valley of the Pleistus narrows into a precipitous glen, bounded on one side by lofty rocks, among which the summits of the Phædriades, or Delphic cliffs, are the most conspicuous; on the other, by the rugged sides of Mount Cirphis. In the distance, owing to the cloudiness of the horizon, the higher regions of Parnassus were but indistinctly seen. A steep descent brought us at once upon the plain, around which so many interesting recollections of Hellenic history are concentrated.

In the civilized countries of Christian Europe, the existence of a religious sanctuary is commonly a sort of guarantee of the fertility of the district in which it is situated. The devotion of the powerful and wealthy, and the vast influence of the hierarchy itself, during our own ages of superstition, usually provided ecclesiastical proprietors with their portion in the fat of the land. Where this was not strictly the case, the superior economy that marked the administration of the estates of this more scientific and peaceful class of landlords, together with the protection they derived from the respect

of the laity in time of war or turbulence, made up for any defect of natural fertility, and rendered the lands in the neighbourhood of monasteries or abbacies the best improved and most thriving of the community. Among the ancient Greeks the case was reversed. Amid all the expense and splendour of their religious establishments, they had no wealthy hierarchy, and little or no church property, in the modern sense of the term. Their more ancient sanctuaries seem to have been founded by preference in barren districts, distinguished by the grandeur of their site, the picturesque scenery by which they were surrounded, or even by the species of sublimity that belongs to the wild and dreary features of nature, the lonely desert isle, or rugged sea-beaten promontory. The truth of this remark is borne out by reference to the majority of the earliest and most distinguished seats of Hellenic worship—Dodona—Delphi—Delos, and others. The temples, with their establishments, depended for their maintenance on the voluntary spirit of religious patriotism, public or private; and the chief or only salaries of the priests were their share in the hecatombs and other offerings at the shrine of the deity.

We find this principle as distinctly as elegantly inculcated, in one of the most ancient standards of the religion of the Greeks, the Homeric hymn to Apollo, in allusion more especially to the shrine of Delos, where it is so strikingly exemplified. Latona, when pregnant with the twin deities, wanders, in her flight from the persecution of Juno, over the face of the Hellenic world, seeking a resting-place, where she might be delivered in peace of the progeny to whom fate had decreed so great a share of power and influence on its future destinies. She visits in turn the richest and most celebrated countries on the shores of the Ægean; but all refuse to receive her, overwhelmed with awe at the prospect

of a settlement among them of so majestic and terrible a race of colonists. At length she arrives at the barren Delos, and tempts it to compliance, by contrasting its actual poverty and meanness with the glory and wealth that would be concentrated around its rugged cliffs, if they became the birthplace and favourite abode of her son.* The nymph of the island, however gratified by the prospect of so favourable a change in her destinies, hesitates from fear, lest the god, on his entry into the world, ashamed of the meanness of his birthplace, should indignantly trample her under foot—sink her for ever beneath the waves, and transfer his seat of worship to some more favoured spot. Latona reassures her by an oath on the river Styx, that all the fair prospects held out to her shall be realized, and she joyfully consents.

In the sequel of the same hymn† we find the Cretan navigators, imported by Apollo to Delphi as his future priesthood, anxiously enquiring of him how they are to find subsistence in so barren a spot. His answer is similar to that of Latona to Delos.

The case of the Pythian sanctuary is also well stated by Lucian,‡ in the words of its native orator, in the course of his argument in favour of receiving from Phalaris the offered present of his Bull:—"For the fact that we dwell among rugged precipices, and till barren rocks, we have no need to appeal to Homer's authority; the evidence of our own eyes is amply sufficient; and, in so far as our soil is concerned, famine would be our lot. But the sanctuary—and the god—and the oracle—and the pious who worship and sacrifice, these are our revenues, from whence we derive our subsistence and our wealth. For, to speak both truly and poetically: 'All fruits to us unploughed unsown are given,' by the agri-

* v. 51, *seq.* See additional Note at end of the volume.

† v. 526.

‡ *Phal.* ii. c. 8.

cultural skill of Phœbus. So that not only do we possess all the goods that naturally fall to the lot of the Greeks; but whatever precious object is either produced or acquired, among the Phrygians or Lydians—the Assyrians or Persians—the Phœnicians—the Italians—even among the Hyperboreans—fails not to find its way to Delphi; and we enjoy our share in common with the god."

In regard to Delphi, it would almost appear as if the ancient regulators of Hellenic worship had been determined to enforce this principle in spite of nature herself. Its own soil was, it is true, and with justice, nearly as proverbial for sterility as that of Delos. The death of Æsop is accordingly said to have been the consequence of some witticisms in which he indulged, when on a visit to the sanctuary, on the poverty of its site.* The Delphiotes, enraged at the insult to themselves and their god, insidiously fastened on him the crime of sacrilege, by concealing one of the sacred cups in his wallet; and then charging him with the robbery, inflicted on him the punishment customary with them in such cases, by precipitating him from the summit of one of the rocks above the Castalian spring. But, in addition to its own barren glen, the Pythian sanctuary possessed the lordship of the fair Crissæan plain, perhaps the most fertile tract of land in Phocis. Its cultivation was, however, by a rigid Amphictyonic law, strictly prohibited; and the violation of this law by the Phocians was the cause—or at least the pretext—of that fatal war, which terminated in the establishment of the Macedonian ascendancy, and the downfall of Hellenic freedom.

The precise extent to which this edict may have been habitually enforced, is doubtful. That the land was not

* Aristoph. *Vesp.* 1446, *et Schol. ad l.* Plut. *de Ser. num. vind.* xii.

tilled is certain, nor, consequently, could it have been planted with vines, olives, or other fruit-trees. That it was allowed to lie in an altogether unprofitable state, even as regards the service of the deity, is, however, hardly to be supposed. The spirit of the decree implies merely that the sacred soil of the god should not be profaned to secular objects. Hence it is probable that it was devoted to the pasturage of the oxen, or other cattle, destined for the sacrifices of his altar. Sophocles seems to hint at this, when in the Electra he calls the Crissæan plain "a cattle-fed shore."*

Pausanias describes the plain in his time as lying altogether waste: "whether from some curse on its soil, or from its not being adapted for the growth of fruitful plants, he knew not." This author is certainly more at fault in his notices of the lower valley of the Pleistus, than in any other part of his work.† The soil is generally of the richest quality, and the olive groves by which nearly half its surface is covered, are very luxuriant. It is, indeed, difficult to see what evidence he could have had either of its productive or unproductive properties, since it was forbidden either to plant or cultivate it. At least, we have no reason to believe that the ancient law on the subject had been abrogated before his time. A portion of the plain, there can be no doubt, was occupied by the Pythian hippodrome. Pausanias himself‡ implies this; and Sophocles§ figuratively

* *Electr.* 181. *βούνομον ἀχτήν.*

† *Phoc.* xxxvii.—He was also under the erroneous impression, common to some other less accurate Greek geographers, that Cirrha and Crissa were the same place. Yet the tenor of his text implies that he had travelled the road from Delphi to Cirrha, in which case it is difficult to see how he could have failed to observe the ruins of Crissa, which are still sufficiently marked to attract the attention of the passenger.

‡ Pausan. *loc. cit.*

§ Sophocl. *Electr.* 730.

describes it as the "field of shipwrecked chariots," (ναυαγίων Κρισαίων ἱππικῶν πέδον:) no remains of the monument itself are now visible.

On the descent of the ridge which separates Skala from the plain, we passed three camels, a beast of burden I had not expected to find in common use in so rugged and mountainous a region as Greece. In the old descriptions of the country, previous to the war, no allusion occurs to the existence of this animal within its bounds. The few that are now to be found, originally formed, it is said, part of the baggage train of some of the great Turkish armaments, more especially of that fitted out against the Morea in 1822, and destroyed by the Greeks in the defiles between Argos and Corinth, upon which occasion the animals were captured and sold, and have since been employed for commercial purposes. The breed, however, continues to be propagated; as among the dozen or fifteen that we met on different parts of our route, were several colts. They are said to be kept at very little expense; and as the burden they carry is proverbially great, they might be a profitable stock in any part of Europe where they would thrive.*

After crossing the plain, we ascend the lower declivities of Parnassus to Krissó. The remains of the ancient town of Crissa are immediately to the right, separated

* It is probably known to most travellers in Italy, that the Grand Duke of Tuscany, on his Pisan domains, has near 200 camels of different sexes and ages. Their introduction dates from the period of the Medici, probably not later than the early part of the seventeenth century, and they may now be considered as in some measure indigenous. They breed in the sandy plains and woodlands on the sea-coast; and there is generally about one-third of the whole number in use. The overseer assured me that, from the great economy of their keep, as compared with the amount of labour of which they were capable, transport was performed more cheaply on their backs than by horse and cart.

from the village that has inherited its name by a small ravine. They consist but of a portion of the walls, of a structure belonging rather to the Cyclopian than the polygonal style, with some very massive blocks. Little more than two or three courses of stone are any where visible above the foundation.* The south-east extremity of the site of the city is a lofty perpendicular precipice, overhanging the bed of the Pleistus and the upper end of the plain. Nothing can be more graphic or more accurate than the description of Crissa in the Homeric hymn to Apollo, as situated "on a slope facing the west, beneath the ridge of Parnassus, overhung by its lofty cliffs, and bounded beneath by a deep gorge."† Near the brink of the precipice stands a modern Greek sanctuary, called by Dodwell the Church of the Forty Saints, but by my guides that of the Seraphim. Close to it are several small chapels in ruins. Among the stones and rubbish heaped up within one of them, were some fragments of statuary marble, one of which was a large sepulchral stela, sculptured in relief, with a sitting figure of a poet surrounded by emblems of his literary profession. As it appeared both elegant in style and interesting in point of subject, I was at much pains to place it in a position where a good view of it could be obtained, and nearly lost a finger in the attempt. I also occupied myself for some time in taking such a sketch as would at least serve as a memorandum of the general design and subject of the work. I should certainly have

* I am surprised that the accurate Leake should not have observed these ruins. His chief or only argument for considering Krissó to represent the ancient Crissa, is the identity of the names.—(*N. Greece*, pp. 565–587.) He errs, however, in supposing the site of the city to have been exactly that of the modern village, as the two are quite distinct.

† v. 282, *seq.*

spared myself this trouble, had I known, as I have since discovered, that it has been already published in Stackelberg's Grecian tombs. The fragment is well worthy of a place in any museum; and its present neglected condition supplies one, among numerous other evidences that offered themselves during my passage through the country, how little attention is paid by the present government to the preservation of works of antiquity or art beyond the immediate limits of the capital. From Krissó the road up the valley continues to wind over rocky declivities, where here and there I fancied I perceived traces of an ancient paved causeway.

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CHAPTER XIV.

DELPHI.

λέγεται δὲ πολλὰ μὲν καὶ διάφορα ἐς αὐτοὺς τοὺς Δελφούς· πλείω δὲ ἔτι ἐς Ἀπόλλωνος τὸ μαντεῖον.—PAUS. *Phoc.*

"Many and various are the stories concerning Delphi; and many more those concerning the oracle of Apollo."

On passing a lower ridge of rocks, in the face of which are some sepulchral excavations, the far-famed cliffs of Delphi suddenly appear full in view. It were difficult, certainly, to imagine a more dazzling prospect than the site of this sanctuary even in its present degraded state, or a spot better adapted by its own sublimity to the worship of the sublime and mysterious deity to whom it was dedicated. The day was beautifully calm and clear, and the sun, in all its meridian splendour, shone with a brilliancy and power worthy of the fair blue heaven from which it beamed, and of the grand mass of objects illuminated by its rays.

The narrow vale of the Pleistus is here bounded to the north by a lofty wall of rocks, or rather rocky mountains, from the extremities of which two lower ridges project across the dell towards the bed of the stream. The whole recess may thus be likened to the *cavea* of a great theatre; while the lower, but little less rugged precipices of Mount Cirphis, bounding the river nearly in a straight line on the opposite side, may be compared to

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the scene.* The great northern barrier of rocks is cleft towards its centre, from top to bottom, into two stupendous cliffs with peaked summits, by a narrow gorge running back into the innermost recesses of the mountain. These two precipices, towering considerably above the rest of the range, are nearly perpendicular in front, and completely so where their sides face each other across the chasm, which, being not many yards in breadth, presents a dark yawning abyss of the most awful description. The bed of this chasm is evidently, in rainy weather, that of a torrent with a fine cascade, but at present it was dry. Perhaps the effect is not diminished by this circumstance, as the traveller is thus enabled to penetrate to a considerable distance into its interior recesses, where the deep gloom of the vast cavity, lighted up here and there by a broken ray of the sun, imparts a sublime and religious solemnity to the scene.

At the lower extremity of the dry torrent bed, just where it emerges from between the cliffs, issue the waters of the Castalian spring, oozing at first in scarce perceptible streamlets from among the loose stones, but swelling into a considerable brook within not many yards of their first appearance above ground. I sipped a mouthful of the water at the fountain-head. It is certainly most delicious to the taste; but I was not more sensible of its beneficial influence on my imaginative faculties than so many other travellers who have complained of its inefficacy. There may, however, be some groundwork of fact for the ancient popular belief on the subject. The surpassing grandeur of the surrounding scenery is certainly well calculated not only to excite the rhyming propensities of the least gifted, but even to develope the

* This description was dictated merely by the impression conveyed on the spot; but Delphi is familiarly characterized by the ancients as in the form of a theatre.—Strabo, ix. Justin. xxiv., &c.

inspiration of a real poet, hitherto perhaps unconscious of his powers; while the honour belonging to the exercise of such influence would naturally be usurped by the fountain, as the more especial Genius of the place. Traces of the conduits and basins that formed the bath of the Pytheness, are still observable above the pool now used as the village watering-place. The building by which it was covered in has given way to a small Greek chapel, built against the face of the rock. The name of "Byron" is scratched, among others, on the wall of the interior. The majestic plane-tree described by Dodwell as affording an agreeable shade to the pool, has now disappeared. The course of the Castalian brook towards the Pleistus, is at the eastern extremity of the village. It forms a hollow dell, adorned with some picturesque olive groves, embosomed in which, on the left or eastern bank, is the monastery of the Panaghía, a small but rather elegant building, one of the few that have survived the ravages of the war. The church, which is its most conspicuous feature, is in the usual form of a Greek cross, with a round cupola in the centre.

The ancient town occupied the central area of the great natural theatre above described, extending on each side of the Castalian brook, but lying chiefly on its right or western bank. Over this portion of its site are now scattered the houses of the village of Kastrí. The sanctuary was at the upper or north-western extremity of the ancient town, as of the present village. Not a vestige of it remains; but the more elevated portion of its site seems to be indicated by a terrace of rocks, projecting at this point over the higher part of the slope from the base of the cliffs. No traces of the sacred cavern, or of the mephitic exhalations which inspired the Pythoness, are any where observable. Immediately below this terrace, to the westward, is the upper end of the stadium, which

may be distinctly recognized in its whole extent, spreading along a hollow, partly natural, partly artificial, at the foot of the cliffs, and terminating beneath the lower ridge that here projects towards the river. The breastwork of stone from the native Parnassian rock, with which Pausanias describes it as having been supported, is still partly preserved. Of the marble coating, for which it was indebted to the munificence of Herodes Atticus, there are no remains. The rock on the side of the terrace above described, where it faces the stadium, seems to have been cut artificially into steps, affording a communication with the upper portion of the sanctuary. From the description of Pausanias, it would appear that the summit of this terrace was occupied by the Lesche, or Cassino, adorned with the celebrated paintings of Polygnotus.

This grand semicircular recess in the mountain faces nearly due south, so as to concentrate the full force of the sun during the most brilliant part of the day. Hence, doubtless, the name of Phædriades—"Resplendent"—by which the cliffs that gave the whole scene its distinctive character were known among the ancients. As forming the centre, and at the same time the most elevated portion of the line of precipice immediately above the sanctuary, they received the rays of the luminary on some portion or other of their surface, and reflected them on the sacred group of objects below, from its first appearance above the eastern horizon, until it sunk beneath the Peleponnesian mountains:—"the livelong day beneath the sun's bright wing," as Euripides expresses it.* Hence the proverb introduced by Demosthenes, concerning empty or frivolous discussions:—"to dispute about the shadow in Delphi;"† that

* παναμέριος ἁμ' Ἀλίου πτέρυγι θοᾷ.—Eurip. *Ion*. 122. Conf. *Phœnis*. 235.

† περὶ τῆς ἐν Δελφοῖς σκιᾶς πολεμῆσαι.—*De Pace*. in fine.

is—about nothing. The real force of this adage, if I am not mistaken, has escaped the notice of both ancient and modern commentators. The scholiast of Aristophanes brings it into absurd but amusing connexion with another proverb of similar import:—"to fight for the shadow of an ass."* An Athenian, having hired an ass for a journey to Delphi, on arriving in the neighbourhood of the sanctuary, fatigued with the road and oppressed by the heat of the day, tethered his beast, and lay down to repose under its shadow. The ass-driver, however, advanced a prior claim to the place, insisting that his employer had only bargained for the use of the ass, not of its shadow. A fierce dispute was the consequence, which terminated in a lawsuit between the parties on the point of right. Hence, (according to the commentator,) the proverb:—"to dispute about the shadow of an ass;" and because Delphi was the scene of the quarrel:—"to dispute about a shadow in Delphi." That Demosthenes, however, had no such signification in view, at least for the latter adage, is evident from his having himself, in his narrative of the same fable, when introduced by him elsewhere to sharpen the point of an argument, assigned Megara, and not Delphi, as the scene of the adventure.†

A more glorious sight can hardly be conceived, or one better adapted to warm the imagination, and inspire feelings of religious enthusiasm, than the magnificent group of objects which this theatre of rocks formerly enclosed, when lighted up by the beams of the morning sun;—terraces—porticoes—colonnades—and statues, rising in gorgeous masses one above the other, and backed by a stupendous wall of precipices. The lively manner

* περὶ ὄνου σκιᾶς μάχεσθαι.—*Ad Vesp.* v. 191.

† *Ap. Schol.* ARISTOPH. loc. cit.

in which Euripides, in the opening scene of the Ion, through the soliloquy of the young Neocorus expanding the gates and setting in order the courts of the temple, realizes to the fancy this grand combination of the wonders of nature and art, is one of the happiest efforts either of his dramatic or descriptive muse.

The twin cliffs, so celebrated among the ancients as the most remarkable feature of the scenery of the Delphic vale, are, amid the confusion of names so common with poets in their descriptions of scenes distinguished for sanctity or celebrity, frequently alluded to as the summits of Parnassus; although in fact comparatively small peaks at the base of that stupendous mountain.* The proper title of that to the east was Nauplia, of the other Hyamplia. It is probable that to these two rocks the place is originally indebted for its name, if not for the establishment of the sanctuary within its bounds. *Delphi* is the root of the familiar Greek word *adelphos*, "brother;" and hence was a very appropriate title for the twin peaks, consecrated probably in the remote age at which the dedication first took place, conjointly, like the twin islands of the Ægean, Delos and Rhenæa, to the twin deities, Apollo and Diana.† The plural formation of the name seems also to favour this view. Similar, probably, is the origin of the name Didymi, literally "the Twins," which belonged to the most celebrated

* These cliffs were the altars appointed for the performance of human sacrifice to the deity. The victims, in later times at least, were exclusively persons convicted of the crime of sacrilege. The peak of Hyamplia was originally appropriated to this purpose; but after the murder of Æsop the Delphians transferred it to that of Nauplia.—Plut. *de Ser. num. vind.* xii.

† Although we have no very distinct trace in later times of any special worship of Diana at Delphi, yet the close connexion between the two deities in the primitive mythology, may in itself warrant the inference that she had originally some part allotted to her in the

oracular shrine of the deity in Asiatic Greece, and to another in Argolis.*

My quarters for the night were once more provided in the house of the Démarchus, a simple peasant, of far less dignified or martial appearance than him of Katochí. His dwelling, situated a little on this side of the Castalian spring, was of rather a superior class of cottage. I was allotted for my separate accommodation the vacant space of a small square room, occupied partly as a granary, partly as a depositary for lumber, and swarming with fleas, my direst enemy among the whole race of household vermin, and to whom I owed many a sleepless night besides the present in the course of my journey. The habits of the village are precisely the same as in the following description of Dodwell,† and its houses have been rebuilt from their ruins on the same plan as those which existed in his time:—"The poorer people live in cottages which consist of only one long room; the wealthier have houses with two rooms raised on a second floor, the lower part being divided into a stable, cow-house," &c. The second room, in his day as in mine, was a magazine. The ground floor, or substruction, is a luxury rendered in some degree necessary by the declivity of the ground. Although the villagers are a rustic and simple race as compared with the Roumeliotes, I cannot give them credit for that extreme purity of

honours of the sanctuary. She claimed a share with her brother in the victory over the serpent Python, which secured him the possession of the oracular site, (PAUSAN. *Cor.* ii. 7;) and the Homeric hymn to her honour would even assign her a joint right of domicile in the temple.—(v. xi. *seq.*) Her worship might the more readily be absorbed in later ages by that of her brother, in a sanctuary so peculiarly connected with his prophetic attributes, in which she had no share.

* PAUSAN. *Ach.* ii. *Corinth.* xxxvi.

† *Tour,* vol. i. p. 169.

primitive manners which so delighted Dodwell. The price they demanded for some defaced copper coins was absurdly extravagant; and an old woman who lived in a cottage behind the ancient wall on which the great inscription is engraved, and who had formed the interval between it and her own dwelling into a sort of court, by heaping up rubbish at one end of the narrow entrance, endeavoured, much to my amusement and that of my attendants, to extract several drachms in payment of the privilege of inspection.

For some days past Nicóla had entertained me with wonderful stories of a newly discovered monument of Delphi, called by him the Sepolcro della Pretessa—the "Tomb of the Priestess," and had made it the stronghold within which he entrenched himself, when hard pressed by my reproaches at the failure of his boasted archæological science. My curiosity was in so far raised, that, finding it lay in the open country, about half a mile to the east of the village, from which point I had determined to commence my tour of the place, in order to orientalize myself the more easily by the aid of Pausanias, who enters the town from that side, I took it first in my order of march. The Sepolcro della Pretessa is a large and beautiful sarcophagus of white marble, sculptured on every side; equal probably in size, and superior in execution, to most of the finest monuments of the same class preserved in the rich Italian collections. It was only discovered a few years ago; yet the name "Tomb of the Priestess," on what authority I did not hear, is already as inveterate in popular use, as if it had been conferred in consequence of an edict of the Pythoness herself. Although much split and broken in some of its more ornamental parts, it might probably, by a careful collection and recomposition of its fragments, be restored nearly in its integrity. The subject of the

principal relief, on the side facing the Pleistus, which is much mutilated, has been characterized on high authority as the Hunt of the Calydonian boar; but I found some difficulty in identifying the particulars of that celebrated adventure. The other front is ornamented with a tripod between two griffins. The whole face of the hill on which this monument has been discovered, extending from the bed of the river to the road which leads beneath the rocks to Arácova and Daulis, was evidently the cemetery of the town, and a well conducted excavation would doubtless lead to valuable discoveries. Various other monumental remains have already been brought to light, whether by accident or design I did not learn, and are now strewed over the face of the declivity. Among them are several other sarcophagi, but without ornament, and of coarse material; also some marble slabs or stelæ, with mutilated inscriptions of little interest. On the lower side of the road are still visible the remains of the rude stone vault of horizontal courses, described by previous travellers.

Delphi is the only place in Greece, with the exception of Athens, which at this period boasted, at least in my experience, of a professed cicerone. This may be attributed either to the influence of Apollo, the patron of elegant art and literature in the one place, as Minerva was in the other; or perhaps to a more homely cause—the greater number of foreign travellers who are attracted to these two remarkable spots, than to other ancient sites in Greece. Nicóla, being engaged with our domestic affairs, had been obliged to forego the pleasure of accompanying me to his favourite piece of antiquity, but found a villager to act as his substitute. Just as I was proceeding to examine the monument, I was interrupted by a loud halloo from the high ground towards the village, and on looking back saw an elderly individual running

down very quickly towards us, apparently in a state of great excitement. Though tattered and squalid as respects the outer man, he had the air of a person in authority, and I accordingly found him to be the accredited Periegetes of Delphi. On approaching us he saluted me very politely, but commenced a violent tirade of abuse against my companion, whom he accused of usurping his office—most unjustly, as he himself had been out of the way at the moment of our arrival, and my limited time had not admitted of my conforming to what was perhaps considered the proper etiquette, by suspending my researches until he could be found. Although I had no reason to complain of my former attendant, in order to preserve peace, I was under the necessity of paying him off, and complying with the rules of the place, by resigning myself into the hands of the authorized functionary. I must do him the justice to say that I found him very useful; for although his information relative either to the Tomb of the Priestess, or any other of the curiosities of his native place, added but little to the stock of knowledge previously acquired from Nicóla, yet he led me with much punctuality, and in regular order, to all the points of real interest to the curious traveller.

Returning to the Castalian spring, we follow the road from Daulis, by which Pausanias enters the town. It is strewed on each side with fragments of masonry, many of them of fine statuary marble and elegantly carved—remnants, probably, of the Gymnasium, and of several temples mentioned by that topographer.*

On the way from the Castalian spring to the stadium are still standing the pieces of ancient wall covered with the celebrated Delphic inscriptions, which have been repeatedly copied and illustrated from the days of Cyri-

* *Phoc.* viii.

acus of Ancona downwards. One of these documents occupies a surface of from eight to ten feet square, except where a piece of stone may here and there have been omitted as too rough for the purpose. None of the blocks are highly polished; nor can any thing show more effectually the extent and inveteracy of the practice of lapidary writing among the Greeks, than the number, and often the importance, of the matters recorded in a manner, to our notions, so rude and imperfect. In spite of the roughness of the stone, the letters, which are in good style, though scarcely half an inch in height, are so carefully and ingeniously imprinted as to be still quite legible. In Dodwell's time this wall was a part of the Turkish Aga's granary. It is now connected with a private dwelling near the church of St Nicholas. Leake supposes, and with apparent reason, that these walls are the remains of those which supported the terraces of the sanctuary. The tenor of some of the inscriptions confirms this view.

No traces are now visible of the theatre mentioned by Pausanias as connected with the sacred enclosure. The spring or rivulet, Cassotis, which he describes as passing under the foundations of the temple and re-appearing on a lower level, where it was formed into a fountain surrounded or supported by masonry, is still to be recognized in a copious source on which this quarter of the village depends for its supply of water, as its eastern extremity does on that of Castalia; and on one side are the ruins of a massive retaining wall. Below the fountain was the stone which Rhea gave Saturn to swallow in place of his son, and which the imagination is still at liberty to identify among the fragments of rock strewed over the face of the slope.

The only other remnant of ancient architecture now existing at Delphi, is a piece of retaining wall on the

right hand of the road from Krissó, a little below the point where the traveller obtains the first view of the place. It now forms the substruction, towards the valley, of the court that surrounds the little church of Saint Elias; and originally, no doubt, was destined to afford a similar service to the peribolus of some temple, or other public edifice.

At Castrí, as at other Greek towns founded upon sites of ancient celebrity, the ravages of the late war have been the means of bringing to light many valuable fragments of antiquity. Some of these, previously incased in modern structures, are now, with the inferior class of rubbish of which their masonry was composed, spread over the face of the soil. Others have been excavated in digging foundations for new houses, the sites of which, as might be expected, are chosen by preference on ground previously clear. This was more especially the case in the neighbourhood of the house of the Démarchus, where we lodged. On the slope immediately below, towards the Pleistus, were strewed numerous architectural fragments, not a few of which were of statuary marble very elegantly sculptured. There were also several blocks and slabs of marble covered with inscriptions in tolerable preservation, and which might doubtless be copied in their integrity, with leisure and opportunity for the purpose.* Little or no value seemed to attach to

* I occupied myself in this way for a while on the morning of the 5th, before continuing my journey, but had not time to devote to the proper execution of the task; and such was the inconvenience arising from the position of the blocks, and the fierce beams of a Delphic sun, that I was obliged to desist. One of them, in characters of a good period, of which I brought away the greater part, is the more interesting, from bearing testimony in its concluding clause to the fact, that it originally occupied a post "in the most conspicuous part of the sanctuary:" "ἐν τῷ ἱερῷ τοῦ Ἀπόλλωνος, ἐν τῷ ἐπιφανεστάτῳ τόπῳ." It contains the names of Diodorus, Heraclitus, and Apollonius, to one

these relics in the eyes of the natives, unless in so far as they might be made available in the reconstruction of their ruined houses, to which purpose they were from time to time applied. *

On my return in the evening from my rambles, I observed a crowd congregated on a small vacant space among the ruins, in front of the dwelling of our host. On approaching, I found the chief magistrate himself seated on a large stone, with an elderly peasant on each side. In front was a circle of male villagers, posted very much in the manner of a class of schoolboys repeating their task before their master. I was informed that a council was holding. The sight was interesting, realizing as it did, in these days of Hellenic palingenesis, the primitive forms of old patriarchal government, as described in Ovid's familiar line:—

> Consedêre duces, et vulgi stante coronâ, &c.
> The chieftains sat, the people stood around.

of whom is granted, for services rendered the city and sanctuary, in the usual form, " Proxenia—Promantia— Prodikia—Asylia—Proedria," &c.

* I afterwards expressed to Sign. Pittakys of Athens, the Conservator of antiquities, my surprise that so little attention should be paid to the preservation of the remains that exist, or from time to time are brought to light in the provinces, especially in places so rich in similar treasures as Delphi. He assured me that orders had been given to the magistrates of every commune to collect and preserve all ancient fragments. How little benefit had accrued from this order, I had sufficient evidence in every part of the country; nor did the Demarchus of Delphi seem to be aware that his jurisdiction extended to the antiquarian treasures of his province.

M. de Klenze, the distinguished Bavarian architect, states in his work on Greece, (*Aphoristische Bemerkungen*. Berlin: 1838. p. 301,) that on his suggestion, it had been determined by the Government of King Otho, on its first establishment, to appoint veterans of the army as special officers, to guard the sites of the more celebrated ancient cities, and protect and preserve their remains. If this project was ever seriously entertained, it has certainly not been carried into effect.

The Castriote chiefs *sat*, in the European sense of the term, on the present occasion, instead of squatting in the Turkish fashion, as is the practice on every other; whether from accident, or some instinctive feeling as to a want of classical dignity in the vulgar attitude, may be a question. The discussion, however, was neither so regular in point of form, nor so spirited, as that from the description of which the foregoing quotation is borrowed. It rather resembled a conversation than a debate; and although the matter under review—the new conscription law—was at this time one of all-engrossing interest, but little animation was displayed. The Delphians, indeed, appeared to me rather a phlegmatic race, as compared with the rest of their countrymen. The law in question was here, as elsewhere, extremely unpopular; less, perhaps, from any backwardness to military service in general, than from a strong repugnance to the Frank dress and discipline to which the new recruits were to be subjected.

CHAPTER XV.

ARÁCOVA—THE CLEFT WAY—DEATH OF LAÏUS—DAULIS.

Φωκὶς μὲν ἡ γῆ κλῄζεται, σχιστὴ δ' ὁδὸς
Εἰς ταὐτὸ Δελφῶν κἀπὸ Δαυλίας ἄγει.—SOPH. *Œd. Tyr.* 752.

"Phocis the land is called, where the cleft way
From Delphi leadeth unto Daulia."

WE were favoured with another beautiful day (March 5th) for our journey into Bœotia. The highest part of the pass between the Corinthian gulf and the plain of the Cephissus is occupied by the commune of Arácova. This village is situated in a little dell between two eminences. From the summit of that to the west there is a noble prospect of the valley of the Pleistus, with the waters of the gulf backed by a long line of Peloponnesian mountains. From the eastern height the view extends down the vale of the "Cleft Way," so celebrated in Theban fable, into the Bœotian plain, with the lake Copaïs at its extremity, bounded by the mountain ridges of Ptoüs and Phœnicium; while the heights of Eubœa, or here and there a narrow stripe of sea, form the extreme horizon.

Arácova was the scene of a brilliant success of the Greeks under Karaïskaki, against the rearguard of the army of Reshid Pashá in the campaign of 1826, after the fall of Mesolonghi.* Both commanders had been anxious to obtain possession of the place, an important

* GORDON, vol. ii. p. 350, *seq.*

point in their plan of operations. The Greeks, however, were beforehand. On the 30th of November, Karaïskaki detached a body of 500 men, who occupied the village unobserved by the Turks. Scarcely had they time to lodge themselves in the houses, when the enemy, to the number of about 1500 Turco-albanians, the best troops in the Ottoman army, advanced—without suspicion that their motions had been anticipated—to take possession of the place. The Greeks made good their post against this superiority of numbers, until Karaïskaki had time with the remainder of his force, amounting to upwards of 2000 men, to occupy the defiles and cut off the retreat of the enemy. The Moslems held out for six days, entrenched on the bare summit of an eminence above the village, hoping for relief from the main body of their army in the interior. After the defeat by Karaïskaki, near Daulia, of a detachment sent to their aid, a capitulation was proposed; but, as the Greeks would listen to no terms of which a surrender of their arms did not form the basis, and, as an Arnaut would rather part with his life than his arms, they preferred the desperate expedient of attempting to cross Parnassus, then covered with deep snow. On the summit of the mountain they were overtaken by a furious storm, and in the end the whole body perished, with the exception of about three hundred, either by the sword of the Greeks or the rigour of the season.

My attention had been particularly directed, by my German friends at Mesolonghi, to the beauty of the women of Arácova, which indeed I found to be very generally celebrated. I was, partly perhaps on that account, disappointed. I had fair opportunity of forming an opinion, as we passed several fountains where numbers of them were congregated, and saw many engaged in field labour close by the roadside. The village

indeed seemed to abound in females, and to be both populous and thriving, and its inhabitants, upon the whole, a handsome race. The men, however, appeared to me to have the advantage of the women. Pausanias describes the men of the district of Daulis as remarkable for their stature. If a correspondence in this respect were valid evidence on any such point, the Arácovites might perhaps have good claim to be considered as their descendants. The females are also tall and robust, with chubby faces, fresh complexions, and a strong tendency to *embonpoint*; differing very strongly, in all these respects, from those of the neighbouring district, and of Greece in general, who are for the most part lean and swarthy. The contrast is indeed so striking, as to impress one with the notion of a foreign colony imported from some northern region. Such qualities have their merit, no doubt, but they are not precisely of that description which constitutes female—and still less Grecian—beauty. These women have, in fact, many of the features of a German peasantry, which may perhaps account for the favour they find in the eyes of Germans; as it was chiefly among persons of that nation that I heard their praises celebrated.

My own admiration was attracted, more by the industry than the personal charms of the Arácovites. In every direction, the sides of the mountains were covered with groups busily engaged in forcing their arid surface into fertility, by the same operations already noticed in the island of Ithaca. The extent to which this process of bringing rugged land into tillage may be carried, and is now carrying, in many parts of Greece, together with the parallel of other more fortunate regions of Europe, Italy, for example, or the banks of the Rhine, enables us to form some idea of what may have been the appearance, in the flourishing days of antiquity, of some of those

districts which now present the most sterile and dreary aspect. There can be little doubt that many of these now desert mountain slopes exhibited, in place of a wilderness of rocks and brushwood, masses of green vineyard and waving olives; and, in fact, the great admixture of degenerate olive shoots, scattered among the less noble produce of the heaths, seems to bear living testimony to their ancient fertility.

At the western base of the hill of Arácova, we pass, on the left side of the road, just before it crosses a small stream, the substructions of a monument, apparently of a sepulchral character, composed of massive Hellenic masonry; perhaps the interior lining of a tumulus. At some little distance, in the same direction, upon an inconsiderable eminence, are the ruined walls of a small Hellenic fortress.*

The scene of the death of Laïus is placed at the point where the road to Dístomo, the ancient Ambrysus, and from thence to the gulf of Corinth, turns off to the right from that leading to Daulis and Thebes. It is now called the Stené or strait of Zeminó. This latter name also attaches to a khan a mile or two on the Delphi side of the Stené, where we halted to refresh at mid-day. Hence it would seem to be common to the whole narrow valley below Arácova. The celebrated trivium or cross-road is at the foot of a long straight descent, over which are scattered the ruins of a wall of rude masonry drawn from hill to hill. Behind this rampart the Greeks successfully resisted an attempt of the Turks to penetrate up the valley, in the course of the late war. I was unable

* Probably the same noticed by Dodwell on this road. His conjecture, that it may be the Æolis or Æolida mentioned by Herodotus, (viii. 35,) and by him alone, as destroyed by the Persians on their march from Daulis to Delphi, is plausible; although the Hellenic masonry of the existing remains betrays the work of a later period.

to identify, in the open space at the partition of the roads, the tumuli mentioned by Gell. There are indeed a few large heaps of stones, rudely piled up, here and there; but these, I have no doubt, are, like some others of Gell's tumuli, mere monuments of the efforts of the industrious peasantry to improve the fertility of the neighbouring narrow stripes of cultivable land.

It may perhaps be open to question, whether, in the genuine spirit of the primitive tradition, the encounter between Laïus and his son really took place (as described by our poetical authorities) in a trivium or cross-road.* According to the simplest, most consistent, and most accredited version of the story, Œdipus, after consulting the Delphic oracle relative to the mystery of his birth, terrified by its decree, avoids returning to Corinth, the supposed place of his nativity, and proceeds direct into Bœotia. On the way he meets his unknown father Laïus, king of that country, travelling by the same road in the direction of the sanctuary. The collision takes place in so narrow a part of the road, as not to admit of the king's chariot passing unless the foot passenger should retreat to a more open space; and the insolent manner in which the herald of Laïus attempts to enforce the royal right of causeway was the cause of his own death, and of that of his master. From this it is evident that there was no need of placing the encounter at a cross-road, as both parties were travelling along the same road. A cross-road is in fact the part of a public way where such a collision is least likely to have happened, as being that which generally offers the greatest quantity of free space; and such is in fact the case at the Stené of Zeminó. Hence Œdipus, who is not represented as a wilfully quarrelsome or overbearing person, would easily have found on one side or other as much room as would have

* Soprocl. *Œdip. Tyr.* 790, *seqq.*

enabled him, without any sacrifice of his dignity as a pedestrian, to step aside and allow the royal chariot to pass. These considerations suggest the enquiry, whether the oldest and most familiar Greek name for the scene of this adventure, literally the Split or Cleft Way,* ought here to be interpreted, according to the sense which it no doubt bears in the vernacular idiom, as signifying a partition of several roads; or whether it may not rather, in its primitive acceptation, have denoted a cleft road, in the sense of a hollow pass, or gorge cut either by nature or art in a bank or rock, and so narrow, as the fable implies, that a chariot, and even a single foot passenger, could not conveniently pass abreast. This view, in fact, was first suggested by the observation, as we passed along the line of road between the khan of Zeminó and Daulis, of several remarkable cuts of this very description, and offering precisely the species of defile alluded to in the fable.† They are cleft in a tough rocky clay or pudding-stone, and just broad enough to have afforded space for a single carriage, leaving no passage for either man or beast without considerable inconvenience.

What Pausanias‡ says of the tombs of Laïus and his esquire being visible in the open space of the trivium, tends rather to confute than confirm the popular account of the adventure. It is not easy to see how a road so narrow as not to admit of a man and a carriage conveniently passing abreast could have afforded room for a tumulus, which would assuredly have blocked up the passage

* ὁδὸς σχιστή· also called τρίοδος—τριπλῆ κέλευθος—τριτλαῖ ἀμαξιτοί, in the text of the tragedians.

† Apollodorus (iii. 5, 7) describes the scene of the encounter, without any allusion to the cross-road, simply as τινὰ στενὴν ὁδόν—"a certain narrow pass."

‡ *Phoc.* v. 2.

altogether. The monument, therefore, of Laïus could hardly, even in the spirit of the vulgar tradition, have been erected on the place where he fell. The spot selected for his interment would naturally be some more open space in the neighbourhood, such as would nowhere be more likely to present itself than at the nearest cross-road. The existence of the tumulus, and the greater prevalence in later times of the different signification of the ambiguous term Cleft Way, may have given rise to the popular version of the fable.

On reaching the summit of another range of heights we obtain a view of the acropolis of ancient Daulis, bounding the vale below to the right. Opposite, to the left, on a lower declivity, is scattered the modern village of Daulia. Beyond, extends the Cephissian plain, in one long level stripe of bright green meadow, bounded on each side by a line of rocky hills rising abruptly from the flat, and in the distance by the lake Copaïs.* To save time the traveller had better quit his horse at this point, and crossing the valley mount the acropolis on foot, sending on his equipage by the road which passes through the modern village, to meet him at the base of the hill towards the plain. The walls of the city of Tereus encircle the table summit of a round green hill, steep on every side, and here and there precipitous. They are more or less preserved in their whole circuit, constructed chiefly of Hellenic masonry, but on more ancient foundations, and strengthened at short intervals by slight quadrangular projections from the curtain wall. The place seems at no period to have been of much importance, otherwise than from the strength of its site.† In

* See additional note at the end of the volume.

† Livy (xxxii. 18) says, it resisted every attempt of the consul Flaminius to take it by assault. It seems doubtful, from the last clause of the passage, whether it was ultimately taken by stratagem or no.

the heroic age it was probably little more than the castle of the patriarchal chief, whose crimes have rendered it so famous, and in later times was but a petty town of the Phocian confederacy. There is no appearance of its ever having had an outer town or suburb beyond the circuit of the existing walls. The interior of the fortress offers nothing but heaps of stone and rubbish, with some foundations of ancient buildings, and a few vestiges of structures of the middle ages.

I was not fortunate enough to observe, on the spot to which Greek fable traces their origin, either the swallow, the nightingale, or the lapwing, into which the three chief actors in the famous Daulian tragedy were respectively metamorphosed. Although the Greek spring was well advanced, the harbinger of spring had not yet made its appearance. It was too early for the song of Philomela even in this latitude; nor was a single peewit to be either seen or heard, although travellers describe large flocks of them as frequenting the plain below.

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PARNASSUS FROM PLAIN OF PANOPEA.

CHAPTER XVI.

VIEW OF PARNASSUS—PANOPEA—CHÆRONEA.

From Daulis to Chæronea is about two and a half hours' ride over the level green plain of the Cephissus. Half-way between the two places we first obtained a full view of the glorious mountain, among whose ridges we had been wandering during the last two days, without ever seeing its summit or higher region; and a very magnificent sight it is. This is probably the point from whence Parnassus is viewed to the best advantage.* There are few finer spectacles than that of a great insulated mountain, gradually forming itself, as one recedes from its base, into one solid mass, from the chaos of subordinate ridges which it presents to the eye of the traveller while traversing its interior. The prospect recalled forcibly to my mind the most striking effect of this kind I had yet happened to witness—that produced by Mount Ætna, as seen from different parts of the Sicilian coast. From Taormina, at the distance of thirty miles to the northward, it presents the appearance of an immense broad pyramid. As the traveller advances, this symmetry of form is disturbed; the top disappears, and he is insensibly lost in a maze of precipices, cones, and craters, producing all the effect of an extensive chain of volcanic mountains. Again, on descending on the other side the summit begins to re-assert its rank among the subordinate masses, which to the eye had usurped its

* Plate iii.

place, but now, like the scattered columns of a routed army rallying around the standard of their chief, resume their proper position on the sides and base; and the whole is gradually restored to its previous unity of surface and outline; so that from Syracuse, about the same distance to the south as Taormina to the north, it again presents the appearance of one great pyramid. Parnassus, although neither so symmetrical in form nor so completely detached from the surrounding heights as Ætna, possesses, partly from its marked outline, partly from its greatly superior loftiness,* when compared with its neighbours, more of an insulated character than any other of the higher mountains of Greece. Here then, as in the case of Ætna, after once disengaging himself from its base, of which the Daulian citadel is the extreme point, the traveller, as he looks back from time to time, may see it gradually consolidating its noble outline into one distinct mass, from the broken ridges among which he had lately been roaming; while the acropolis of Tereus, which had appeared to me, as I toiled up its steep and rugged sides, itself a considerable mountain, now presented the aspect of little more than a large sepulchral tumulus at the foot of its gigantic neighbour. About one-third of the whole space from the summit to the foot was covered with snow, the vivid whiteness of which was here and there interrupted by lines of projecting precipice, or dark-green masses of pine forest.

If required to pronounce which is the finest mountain in Greece, I should have some difficulty in deciding between Parnassus and Taÿgetus. The latter is more grand and terrific. The first view of its dazzling snowy peaks and black forests, crowning the huge masses of rock which rise perpendicularly from the brilliant Spartan

* Seven thousand feet.

plain in one row of colossal precipices, excited feelings of awe and admiration such as I never experienced on any similar occasion. The effect is, indeed, almost too powerful, like that of the more stupendous class of Swiss scenery, which oppresses by its very magnificence, and affords subjects to the landscape painter greatly inferior to the less striking but more graceful features of the mountain region to the south of the Alps. Parnassus possesses a more calm and majestic sublimity, the effect of which is enhanced by its being concentrated around one group of objects. The mild but desert character of the open expanse of level green plain out of which it abruptly rises, together with the stillness of a beautiful evening, now shed also over the grandeur of the scene that air of tranquil melancholy, which I have always found in my own experience a finer ingredient of the pleasure derived from the contemplation of the nobler works of nature, than one of gay and festive brilliancy.

About half-way between Daulis and Chæronea, we leave the ruins of Panopea, now Agio Vlasio, to the right. Some traces of its acropolis are still visible on one of the higher summits of the ridge that bound the plain on that side, overshadowed by a small tuft of evergreen timber, apparently ilex; a rare phenomenon in this desert region. I did not visit these remains, as they are said by various accurate travellers to possess no features of interest. The village of Agio Vlasio consists of a few straggling cottages at the base of the hill.

Homer designates Panopea by an epithet (καλλίχορος, "festive?") both beautiful and expressive, although incapable of being rendered by any synonyme in our own language. It denotes, like another cognate term, (εὐρύχορος,) also of frequent occurrence with the poet, a fair extent of open—and doubtless rich and flourishing plain, such as that which Panopea commands may be

presumed to have been in the poet's age, spread out at the foot of the metropolis to which it belonged; literally a fair space for chorus and dancing; either as a figure of its flatness and smoothness, or with more immediate allusion to the songs and dances of the villagers at the vintage and other seasons of rustic festivity.

The description given by Pausanias* of the appearance of this place in his day, will apply well to it at the present. "Panopea," says he, "is a city of Phocis; if indeed that can be called a city which has neither senate-house, nor gymnasium, nor theatre, nor agora, nor fountain; and whose inhabitants dwell in a ravine, in sheds similar to the wigwams of the mountain herdsmen."

We are habituated, from our schoolboy days, to consider as one of the most interesting features of the history of Greece, the contrast between the narrow limits of the country and her boundless influence on the destinies of mankind; the surpassing glory that encircles, not only the tiny land herself in her integrity, but many of her petty subdivisions; the number and celebrity of the great men she produced, and the magnitude of the events enacted on so confined a theatre. It is, however, only through the medium of a visit to the country that the full force of this reflection can be brought home to the mind; when one actually sees clustered within the ordinary distance of English market towns from each other, the ruins of cities, far better known to fame than many a mighty empire with its countless myriads of square miles or of population. A ride of less than twelve hours, at a foot pace, enabled us to visit at least four places of distinction in Homer's age, with an ease and rapidity which cannot be better represented than by the flowing lines in which he has recorded their names:—

* *Phoc.* c. iv.

—Πυθῶνά τε πετρήεσσαν,
Κρῖσάν τε ζαθέην, καὶ Δαυλίδα, καὶ Πανοπῆα.

The rocky Delphi, Crissa the divine,
Daulis and Panopea.

The three succeeding days would have sufficed a traveller more favoured by the elements than myself, to traverse with the same equipage, at the same pace—besides numerous other small states of less distinction—the territories of Thebes, Platæa, Eleusis, and Athens. Argos, Mycenæ, and Tiryns—the cities of Danaus, Hercules, Perseus, Agamemnon—with their colossal walls, bearing living testimony to the gigantic energies by which those heroes so well deserved the renown that still attends their names—are all within the compass of a pleasant day's walk to a tolerable pedestrian. The whole population of the state of Athens, in its best ages, is computed to have been about one-third of that of London; while the whole of that of Greece proper at the present day, which during eight years resisted the concentrated energies of the Mahommedan empire, is considerably less than that of Constantinople.

At the mouth of the little valley that runs down below the citadel of Panopea, Pausanias* mentions the sepulchre of the giant Tityus, slain by Apollo, as Homer informs us, for an insult offered to Latona when on her way to Delphi through "the festive Panopea."† On the right side of the road, at the foot of the hills, are several large natural hillocks of a circular form, one of which may possibly be the accredited tumulus of the giant, whose body the poet tells us, when extended in hell, covered nine plethra, or a third of a stadium of ground. Pausanias describes the monument as upwards of 200 yards in circumference. The torrent bed to the

* *Phoc.* x. 4. 4. † *Odyss.* xi. 576. *seq.*

westward of the citadel was probably the frontier line between Phocis and Bœotia.

The sun was about setting when we reached our destination for the night, the khan of Kápourna, near the village of the same name, the representative of the ancient Chæronea. The city of Plutarch seems to have been built chiefly on the level space at the mouth of a small valley, forming the bed of one of the rivulets which here open their way through the line of hills to the Cephissus. The high projecting rock that bounds this dell to the west, is crowned by the ruins of the citadel; below, traces of the theatre are perceptible, excavated in the face of the cliff that fronts the plain.

On the site of the lower town, the only existing remains of ancient masonry are a few pieces of Roman brick-work on the open plain towards the river. Yet the quantity and quality of the loose rubbish of antiquity, spread over a vast extent of ground in front of the valley, rather exceeds than falls short of what one might expect on the site of a city of this secondary character. The soil is here raised many feet above the natural level of the adjoining plain, by an accumulation of fragments of every age and style of masonry, and of every variety of material; shafts of columns, massive blocks of stone and marble, plain or sculptured; bricks, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Turkish. This wilderness of rubbish offers, at a little distance, very much the appearance of that accumulation of large loose stones, gravel, and earth, which marks the spot where one of the fierce mountain torrents of the Alps or Apennines issues from their recesses, into the plains of Lombardy or Piedmont; and in fact, I at first view supposed it to be the effect of a similar cause, until undeceived, on a nearer approach, by the insignificance of the streamlet by which it is watered, and the nature of the materials of which it is composed.

Nearly in the centre of the mass is the village fountain, consisting of two or three troughs formed of ancient sarcophagi, into which the water of the brook is conducted by a rude aqueduct, also constructed of ancient materials. The village seems formerly to have extended over a considerable portion of this stony region, but is now confined to a few rows of straggling cottages at the mouth of the valley. The only relics of modern structures on the open space, are the khan, and the little church described by Dodwell, both in the immediate neighbourhood of the fountain. The church is now roofless and dismantled, with the side walls and one gable nearly entire. Its materials are chiefly ancient fragments, some of them bearing a few inscriptions of little interest on their surface. As we rode across the wilderness of rubbish, its whole surface was alive with herds of ragged cattle—oxen, goats, and hogs—returning from their daily pasture on the plain; while in its centre was a group of village girls, finishing off their occupations at the fountain.

On my return from the theatre—the furthest point of my wanderings among the ruins—I sat down, before retiring to the khan for the night, on a large marble block in the centre of one of the most prominent heaps of rubbish, hard by the little chapel, to take a general survey of the scene of desolation, and watch the last beams of expiring daylight gradually become fainter and fainter behind the snows of Parnassus. It was a calm beautiful evening. The sun had now set nearly half an hour; but the western half of the sky still retained that brilliant mixture of orange, purple, and gold, peculiar to the twilight of southern latitudes, while, from the opposite horizon, the shades of night had already begun to overspread the landscape. The last few stragglers of the flocks that had enlivened the surface of the ruins, were now slowly

disappearing in the gloom of the valley, towards the hamlet, where a common abode for the night awaited themselves and their masters. The interruption which the tinkling of the bells, the occasional low of an ox, the bleat of a goat, or the wild cry of the herdsmen, becoming fainter and fainter in the distance, gave to the stillness of the scene, tended rather to increase than detract from its effect, by the contrast that forced itself on the mind between such symptoms of animated life, and those which the same locality must have presented, about the same hour on a fine fresh spring evening, at the period when these loose stones were embodied as the habitations of warriors, philosophers, and enlightened citizens.

Looking up the plain towards Parnassus, the first object, a little to the left, was the fountain, around which were still lingering a few squalid but not inelegant female figures. Beyond rose the Acropolis, with its broken walls and towers looming in irregular masses on the brow of the cliff, below which the position of the theatre was marked by a bright mass of a yellow red or brown colour on the face of the rock. Behind, was visible in the distance, a corner of the tufted citadel of Panopea; and further on, in the same direction, a round lump at the foot of Parnassus could still be recognized as the acropolis of Daulis. At the extremity of the plain, more broadly projected by the yet vivid rays of the departed sun, the colossal summits of the sacred mountain itself bounded the landscape. Carrying the eye round to the right, along the opposite side of the valley, was seen the entrance to the narrow gorge through which the Cephissus "pours its fair-flowing waters from Lilæa.*" From this point extends, as the northern boundary of the plain, the long mountain ridge, called from its peculiar form Acontium, or the javelin, and crowned at its eastern point

* Homer. *Hymn. Apoll.* 241.

by the citadel of Orchomenus. Below it, at the other extremity of the panorama, were now scarcely distinguishable the yellow reeds of the Cephissian lake, backed by the ridge of hills celebrated in fable as the haunt of the Sphynx. The plain itself, in this direction, offered the field of several of the greatest battles ever fought on the soil of Hellas, in one of which the death-blow was given to her republican liberties.* There are few spots, even in Greece, which present an amphitheatre of objects combining so many claims on the sympathy of the traveller. Nor can it be considered among the least, that the ruins from whence I surveyed it were those of the birthplace of perhaps the most universally popular of the historians who have recorded her glory or her misfortunes, and of the residence where the greatest part of his works were composed.

As I sat wrapped in the train of thought suggested by the occasion, my musings were interrupted by one of those small hooting owls, already familiar to me in Italy among ruins or old buildings, and which, by their tameness and unconcern in the presence of man, seem, instead of "complaining of such as wander near their secret bower," to feel a sort of fellowship with the solitary being who delights in contemplating, at the same hour with themselves, the gloomy scenes selected as their favourite haunts. By this time every sound of man or beast had died away, and a perfect stillness prevailed. The bird passed so near my head as almost to flap the crown of my hat with its wing, as if to attract my attention, and perched on the gable end of the little ruined chapel, within a distance of about fifteen yards. It sat

* The first was that in which the Athenians were defeated by the Bœotians, B. C. 447. The second, where the Bœotians and Athenians were defeated by Philip of Macedon. The third was the victory of Sylla over Mithridates.

looking in my face for a few seconds, and then turning from side to side as if to take a survey of the surrounding desolation, commenced its dismal song. The note of this little owl, apart from all incidental accompaniments of place or hour, has in itself a certain tone of mockery combined with that of a more plaintive character, as if one could figure to one's-self a medium between the cry of the screechowl and the laughing woodpecker; but at this especial moment there was something absolutely electrifying in the hoo-ha, hoo-ha of the little creature, resounding shrilly amid the dead silence across the ruins, its grotesque figure relieved by the still warm tint of the western horizon, as it bobbed its head and body from side to side at each repetition of the melancholy strophe. As the sarcastic or the plaintive tone prevailed, one fancied to one's-self, at one moment, the bird of desolation inviting to rejoice with it over the desolate scene by which we were encompassed; at another, the bird of Pallas, demanding sympathy with its lament for the fate of a once-favourite seat of the art and science over which she presided.

After a short pause it again took wing, made one or two circles in the immediate neighbourhood of its previous seat, and then disappeared in the direction of the theatre. A few moments afterwards I again heard it, perched, no doubt, on a projecting point of the cliff, commence the second canto of its interrupted dirge.

Although I have wandered among the ruins of all or most of the illustrious seats of departed European greatness, at the hour, and under the circumstances, most favourable to the impressions such scenes are fitted to produce, I scarcely recollect ever having felt their influence so powerfully as on the present evening, amid the rubbish of this comparatively unimportant spot.

The change of scene that presented itself in the retire-

ment of the khan, was enough to throw a damp over the warmest glow of classical enthusiasm. The accommodation here differed little from that of other places of the same class previously described; with the exception that the body of the low dark shed was filled with cattle instead of men, a large detachment of the herds I had seen crossing the ruins being congregated within its walls. This was a fortunate circumstance, for as there was no other human guest but our own party, I established exclusive possession of the small wooden platform or loft, here raised but two or three feet above the ground, and of the mud hearth in its centre, and enjoyed one of the few nights of tolerable rest with which it was my lot to be favoured in similar quarters. My slumbers were, however, a little disturbed by the midnight gambols of the more lively portion of my fellow-lodgers, some of whom amused themselves at intervals in chasing each other in a most riotous manner up and down the building. My own person seemed also to afford entertainment to the graver members of the herd; and several times, when startled by some more vehement burst of merriment on the part of their frolicsome juniors, I observed, on looking up, a row of *metopes* fixed on the verge of the wooden floor, and as many pair of large round eyes glaring on me by the light of the expiring embers.

CHAPTER XVII.

FIELD OF CHÆRONEA—MONUMENT OF BŒOTIAN SLAIN—ORCHOMENUS—LAKE COPAÏS.

τλῆθι λέων, ἄτλητα παθὼν, τετληότι θυμῷ.—*Incerti Epigr.*

"Lion! with lion's heart, thy wrongs endure."

THE next morning, March 6th, I walked up to the acropolis, the remains of which present the same mixture of archaic and of more recent Hellenic masonry, as those of Daulis, Orchomenus, and other ancient citadels, which, founded at a remote period, have been subjected to repairs or alterations in later ages. In the village below, the little church of the Panaghía is still entire, with its white marble throne described by Dodwell, called by the learned of Kápourna the throne of Plutarch. The dedicatory inscriptions, illustrative of the Egypto-Roman worship of Osiris, which have been repeatedly published, are also still in their places, in the front wall of the building, and on those of the little court contiguous.

About a mile or little more from the khan, on the right side of the road towards Orchomenus, is the sepulchre of the Bœotians who fell in the battle of Chæronea. At the period when this district was traversed by Leake, Dodwell, Gell, or any other previous traveller to whose works I have had access, nothing was here visible but a tumulus. The lion by which Pausanias* describes it as

* *Bœot.* xl.

having been surmounted, had completely disappeared. The mound of earth has since been excavated, and a colossal marble lion discovered, deeply embedded in its interior. This noble piece of sculpture, though now strewed in detached masses about the sides and interior of the excavation, may still be said to exist nearly in its original integrity. It is evident, from the appearance of the fragments, that it was composed from the first of more than one block, although not certainly of so many as its remains now exhibit. None of the fragments, however, seem to have been removed. The different pieces are so scooped out as to leave the interior of the figure hollow, with the twofold object, no doubt, of sparing material and saving expense of transport. I could obtain no authentic information as to the period and circumstances of this discovery. The story told on the spot was, that the celebrated patriot chief Odysseus, when in occupation of this district, had observed a piece of marble projecting from the summit of the mound, which, he further remarked, when struck produced a hollow sound. Supposing, therefore, according to the popular notion, that treasure might be concealed in the interior of the tumulus, he opened it up, and under the same impression broke the lion, which at that time was entire, into pieces; or, as the tradition goes, blew it up with gunpowder. Another account is, that the lion was first discovered by that patriarch among the present race of Hellenic archæologers, the Austrian consul Gropius; Odysseus being only entitled to the credit of having severed it in pieces. That the government, during the ten years of comparative tranquillity the country has now enjoyed, should have done nothing for its preservation,* is ano-

* It is stated in a letter from Athens, of date June 18, inserted in the *Literary Gazette* of July 11, 1840, to be the intention of the government to remove this lion to the capital, and erect it on a

ther proof how little the regeneration of Greece has done for that of her monuments. It would appear that the marble, with the lapse of ages, had gradually imbedded itself in the soft material that formed its base, so as finally to have sunk, not only beneath the surface of the tumulus, but, to judge from the appearance of the excavation, even of the plain itself—a remarkable instance of the effect of time in concealing and preserving, as well as in destroying, monuments of ancient art.

This lion may, upon the whole, be pronounced the most interesting sepulchral monument in Greece—perhaps in Europe. It is the only one dating from the better days of Hellas—with the exception perhaps of the tumulus of Marathon—the identity of which is beyond dispute. It is also an ascertained specimen of the sculpture of the most perfect period of Greek art. That it records the last decisive blow beneath which Hellenic independence sunk, never permanently to rise again, were in itself a sufficiently strong claim on our warmest sympathies. But the mode in which it records that fatal event renders the claim doubly powerful. For this monument possesses the affecting peculiarity of being erected, not, as usual with those situated like itself on a field of battle, to commemorate the victory, but the misfortune of the warriors whose bodies repose in the soil beneath—the valour, not the success of their struggle for liberty. These claims are urged by Pausanias with his usual dry quaint brevity, but with much simple force and pathos. "On approaching the city," says he, "is the tomb of the Bœotians who fell in the battle with Philip. It has no inscription, but the figure of a lion is

suitable pedestal on some commanding situation. This plan will be favourable, perhaps, to its preservation; but the monument never can possess the same degree of classic interest on any other spot, as that which now attaches to it on the one where it was originally erected.

placed upon it as an emblem of the spirit of those men. The inscription has been omitted, as I suppose, because the gods had willed that their fortune should not be equal to their prowess."* The word here rendered *spirit* has no equivalent in our language; but it describes very happily the expression which the artist, with an accurate perception of the affecting specialty of the case, has given to the countenance of the animal, and of which, for the reasons Pausanias assigns, the monument was to be the emblem rather than the record; that mixture, namely, of fierceness and of humiliation, of rage, sorrow, and shame, which would agitate the breasts of proud Hellenic freemen, on being constrained, after a determined struggle on a field bathed with the blood of their best citizens, to yield up their independence to the overwhelming power of a foreign and semi-barbarous enemy.

From this point we cross the valley, which here widens considerably, and assumes a more cultivated character, in a diagonal direction, towards the extremity of Mount Acontium, the site of the ancient Orchomenus. In passing through a village about the centre of the plain, I observed an old woman squatting in the sun, on a little raised mud-bank in front of one of the cottages, midway between the two rows of which the hamlet was composed. She sat shrouded in her cloak, with her knees doubled up as a rest for her elbows; and, holding her head between her hands, uttered without intermission a sound betwixt a scream, a howl, and a song. No person seemed to pay any attention to her. Few of the villagers were within

* Οὐκ ἐπιγέγραπται μὲν δὴ ἐπίγραμμα, ἐπίσημα δὲ ἔπεστιν αὐτῷ λέων· φέροι δ' ἂν ἐς τῶν ἀνδρῶν μάλιστα τὸν θυμὸν ἐπίγραμμα δὲ ἄπεστιν, ἐμοὶ δοκεῖν, ὅτι οὐκ ἐοικότα τῇ τόλμῃ σφίσι τὰ ἐκ τοῦ δαίμονος ἠκολούθησε.—Loc. cit.

sight, and those I observed, busied about their own work, did not appear to notice her. She seemed no less deeply engrossed with her own occupation, and did not even look up at our cavalcade as we passed, although she could not have failed to observe us, engaged as we were at the moment in mortal strife with the dogs. I was told it was a lamentation for her daughter, who lay dead in the neighbouring hut. There was something very touching as well as characteristic in the whole scene.

As the plain widens towards the lake, the cultivation increases; the upper portion of it, near Chæronea, being almost exclusively pasture. We here travelled over some extensive tracts of land which appeared to have lain waste for several years, but, from the stumps still visible at regular intervals, had evidently been vineyards. Here and there groups of peasantry were engaged in restoring them to fertility. I was informed they were portions of the property of the ejected Turks, which, amid the scantiness of the population since the war, had been allowed to lie in this neglected state, but were now, as gradually disposed of to new possessors, in course of being restored to cultivation.

The Cephissus here flows not in the middle of the valley, but close beneath the rocky height on which stands the citadel of Orchomenus; it then bends a little outwards across the plain, and takes another turn round the base of the hill into the village, where, realizing to this day the description of Hesiod, it

"Winds like a serpent through Orchomenus,"*

and discharges itself into the lake.

It is here, in regard to body of water, one of the most

* δι' Ὀρχομενοῦ εἱλιγμένος εἶσι δράκων ὥς.—*Frag. ap.* STRAB. ix. 4.

respectable streams in Greece, and as deserving the name of river as most of those of central England—the sluggish Ouses and Avons, which it much resembles—being neither limpid nor rapid, but winding its way through a ditchlike bed, invisible to the eye until one is close on its banks.

About noon we reached the village of Skripú, situated on the flat ground at the foot of the ancient town, after crossing the river, which widens considerably on approaching the lake, by a Turkish bridge of three arches, the first structure of its class I had yet met with in Greece. Having but little time to spare, I requested Nicóla, who I presumed would, at least in the case of so remarkable a relic, be competent to act as my Cicerone, to conduct me at once to the celebrated "Treasury;" but he disclaimed all knowledge of any such monument; although he assured me—as was indeed very evident from his familiarity with the other, to him more interesting objects it contained—that he had been many times at Skripú. I ordered him, therefore, to find a substitute in the village; and in case the classical, though false title, which this ruin bears among archæologers, should not be equally familiar to the ears of the modern Orchomenians, I gave him such a description of it as I thought would be sufficient to ensure its discovery; but it was all in vain. No person seemed to have heard of any other ruin but the palæókastro, or ruined tower, on the summit of the hill. I therefore determined to explore the ground for myself, starting in one direction over the lower declivities among which I knew it to be situated, and sending Nicóla to hunt for it in another. Whether from some imperfection in the published accounts, or from my own dulness in apprehending them, I found that my previous views of the topography of the place corresponded but very remotely with the

reality: and after wandering about for nearly an hour, I felt disposed to give up the matter in despair, while Nicóla, on his part, seemed very well satisfied that the object of our researches existed but in the visions of my imagination. As a last resource, however, while sitting down to rest on the side of the hill, I sent him once more to make enquiries among the villagers, and in about ten minutes he returned with a boy, who professed to be better acquainted than his elders with the curiosities of his native place, and who offered to conduct me "Sten Plaka,"* that is, "to the Flag-stone." This was sufficient; for the large flat-topped marble architrave of the door of the monument is certainly, at present, its most remarkable feature, and in a few minutes we were on the spot. It is situated at the eastern extremity of the hill, towards the lake, in front of the old Byzantine Church, and so concealed by cottages, or by the rubbish of the tumulus with which it was formerly covered, as not to be visible until the spectator is close upon it. The future traveller, therefore, whose time may be as limited as my own, would do well to ask for Ten Plaka, and he will no doubt at once be conducted to the site.

The "Treasury of Minyas" as it has been vulgarly called since the days of Pausanias, was a circular vault of massive masonry embedded in the hill, with an arched roof, surmounted probably by a tumulus. It had a side door of entrance, the access to which was cut horizontally in the flank of the slope. The whole of the stone-work of the vault has now disappeared, but its form† is vouched for by the circular cavity of the ground, the description of Pausanias, and the curve horizontal and vertical of the inner side of the existing architrave, which was also

* στὴν πλάκα.

† For the measurements, see LEAKE, *N. Greece*, ii. p. 149. The diameter of the vault seems to have been from 50 to 60 feet.

a portion of the arch. The doorway, however, is entire, though completely embedded in earth up to the base of the architrave.*

The city of Minyas occupied, it may be presumed, the greater portion of the slope of the hill above the "Treasury." At about half the distance towards the summit, traces of the walls become visible, partly of Hellenic, partly of more ancient masonry. The summit itself, on which stood the acropolis, is now crowned by a ruined tower of regular Hellenic style, and dating from a comparatively recent period. The shape of the town, like that of many other fortresses of the same age, was triangular; the walls branching from the citadel, and the space between them widening as they advanced upon the more level ground. The hill is flanked on the one side by the plain and the bed of the river, on the other by the lake, which in front is sufficiently remote from its base to leave a flat space for the large straggling village of Skripú, through which winds the Cephissus. The declivities of the hill command extensive prospects over the rich and fertile districts on the shores of the river and lake. The situation is, therefore, one of the strongest and best chosen in Greece; and, together with the extant remains of the primitive fortifications, and of the colossal monument at their base, seems to vouch for the truth of the mythical legends relative to the wealth and power of the Minyean empire, of which it was the seat in the ante-historical ages of Greece.

* The origin and destination of this, and of other monuments of the same class still extant at Mycenæ and elsewhere, is a question of some obscurity, which has given rise to a good deal of controversy among professed archæologers. In an article on the subject, recently inserted, in the German language, in the *Rheinische Museum* for 1839, (vol. vi., p. 240, *seq.*) I have endeavoured to establish that they were the family vaults of the ancient heroes by whom they were constructed.

The day was brilliantly clear, and I enjoyed a fine panoramic view of the whole low country and the surrounding amphitheatre of mountains. Of these the most remarkable are Helicon—Cithæron in the extreme distance—The Ptoüs—Sphikium—and Cirphis. Parnassus is hidden by the back of the hill.

I met with no object in all Greece which so greatly disappointed my expectations as the celebrated Cephissian lake. On the coloured Atlas of the *Geoğraphia Antiqua*, which had formerly been the assistant of my classical studies, I had been used to see it extended in one fair, broad, blue expanse, like that of Geneva or Constance in Keller's map of Switzerland. This flattering picture, combined with the equally flattering term lake, by which it is familiarly known, with its celebrity under this name among both poets and topographers, and with a general impression of the superiority of Greek scenery in all its departments to that of any other part of Europe, naturally led to the conclusion, that a large sheet of water in the heart of that country, encircled at greater or less distance by the mountains of Helicon, Cithæron, Parnassus, would be an object equal, if not superior in beauty, to the most beautiful to which the same name attaches in any other part of the world. It is true, one might have been, in part at least, prepared by the tenor of some of the published descriptions for a disappointment. But early and agreeable impressions, delusive as they may be, are not so readily effaced by unpleasing truths. The reality, however, in this case, went far beyond the amount of any deduction I had been willing to make for classical predilections; and I was certainly both surprised and shocked to find the far-famed Cephissian lake, to speak without ceremony, but one large green or yellow swamp—for either epithet will apply, according to the season of the year in which it

may be visited—overgrown with sedge, reeds, and canes, through which the river could be distinguished oozing its sluggish path for several miles. At this time the waters were at their full; but although I had almost a bird's-eye view of the whole surface, I found it difficult to distinguish a clear expanse of liquid element, such as could fairly deserve the name of a pond. Even where the course of the stream could no longer be traced in one uninterrupted line, the partial openings among the reeds in the distance appeared but a continuation of its windings. Nor is the transition from dry land to water in any place distinctly perceptible; the only visible line of boundary between them, unless where the mountains stretch down to the shore, is the encroachment of the reeds on the arable soil, or the absence of the little villages with which the terra firma is here studded in greater numbers than usual. The lake is said to be nearly dry at midsummer. Even in winter it seldom attains a great depth, being relieved of its superabundant waters by the celebrated Katabothra, or subterranean channels, through which it discharges itself into the sea.*

Among the villages of Greece visited by me, Skripú

* My own arrangements, and the limited time at my disposal, did not permit of my exploring the region of the Katabothra, which I the more regret, owing to the new interest that attaches to these curious "Emissaries," in consequence of the late more accurate researches on the subject. The prevailing opinion had been that they were merely natural cavities, such as are to be found in many parts of Greece, as well as of the rest of Europe. It is now, however, maintained, and on very plausible grounds, that they are in part at least monuments of the power and science of the heroic age, that mysterious and interesting era of Grecian history. The future traveller in this direction will find all the more recent and valuable information relative to their origin and present state, in Colonel LEAKE's *Northern Greece*, vol. ii., p. 185, *seq.* 280, *seq.* 309, *seq.*; and in the work of the learned German traveller, FORCHHAMMER, entitled *Hellenika*. Berlin. 8vo. 1837. Part i., p. 159, *seq.*

is the one that appeared to have suffered least from the ravages of the war. Scarcely any modern ruins are here observable. The generation of cottages and hovels which now exists, seems the very same as that represented in the old drawings of the place. The meadows over which they are scattered are adorned with groups and rows of thriving timber-trees of considerable size, most of which, being of an early species of willow or poplar, were already partially clothed in green, and with the river meandering through them, gave the whole site of the community, as viewed from the hill, a lively and flourishing appearance. The relief was the greater to the eye, as since we left the banks of the Acheloüs, a well-grown tree of the deciduous kind was an object to which it had been a stranger. The great mountain forests of Greece have, as may be supposed, for the most part survived the desolation of the war; but in almost every district over which it extended, domestic timber has shared the same fate as domestic buildings. The metropolitan church is also still in perfect preservation, both within and without. Its numerous and valuable inscriptions are all, with the exception of two carried off by Lord Elgin, and now in the British Museum, apparently in the places they formerly occupied, and as legible as when first copied. This building, the largest and most respectable of its class that I saw in Greece, is in the form of a Greek cross, and upon the whole a good specimen of the Byzantine style of ecclesiastical architecture. The inscription on a stone of the outer wall assigns the period of its construction to the ninth century. I was unable to learn to what favourable circumstances the representative of the ancient seat of Minyas and the Graces—apart from the small degree of favour and protection it may still lay claim to in that quarter—owes its exemption from the common ruin, in which almost every other town in this region has been involved.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LIVADÍA—KHAN OF, AND ITS INMATES.

οὐκ ἴσθ' ὅπως οὐχ ἡμερῶν τεττάρων τὸ πλεῖστον,
ὕδωρ ἀναγκαίως ἔχει τὸν θεὸν ποιῆσαι.—ARISTOPH. *Vesp.* 260.

"A plenteous store of water in the air,
For four days' rain at least, the gods prepare."

FROM Skripú, recrossing the bridge, we traverse the breadth of the Cephissian plain near where it borders on the lake, and enter a small but fertile valley watered by the brook Hercyna. At its extremity, on the lower declivities of Mount Helicon, is situated Livadía, which place we reach after a ride of about three hours, early in the evening. The fate and present condition of this town, which was, before the war—as perhaps it still may be, with the exception of Athens—the largest and most flourishing of Northern Greece, offers the very reverse in all respects of the description above given of Skripú. Nowhere else do I remember to have beheld a more dreary mass of modern ruins. The aspect of the place at the distance of a few miles is very curious. The late city was built chiefly on an extensive slope, facing the traveller as he approaches from the Cephissus. Over this expanse, described by former tourists as presenting a gay assemblage of mosques, minarets, houses, and gardens, are now displayed the areas and foundations of the ruined buildings, in a sort of bird's eye prospect, offering, as seen from afar, exactly the appearance of a large

extent of small enclosures, such as garden plots, or potato-grounds, for which I accordingly took them, and had formed a high opinion of the horticultural industry of the inhabitants, when on nearer approach the illusion was dispelled by the too sad reality of rubbish and desolation.

At the outskirts of the town, by the road side as one enters, is the best—the only tolerable specimen of a Khan it was my lot to meet with in Greece; a most fortunate circumstance for me, having been, as will appear, under the necessity of halting four whole days at this stage of my journey. As I found this establishment, its construction, and the humours of its inmates, a source of much entertainment, and a great means of enlivening the period of my durance within its walls, I shall venture here shortly to describe it. It is probably a very tolerable specimen, in point of structure, of the better class of old Turkish Khans, as represented in the descriptions and drawings of travellers in Turkey proper, or in Greece during the Turkish period. Its plan also corresponds closely, by a curious enough coincidence, with that given by Dodwell of the palazzo of a wealthy Greek, whose hospitality he enjoyed in this same town of Livadía. Hence, I presume, it may be taken as a fair sample of the general arrangement of the better class of Turco-Greek houses under the old dynasty. The building forms a quadrangle, enclosing a spacious open court, with a fountain-well in the centre. The gateway of entrance is in the middle of the front facing the road. This side, and each of the two contiguous, have an upper floor, approached by a wooden staircase or ladder, with a double flight of steps, constructed in the centre of the principal side of the building, in a position within the quadrangle corresponding to that of the gateway of entry from without. The ground floor of the same side of the

square comprised the shop and dwelling of the Khanjee, together with the accommodation for the agoghiates, and such other persons of the meaner class as may not desire separate quarters. The opposite side, which alone of the three had no upper story, was stable and cow-house. The ground-floor of the two flanks seemed to be chiefly used as magazines for farm produce, or goods in general. The staircase led up to an open gallery or portico of wood, running round the three principal sides of the court, and giving entrance to the various apartments of the upper floor. The two flanks, here as below, were for the most part granaries or storehouses. The front towards the street was subdivided into a row of small square rooms, or rather wooden boxes, the private apartments destined for the accommodation of the better class of guests, each with its separate door opening on the gallery, its windows—if a small square aperture in the wall, unglazed, with a wooden shutter, can deserve the name—and its alcove-formed fireplace, with projecting hearth, similar to that described at Katochí. They had also their ceiling, or upper flooring of wooden boards, hiding the roof, but not protecting the space it covered from the rain, to which here, as elsewhere, the roof itself was so constructed as to allow a greater or less freedom of passage.

The correspondence of this edifice, in many essential

particulars, with the description of the private dwellings of the ancients from the days of Homer downwards, has been noticed by Dodwell, in his account of the last generation of Livadian palaces, and is indeed obvious enough. The portico, (αἴθουσα,) with its staircase, or rather ladder, (κλίμαξ,) for such, in fact, it may more properly be called, having no railing, and requiring consequently to be used with some caution, recalled forcibly to my mind the description of the death of Elpenor in the palace of Circe.* Heated with wine, the unfortunate mariner preferred passing the night in a cooler space, apart from his comrades, in the open gallery no doubt; but neglecting, when roused in the morning, to turn backwards in his descent of the stair, as is still practised in the gangways of ships, he fell headlong into the court below, and broke his neck. The inner walls, or rather wooden wainscots of the granaries of the flanks, were so constructed as not to reach the beams which sloped from above, but were merely of height sufficient to prevent free access to the public from the portico, leaving a sufficient space between their upper extremity and the common roof of the building for any one, who from motives of curiosity or of plunder might be so disposed, to squeeze his person into the interior. At present, the only intruders were immense flocks of sparrows and other finches, which, however small, were sufficiently numerous, I should imagine, to relieve the proprietor, by little and little, of a considerable portion of his stock of grain. This peculiarity also throws light upon the obscure passage of the Odyssey, where Melanthius, the treacherous goat-herd, obtains access to the armoury of Ulysses, in the upper floor of the building, (ὑπερῴϊον,) "through the crevices of the roof;"† from

* *Odyss.* x. 550, *seqq.*

† *Odyss.* xxii. 143, ἀνὰ ξώγας μεγάροιο.

whence, it would appear, that the side walls of the palace hall of Ulysses were not much better finished off than those of the granary of the Khanjee of Livadía.

It is also not unworthy of remark, that the plan of the great inn, (*καταγώγιον*), erected by the Thebans out of the ruins of Platæa, for the accommodation of travellers between Bœotia and Attica, corresponds, in as far as described by Thucydides, closely to that of this Khan. It was a square court of 200 feet a-side, surrounded with buildings "above and below," that is, doubtless, an edifice of two stories. As the Turks inherited most of these customs from their Byzantine vassals, and they, in their turn, from their ancestors of more flourishing ages, there is no reason to doubt that the modern Greek buildings of this class are lineal descendants of those of the time of Thucydides. †

After occupying our quarters, there remained daylight sufficient for a general survey of the place and its environs. The modern town of Livadía is situated on two opposite declivities, rising on each bank of a small stream, the sacred Hercyna, just where it issues through a deep rocky gorge from the lower region of Helicon. The greater part of the houses are on the western slope. The upper extremity of this eminence, towards Helicon, rises into a lofty and precipitous summit, with cliffs overhanging the bed of the stream. It is crowned by the Turkish citadel, a castle of the middle ages, now in ruins, and presenting, with the deep glen and torrent below, a very picturesque appearance. The more ancient site of the city, Pausanias informs us, was on lofty ground; but the inhabitants afterwards removed to the lower region in the neighbourhood. Hence it may be presumed that the height now occupied by the citadel did not form part of the inhabited town in the days of

* *Hist.* Lib. iii. 68.

that topographer. Owing to the complete ruin of the old city, both walls and buildings, it is now difficult to judge of its exact position or extent.* But the numerous fragments of antiquity still scattered over the eminence on the eastern side of the river, would lead to the supposition that its principal extent was in this direction, and that the modern town has risen up on the free space on the opposite bank, as more convenient for the erection of new buildings. For a similar reason the better class of houses are now again constructing on the eastern declivity.

The present topography of the place presents but a very general resemblance to the description given by Pausanias† of the sanctuary of Trophonius. According to him, the Hercyna, the sacred stream of the hero, had its sources in a cavern dedicated to a nymph of the same name, fitted up as her sanctuary, and containing statues of the patron divinities of the oracle. He afterwards mentions two fountains of which it was necessary that the persons about to consult the oracle should drink; from the one the waters of oblivion, from the other those of memory; but it is doubtful whether these springs were the same described by him as the sources of the river. Below the Turkish castle, on the left or western bank of the river, and close to its bed, there still exists a small

* There cannot be a greater paradox than Fallmereyer's attempt, in support of his theory relative to the origin of the present Greek race, to prove that Livadia is not the representative of the ancient town of Lebadea; or a greater fallacy than his proposal to derive the modern variety of the name from the Sclavonic tongue. His only argument, the assertion that the existing town occupies a totally different site from that of Trophonius, is one which never would have occurred to him, had he visited the ground himself. His work supplies various other examples of the difficulty of writing correctly upon Greek topography, without a personal knowledge of the localities.—*Geschichte der Morea*, vol. i. p. 323. *seq.*

† *Bœot.* c. xxxix.

cave, exhibiting traces of having been artificially adorned, from whence, or rather from the cliff in which it is pierced, issues an insignificant tributary of the main stream. On the opposite bank are some much more copious springs, bursting from numerous crevices in the rocks, and supplying by conduits, partly artificial, partly natural in the rock itself, conveniences for washing clothes, &c., to the inhabitants of the town. Neither of these sources can deserve, in our acceptation of the term, the honours of fountain-head of the river, the course of which extends much higher, several miles probably, into the recesses of Helicon. Even at the time I first saw it, on this afternoon, previous to the commencement of the rains, it contained a considerable stream of water, which, on the repetition of my visit during a fair glimpse of the second evening of my stay in the Khan, was swoln into a mighty torrent, rushing with headlong impetuosity and deafening noise over heaps of ponderous stones. It is indeed probable, that during the summer season this upper bed is usually dry, and in that case the lower sources, if perennial, as there can be little doubt is the case, at least with that on the eastern bank, would be entitled, according to the common courtesy of Greek sacred chorography, to be considered as representing the fountain-head of the river.* It is evident, however, that the cave of the prophetic god himself was quite different from the existing cavern. Of that mysterious adytum no vestiges whatever are extant; nor any data which, by reference to existing appearances, can warrant a satisfactory conjecture as to its site. I am disposed,

* I must refer those who may be disposed to enquire further into this obscure point, as well as into the remaining details of the history or topography of the joint sanctuary of Trophonius and Hercyna, to the work of Colonel LEAKE on Northern Greece, where he has treated the matter with his usual research and critical accuracy.—Vol. ii. p. 120. *seqq.*

however, to agree with Dodwell, that it was on the summit of the height now occupied by the ruined citadel.*

As this Khan was the first tolerable quarter I had found since I left Mesolonghi, I determined to make the most of the comforts by which I was surrounded, even for a single night, little anticipating the length of the period during which I was destined to enjoy them; and on my return from my walk, busied myself in setting my house in order to the best of my ability. A careful scrubbing and sweeping rendered my little apartment tolerably clean and quite free from vermin, and what between an empty herring barrel, which was the only table to be procured, my mattress, carpet-bags, writing-case, and a small ledge or window seat, I managed to furnish it very tolerably. As the chimney smoked, no fire could be lighted, but some charcoal from a shop in the town supplied a tolerable equivalent. The weather, however, was so mild, that Nicóla, as at Katochí, slept the first night, like Elpenor, in the portico in front of my door, "spreading his couch beneath the open porch;"† but during the remainder of our stay, his sense, however small, of personal comfort, overcame his watchful zeal, and he retired into a place of more effectual shelter. I also purchased in the town a few of the small wax tapers used in the religious ceremonies of the churches. The only light to be had in the Khan was a

* PAUSANIAS describes it as ἐπὶ τοῦ ὄρους (Bœot. xxxix. 5.); from whence LEAKE (p. 138) infers, upon what principle I confess I do not understand, that it was situated at *the foot of the hill.*

If the views here expressed be correct, that the ancient city was on the eastern bank of the Hercyna, and the cave on the other side, where the castle now stands, there can be little doubt, that in the defective passage of PAUSANIAS—διείργει δὲ ἀπ' αὐτῆς τὸ ἄλσος τοῦ Τροφωνίου—the term ποταμός, or some other equivalent is to be supplied as the nominative of the verb διείργει.

† δείμνι' ὑπ' αἰθούσῃ στορέσας.

small oval metal lamp, of purest antique form, but very little use, owing to the badness of both oil and wick.

Towards dark it set in rain, and the whole of that night and the next morning continued to pour in torrents. Loss of time was a serious evil; but my object was to see the country, and I might as well have travelled in the dark, or blindfold, as when the atmosphere was enveloped in mists and storms. We therefore put off our departure from hour to hour, looking for symptoms of clearing, until it was too late to hope to arrive at Thebes before nightfall. The rain continued without intermission the whole of that day and the next night; and on the second morning there was no appearance of improvement. In despair I now thought of braving the worst, but here the agoghiates objected, as it was probable the torrents that pour from the mountains into the lake, along the shore of which our route lay, would be so swoln as to render travelling difficult, or even unsafe. On the two succeeding mornings, my reveil by Nicóla was still the same: "Piove, Signore, peggio di jeri." In short, during four days and five nights in succession, it continued to pour unceasingly, with the exception of about an hour on the afternoon of the third day, when the steady rain gave place to a sort of drizzle or Scotch mist. The streets and paths in every direction were now but so many canals or ditches of liquid mud; so that even had one been disposed to brave the storm overhead, the discomfort of wet feet and filthy clothes damped all zeal for the enjoyment of open air or exercise.

The misfortune, however serious, had yet its classical interest, as affording practical illustration of the characteristic qualities of the Bœotian atmosphere, which to this day, as among the ancients, is proverbial for excessive moisture. But I was more especially pleased by the coincidence, that the rainy climate of Lebadea in parti-

cular, of which I had such fatal experience in the year 1838, was equally celebrated in the heroic age of Greece. Of this there exists very satisfactory evidence in the traditions relative to the foundation of the sanctuary of Trophonius, as well as in the peculiar forms of his own worship, and of that of his kindred deities. Nay, it would appear, that to this local peculiarity the oracle was indebted, if not for its existence, at least for the first origin of the extensive repute it enjoyed, and which, as early as the days of Herodotus, was second only to that of Delphi.* "The first acknowledgment of the oracle or of its influence by the Bœotians," says Pausanias, "took place in the following manner:—Theori had been sent from each city to Delphi, in consequence of no rain having fallen during two whole seasons, to enquire as to the means of deliverance from the drought. The Pythoness instructed them to go to Lebadea, and seek a remedy from Trophonius."† Of the precise mode in which the relief was administered we are not informed; but judging from my own experience, they certainly could not have gone in quest of rain to any part of Greece with better chance of finding it. Hence too we learn from the same topographer, that the most notable image in the sanctuary of the oracle, the only one especially mentioned besides that of the prophet himself, was a Jupiter Pluvius‡ —or Rainy Jupiter; and as we know, from other sources,§ that the prophet was himself worshipped as Jupiter Trophonius, there seems every reason to believe that the image above mentioned of the watery Jove was

* It was one of those consulted by Crœsus; and its efficacy, as we learn from Plutarch, (*De Def. Orac.* v.) survived that of every oracular shrine in Bœotia, even of Delphi itself, being still acknowledged in his day, as also in those of Pausanias.

† *Bœot.* c. xl. ‡ Paus. *l. c.* c. 3.

§ Liv. xlv. 27. Strab. ix. p. 601. Ed. Falcon.

merely emblematic of this especial department of his influence.*

This four days' durance was also not without its value, as affording opportunity of some additional insight into the character and habits of the modern Hellenes, as exemplified in the persons of my fellow lodgers. Four of the small private apartments were occupied, besides my own; one by a leech merchant from Athens, who spoke bad though intelligible Italian, and was more civilized in appearance and manner than the other guests. He complained bitterly of the wet weather, which by raising the waters of the lake to an unusual height, prevented his fishermen from pursuing their comfortless avocation, and suspended his own business. The animals are caught by country people in his employ, who wade with bare feet and legs into the water, and seize them as they fasten on their skin. Another room was occupied by a couple of Argive cotton merchants, of rude demeanour, and uncouth ponderous persons, enveloped in a vast quantity of coarse white woollen drapery. A third was the quarter of two Albanian veterans, belonging to a party of irregular light infantry stationed in the town. These troops are distributed in detachments through the different provinces, as a sort of moveable armed police, liable to be called out to pursue brigands, or otherwise support the civil authorities or the regular gendarmerie. But from any thing I could learn or see, I was not led to form a high opinion of the

* It were, perhaps, not an over-subtle conjecture, that the name Trophonius, written also Trephonius in various Lebadean inscriptions, may itself bear allusion to the *nutritious* effects of copious supplies of moisture, which are so much more sensibly felt and appreciated in these southern latitudes than our own. Æschylus (*Sept. in Th.* v. 292) calls the Dirce, the waters of which were, and still are extensively used for purposes of irrigation, in the same active sense, ὑτρεφέστατον ποταμῶν.

value of their services; and their employment seemed generally to be considered as little better than an expedient to prevent them from relapsing into those habits of predatory life from which they had, most of them, been previously reclaimed. They were, like others of their cloth whom I happened to meet, wild, ferocious-looking fellows, and offensively dirty, in spite of their beautiful though soiled and greasy uniform, of native fashion but Bavarian colours, white and blue. Nicóla was very amusing on the subject of his two countrymen, speaking of them with a mixture of compassion and contempt, under the title of "questi poveri Chimariotti." Chimariote is the title they usually bear, derived from the town and district of Chimara, on the Adriatic, distinguished for this class of warriors; and which has been extended in popular use to those of the whole Acroceraunian range. He gave a moving account of the shabbiness of their pay, as well as of the filth and misery of their persons, quarters, and mode of life, which was indeed too self-evident to require any commentary. They seemed to be very much their own masters, and subjected to little either of discipline, duty, or authority, that I could perceive. One of them, a lean weather-beaten veteran, amused himself during a great part of the day in firing his musket around the Khan, a service which I found was performed on my account. Amid the scarcity of animal food that prevailed throughout the land, owing to the rigour of the Greek Lent, I had conceived a longing for a dish of the sparrows which I saw daily fattening on the Khanjee's corn, and had instructed Nicóla to do what he could to catch a few of them. He had engaged the military services of his countrymen for the purpose, and I was thus, at the expense of a few oboli to myself, and a considerable quantity of ammunition to his Grecian Majesty, well

supplied with small wild-fowl during the remainder of my stay in the place.

The other palikar, who seemed to be the man of the greatest consequence of the two, at least in his own estimation, a fine athletic fellow, with a fierce sinister countenance and a free and forward manner, paid me a visit on the second afternoon; and after shaking me cordially by the hand, uttered with much vehement gesture, a long and energetic harangue, scarcely one word of which I understood, but which I interpreted to convey certain anathemas against brigands and klephts, with offers of his protection and services in case of emergency, and an assurance of their value. My reason for putting this construction on his address, apart from the tenor of the few expressions I comprehended, was, that about the time of our arrival, reports had reached the place of a renewal or increase of brigandage in the neighbouring districts, especially towards Thermopylæ and the Turkish frontier, always the more especial theatre of predatory warfare, and in which direction he supposed we were bound. These reports were in so far confirmed by the arrival of the post-rider from Tálanta at the Khan that forenoon, on foot, having been plundered of his horse, and stripped of every article on his person, with the exception of a few woollen rags scarcely sufficient to cover his nakedness. Nicóla, on communicating this piece of intelligence, observed in his sarcastic way, that the travellers across the Turkish frontier, if they wished to ride in security, had better wait until the season was a little further advanced, when the government would probably send up Generals Church or Gordon, or some other of their commanders, to enlist the bands in their own service, and bestow commissions of colonel, major, or captain of light infantry, on their chiefs. I took this for a jest at the moment; but I afterwards found, to my

surprise, that there was as much truth as satire in the remark, having been informed on high authority, that this strange method of encouraging the evil it was sought to check had in fact been frequently resorted to, and to a considerable extent. As regards the proffered services of the Chimariote warrior, considering the mode in which the corps to which he belonged was habitually recruited, they did not seem calculated to afford much comfort had I really been likely to require them.

On retiring to their quarters at nightfall, these two heroes used to entertain themselves with chanting their native Albanian war-cries. Although neither air nor voices were very melodious, yet both combined the wild and martial with the plaintive character, in higher perfection than any other music of the kind I ever heard—and, mingled with the howling of the wind and the pelting of the storm through the courts of the building, and across the dreary ruins by which it was surrounded, came home with a singular effect of melancholy desolation to the fancy.

But the most curious inmates of the establishment were my own next-door neighbours, a party of students at the Academy of Livadía. They were five in number, brothers, or near relatives of each other; the eldest a fine tall handsome youth of about seventeen, the youngest a boy about twelve years of age. The cell they occupied was, like the others of the suit, of the same size as my own, the dimensions of which I ascertained by measurement to be about ten feet by eleven. In this apartment they studied, slept, fed, and cooked their victuals; the fire-place, at least, was destined for the latter purpose, but during the Greek lent there is little scope for the exercise of the culinary art; and their food consisted, like that of the population in general at this season, for the most part, of coarse bread, garlic, leeks, and preserved olives. Their room contained, as usual,

no article of domestic furniture; but amends were made by four oblong wooden chests of such bulk as to cover the greater portion of its area. These were the repositories of their clothes, books, provisions, and valuables of all kinds; and also served them as desks for writing their exercises, and for pillows when asleep. On the intermediate space, they reclined, squatted, romped, and reposed, upon their shaggy goat-skin cloaks or hair capottes, which protected them from the storm by day, and formed their mattress and bedding by night. They never undressed, much less changed their attire, during the period of my residence, nor probably in the course of the year, unless when the decay of the suit they wore, or the obligation of some great religious festival, might require its partial or complete renewal.

In the midst of all this filth and misery there was something exceedingly engaging in their temper and demeanour. We were only separated by a thin partition of boards, full of chinks, through which each party could hear every thing, and see a good deal, of what was going on on the other side; and although, from daybreak until about nine or ten o'clock at night, with a short interval of absence at school hours, they kept up a perpetual clatter, swelling every now and then into boisterous screaming and romping, I never heard a cross word, or observed a symptom of quarrel or disagreement among them. Their lessons, which were all carried on in common—*viva voce*—and conjointly with their chattering and merriment, comprised, in as far as languages were concerned, the Greek, ancient and modern, and the Italian, but no Latin. One of their chief exercises was repeating and learning by heart portions of an Italo-greek vocabulary. In the performance of this task, as indeed of all others imposed on them, they had instinctively resorted to the system of mutual instruction,

rehearsing to each other in turns their separate allotments, every third or fourth sentence of which gave rise to a jest and peals of laughter. The older ones acted the part of tutors or monitors to their juniors, and occasionally assumed—though throughout palpably in jest—the functions of pedagogue, even to the extent of administering chastisement with the slipper, to this day as in ancient Greece* a common mode of infliction, accompanied with the proper amount of angry words on the part of the castigator, and of entreaties, expostulations, or lamentations on that of the chastised. They seemed all to be gifted by nature with a quickness of capacity, in the inverse ratio fortunately of the wretched means employed for its cultivation. Half an hour was occasionally devoted to reading aloud, subject of course to the same interruptions. The works selected for this exercise were chiefly in the Romaic, the exact matter of which I could rarely follow, but they appeared almost exclusively of a religious tendency. In the midst of one of these lectures, while I was not attending, busied with my own book, I was startled by a loud laugh from Nicóla, who happened to be occupied about something in the room at the moment. When asked the cause of his mirth, he said it was at what the boys were reading, and which he said was "un libro di religione Greca contro il Papa di Roma." From the tenor of the doctrines it inculcated, it would appear that the Roman pontiff and his Eternal City are considered by the Greek theologians, as they have been by a large portion of our own for some centuries past, as the Babylonian beast, and great source of heresy and corruption to the Universal Christian church. Nicóla's merriment was succeeded by moral reflections, which, if not altogether ori-

* Aristoph. *Lysistr.* v. 657. Terent. *Eunuch*, v. 8, 4. Persius, v. 169. Lucian. *Dial. Deor.* xi. 1; xiii. 2. Juvenal. *Sat.* vi. *v.* 612.

ginal, were curious as proceeding from such a quarter: "Eh, come," said he, "che cosa curiosa! C'è un Dio solo, e che si vuole, con tutte queste religioni? Io non capisco quest' imbroglio di tante religioni. Che si battono, ognuno per la sua; e c'è un Dio solo!"

My appearance and habits, as may be supposed, were matter of quite as great curiosity to these Bœotian academicians as theirs were to me. As the rain blew right in upon the single window of our apartments, we were obliged, both for the sake of air and light, to keep our doors constantly open; and no small part of their leisure time was spent in lounging in front of mine, contemplating my proceedings, or peeping round the corners of the door-posts; but without the least symptom of impertinence or intentional want of breeding. It was with much regret that I was obliged to forego cultivating their closer acquaintance; but after having been at such pains to free my own quarters from filth and vermin, the terror of fresh contamination, while it effectually excluded my visits to them, rendered me little disposed to encourage any similar compliment on their part. I therefore was for confining my intercourse with them to a little conversation during our occasional walks on the portico. But the elder one of the party, observing me one day reading by the fire-side, took courage, and approaching very respectfully, asked to look at the book. It was a volume of the small Leipzig stereotype edition of Pausanias. He both read and understood it tolerably, was much delighted with the topographical description of his own native district of Phocis, and seemed lost in admiration of the beauty of the volume, although of very ordinary paper and homely binding. I was sorry I could not spare him a present of a number or two of my set, which I certainly would have done, had I known, as I afterwards discovered, that I could easily have replaced

them at Athens. After this first inroad he renewed his visits each successive day; but had the good taste not to make them very long, and when disposed to get rid of him, I very easily succeeded by resuming my walk in the gallery. The younger ones, emboldened by his example, also once or twice attempted to effect a lodgement; but, observing with ready tact the signs of disapprobation on my countenance, he put them to flight in an instant by emphatically pronouncing the words "Exó, tetrápoda"—"get out, you brutes," literally, "you quadrupeds." He informed me that two of them were his brothers, the other two his cousins, also brothers of each other. His father was a Papa of Distomo, the ancient Ambrysus in Phocis. He himself had been two years at the Academy, the others a proportionally shorter time. They had hired the room in the Khan as their permanent lodging. They visited the Academy at stated hours; but in other respects lived quite independently, subject to no apparent control, except an occasional visit from an old black-bearded Papa of the town, who seemed to have, or rather to fancy he had, some charge of them, either in the capacity of private tutor or religious instructor. The only perceptible effect of his presence was a certain addition to their habitual merriment, of which he was himself not unfrequently the butt, but always in the same spirit of good-humour that pervaded their intercourse with each other.

I have ventured to enlarge on the habits of these unsophisticated children of nature, (for such they were in all essential respects as human nature exists in their age and country,) from the interesting picture they offer of some of the most agreeable features of the old Greek character, combined with others of a less pleasing description which so many centuries of degradation have superadded. On the bright side of the canvass we have native

talent, thirst for knowledge, vivacity, good-humour, and instinctive good breeding; on the reverse, levity, frivolity, filth, and idleness. I enquired of the elder lad whether he and his brothers were intended for their father's profession. He replied that they were not, unless it pleased them; that the object of their parents was merely to give them such an education as should qualify them to follow out any respectable career that might open up, whether civil, commercial, or ecclesiastical. Their appearance and mode of life bore sufficient evidence of their poverty, and by consequence both of the anxiety of the parents to cultivate the minds of their children, and of the inadequacy of the means at hand for the purpose. It seems indeed to be agreed among the best informed persons whom I had the opportunity of consulting, that the thirst for education is universal among the middle and lower classes in Greece, and that in a very few years, with proper encouragement, there will probably be few countries in Europe where its first elements are more universally spread. It is however, difficult, for our prejudiced minds at least, to comprehend how any thing like real mental culture or literature can ever obtain a solid or universal footing in the midst of so much physical brutality; or until they give up their Turco-Albanian habits, of performing all the functions of life, both corporeal and intellectual, like the beasts of the field, crawling on the ground.

CHAPTER XIX.

LAKE COPAIS—HALIARTUS—THEBES.

Ὦ τὴν ἐν ἄστροις οὐρανοῦ τέμνων ὁδὸν,
καὶ χρυσοκολλήτοισιν ἐμπρεπῶς ὄχοις,
Ἥλιε, θοαῖς ἵπποισιν εἱλίσσων φλόγα,—
ὡς δυστυχῆ Θήβαισι τῇ τοθ' ἡμέρᾳ
ἀκτὶν' ἐφῆκας.—Eurip. *Phœn.* init.

"O thou who through the starry heaven dost cleave,
In chariot of gold, with flaming steeds,
Thy brilliant course, how dismal was the beam,
Which on that day thou sheddest upon Thebes!"

On the fifth morning, March 11, although the weather continued dark and threatening, the rain ceased, and we started for Thebes. We returned to the lake by the declivities that bound the vale of the Hercyna to the eastward. Our road then lay along its shores as far as the site of the ancient Haliartus. During a considerable portion of the first half of our journey, we were wading through marshes. On the more solid parts of the plain are observable here and there the sites of ancient buildings of various periods, indicated by scattered fragments or accumulated masses of masonry, occasionally comprising parts of columns and sculptured ornaments. Some of these heaps are so overgrown with soil and vegetation, as to present the appearance of sepulchral tumuli. They are probably the monuments noticed under that head by Gell, on this line of route; but I observed none that had any unquestionable title to such

a character. The traveller would indeed look in vain for the greater part of the tumuli noted by that topographer in every portion of his Itinerary, unless he were disposed to give the term a much wider acceptation than usually attaches to it in the classical vocabulary, as it may be presumed Gell himself has done; for every protuberance in the soil above the dimensions of a well-grown molehill, from whatever cause it may proceed, such as heaps of stones gathered from the land by the husbandmen, rubbish of insulated ruins, or mounds of scoria from old mines or quarries, have been set down by him under this rubric.

There were probably few tracts of country in Greece more richly studded with towns, sanctuaries, and public buildings, than that which extends from the lower ridges of Helicon to the Cephissian lake. Besides the cities of Coronea, Ocalea, Alalcomenæ, and Haliartus, to which may be added, Onchestus, at a small distance from the shore towards Thebes, there were the sanctuaries of Jupiter Laphystius on a mountain to the right hand, and nearer the lake those of Minerva Alalcomeneis and Minerva Itonia; the latter, the place of assembly for the states of the Bœotian confederacy. There were also on this line of route the celebrated sources of Tilphusa, which play so prominent a part in the Homeric Hymn to Apollo, and where the famous Theban seer Tiresias, when on a journey from his native city to Delphi, died after drinking of the fountain, and was buried by its side.* The purity of its waters is celebrated by Pindar.† The Tilphusian mount, also mentioned by Pausanias, is probably a lofty and picturesque cliff clothed with all the more beautiful species of brushwood and shrubs common in this climate, which forms the extreme point of the

* Pausan. *Bœot.* xxxiii. 1. Aristoph. *ap. Athenæum*, L. ii. p. 41, E.
† *Ap. Athen.* l. c.

ridge of mountain where it approaches nearest to the lake, and from below which gush copious springs of water.

We have already had occasion to notice the number of birds of prey that haunt every part of this desolate land, and the easy and familiar footing on which they are with the human species. Of both these features of Greek natural history I had here a very striking example. As we passed close under this rock, I observed on the small interval of terra firma between our track and the lake, within easy gunshot, an enormous black eagle, feasting on the carcass of a horse, and viewing our cavalcade with the most profound indifference. On looking up to the right, I saw, perched along the brow of the cliff, three or four smaller eagles or vultures of a brown colour. On each of their flanks were posted, at some little interval, as many large buzzards or falcons; while the wings of the ravenous phalanx were made up by a host of light troops, sparrow-hawks, carrion crows, magpies, &c. The whole of this motley party sat contemplating at a respectful distance the meal of their more powerful kinsman, with which they were evidently afraid to interfere; but in silence and with wistful looks awaited its conclusion. I was much tempted to loiter for a short time in the neighbourhood, to observe what would have happened after the appetite of this black prince among the eagle tribe had been satisfied, and whether the same order of precedence would have been followed out in the successive approaches of his inferiors. But this—with many other more interesting matters of research—my limited time obliged me to forego.

Of the cities in the foregoing list, Coronea and Ocalea were situated at some little distance from the road. They have been identified by Leake in some palæocastra of the neighbouring declivities. Alalcomenæ, with its river

Triton, I thought I could myself trace in some of the more imposing masses of ruin in the line of our route. The site of Haliartus, however, is very conspicuous, nearly at the point where the traveller quits the lake for the interior, and the horse-track passes over it. I spent an hour in examining the ruins, the greater part of which lie to the left of the road. They present a quantity of architectural rubbish of all kinds, spread over the surface of a rocky slope rising in the direction of the lake, where it terminates in a precipitous bluff rock overhanging the water, or, to speak more correctly, the morass. For, here as elsewhere, it is not easy to distinguish between the terra firma and the lake; and in spite of the quantity of rain that had fallen, it was as difficult to discover, from the heights on this side, as from those of Orchomenus, any body of moisture which could fairly claim a nobler title than that of swamp. The summit of this bluff was the acropolis, and traces of its fortifications still remain, presenting here and there several layers of stone above ground. They are chiefly of polygonal masonry, but offer some novel varieties in the adaptation of the blocks, which can hardly be comprehended under that name; where the irregular sides of the contiguous masses are fitted to each other in undulating or waving lines rather than angles. I have observed this

curious style of masonry elsewhere, but never so remarkably exemplified. The sites of various ancient buildings can also still be recognised by traces of their foundations, in some places sufficiently extensive to give a distinct

notion of their ground-plan. In the year 395, B. C., Lysander, the celebrated Spartan commander and conqueror of Athens, was defeated and slain by the Thebans in front of the gate of this city.

On leaving these remains, a pass between two rocky ridges leads into the plain of Thebes, which, as seen from this point, somewhat resembles that of Chærönea in form and general appearance, although greatly inferior in beauty. There is here no Parnassus, and the hills by which it is bounded are low and tame, with a cold, bleak, moorish surface. The left boundary of the pass of entrance from the lake is the lower declivity of Mount Sphikion, the favourite haunt of the celebrated mythological monster from which it derives its name. The Homeric city of Onchestus, with its sacred grove of Neptune, was situated at its base, near where the road passes. Leake describes some vestiges of walls on the track; but I saw none. Further on, in the open plain, are scattered at the mouth of the walls some large drums of columns and other remains of masonry—fragments possibly of the temple of the Cabiri, which, from Pausanias, appears to have been situated hereabouts.

Pliny asserts, that while moles cannot live in the soil of Lebadea, they greatly abound on the plain of Orchomenus.* The remark, as I passed through the country, was fresh in my memory; so I amused myself in endeavouring to verify it. Not a single molehill, however, was to be seen on any portion of the Cephissian plain. But on entering that of Thebes, I observed the ground red with them in every direction. Unless, therefore, the natural history of Bœotia has undergone some change in this respect, or that the Orchomenian and Theban moles burrow at different seasons, it may be presumed that Pliny has made some confusion, and that the contrast to which

* *Hist. Nat.* viii. 58.

he alludes existed really between the Theban and the Cephissian plains, not those of Orchomenus and Lebadea. The Bœotian moles were so celebrated in antiquity as to have become—or rather, it may be presumed, their skins—an article of foreign commerce.*

There is, perhaps, no city which, during so long a period, exercised so extensive an influence on the destinies of Hellas as Thebes; or which consequently offers, from the first dawn to the conclusion of her history, so strong and uninterrupted claims on our interest. The Theban wars, during several successive ages, form the heroic history of Greece; and the walls of the city were the chief rallying-point of Hellenic chivalry. Her mythical annals are consequently one of the richest sources in which the greatest poets of antiquity have sought materials for the exercise of their muse; and her name has become a figure of speech, even among those of modern times, for any theatre of dire poetical tragedies. Thebes is the fountain-head from whence the use of letters, and with them the seeds of every further advance in civilization, have been distributed throughout Greece and western Europe. The chosen seat of Cadmus, and of Græco-Phœnician culture, she is also the reputed birthplace of the two most influential deities whose worship can, with any historical distinctness, be traced home to a native source, Dionysus and Hercules; the one the type of the jovial and festive element of the Grecian character, the other that of its sterner martial features. Hence Thebes is celebrated by Sophocles as "the only city where mortal women are mothers of gods."† She is also the native city of Tiresias, the father and most illustrious master of the arts of divination among the Greeks, and

* Aristoph. *Acharn.* 879.

† Θήβας λέγεις μοι τὰς πύλας ἑπτασττόμους,
οὗ δὴ μόνον τίκτουσιν αἱ θνηταὶ θεούς.
Fragm. ap. Dicæarch. *St. Græc.*

of Amphion, the first inventor and improver of their art of music. Her subsequent career has also this remarkable peculiarity, that of all the cities of first-rate celebrity in the poetical annals of Greece, she is the only one which continued to possess a corresponding influence in her historical ages. Athens, in spite of the efforts, in a great measure successful, of her own illustrious poets and historians of later times, to raise her in point of fabulous celebrity to a level with her rivals or inferiors in political power, occupies but an insignificant place in the genuine page of primitive heroic tradition. Sparta is also comparatively in the background; while Argos and Mycenæ, whose mythical celebrity rank next to her own, act no very distinguished part in historical times. Thebes, on the other hand, not only maintained her post, in every age, among the states of highest rank, but ended as she began with a marked ascendency over her neighbours. While our earliest and liveliest associations of the poetry and chivalry of Greece are concentrated around her walls, the last brilliant epoch of the civil history of that country is the age of Pelopidas and Epaminondas; the last expiring gleam of pure Hellenic freedom is the destruction of her army at Chæronea. During the most glorious period of the confederacy, from the first Persian down to the latter part of the Peloponnesian war, she falls, it is true, in respect to real political honour, into the background; and her desertion to the foreign enemy is a foul blot in her annals. But in spite of this temporary forgetfulness of her dignity—for which, indeed, her native historians offer some not unreasonable apologies—she still continued to maintain her position by the side of Athens and Sparta, as one of the three leading powers of Greece.

In proportion to the number and force of the ideal claims of this remarkable spot on the sympathies of the

classical traveller, is the slenderness of those of a visible or tangible nature, which she is now able to advance. There is, in fact, no Greek city whose site and aspect are so little in unison with the associations, either of poetical or historical celebrity, that attach to them. She has no majestic acropolis, no brilliant sea view, like Athens, Corinth, Argos; no stern bulwark of rugged cliffs or yawning precipices like Mycenæ; no joyous river, no snow-capped mountain that she can call her own, no festive brilliancy of surrounding plain, like Sparta. In addition to this poverty of natural features, there is now no Greek city of any distinction so utterly deficient in monumental evidences of its former grandeur. Mycenæ and Tiryns had already been moldering in ruins for nearly a century and a half; Argos and Corinth had declined into humble members of the Spartodorian confederacy; and the Minyean Orchomenus was but a petty provincial town of Bœotia, at the period when Thebes was in the zenith of the political hemisphere of Greece. Yet each of these cities, as well as Athens and Sparta, can still adduce tangible evidence either of her fabulous or historical greatness, in the form of Cyclopian walls, temples, theatres, stadia, or tombs, however ruined or degraded. But Thebes is of all places of first-rate distinction in the page of Hellenic history—with the exception perhaps of its great rival in heroic celebrity, Troy—the one whose vestiges have been most effectually swept off the face of the earth; and its site offers scarcely a trace of the existence of an ancient town, but a few scattered fragments of masonry, for the most part of the Roman period.

To the melancholy associations connected with the complete disappearance of the ancient city, are now superadded those which attach to the masses of modern ruin that have lately been scattered over the accumulated

rubbish of 3000 years of previous devastation. There are, indeed, few places which more signally display the desolating effects of the late war. Although inferior in size and importance to Livadía during the Turkish era, modern Thebes rivals her in the dreary effect of her remains. The gardens for which she was then celebrated, as in the days of Dicæarchus,* and which were said to supply the markets of Athens, as well as her own, with fruits and vegetables, are no longer to be seen. Her elegant domes, minarets, and clustered cypresses, together with the gigantic plane-trees that formerly overshadowed her bazar, have also disappeared; and the traveller, desirous to perpetuate in his recollection the dismal appearance of this sepulchre of ancient greatness, would now find it difficult to discover either tree or shrub to enliven the dreary foreground of the picture.

On approaching from Livadía, little or nothing of the place is seen, until within a small distance of the nearest houses. The road here coasts along the declivities on the southern side of the plain; and on gaining the summit of a small eminence, the whole length of the modern town opens at once upon the view. About ten minutes before our arrival at this point, to add to the melancholy effect of the scene, the clouds which had gradually been thickening overhead, again sent forth their torrents, in the midst of which we rode into the town. Well might Pindar say, that "water is the noblest of elements,"† (ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ ΜΕΝ ΥΔΩΡ;) or, as a distinguished French writer has rendered it in his translation,—"L'eau est fort bonne;" for Pindar was a Bœotian and a Theban, and although he indignantly repels‡ the sobriquet of

* *De Stat. Gr.* pp. 15, 17. *Ed. Huds. conf.* Dodwell, &c.

† *Olymp.* i. v. 1.—The same sentiment is emphatically repeated in *Olymp.* iii. 75.

‡ *Ol.* vi. 90

Hyobœotus,* in the sense in which it was applied by his lively Attic neighbour, as a reflection on the intellectual powers of himself or his countrymen, if true to his own muse, he would not have disclaimed it in the application, which, by a striking enough coincidence, its equivocal etymology† admits, to the fecundity of his native climate in that element of which he professes himself so great an admirer. To the same property of this climate may be referred another distinctive peculiarity of the Bœotian race, also alluded to in the verse of an Attic satirist,‡ who calls them "wearers of wooden shoes or clogs;" this being the natural resource of the lower orders in most countries against the evils of a wet climate or muddy soil.§ In one respect, however, Pindar's admiration for the most ancient of elements might be taken in a sense more complimentary to his native city, since Thebes always has been, and still is, remarkable for the copiousness and purity of its fountains.

The site of the town is now confined, as in the days of Pausanias,‖ to the Cadmea, or ancient Acropolis. This is an oval eminence of no great height, although the most elevated portion of the Hellenic city, bounded on each side by a small valley, running up from the Theban

* ὑοβοιωτός.

† The component Hyo signifies either rainy or swinish.

‡ οὗτοι δ' εἰσὶν συοβοιωτοὶ χρουπεζοφόρον γένος ἀνδρῶν.—Cratin. ap. Schol. Pind. *Olymp.* vi. 152. The phrase adopted in the text appears to me to convey the real signification of the epithet χρουπεζοφόρον. The allusion which some discover to the wooden pedals used by Bœotian musicians rests on no sufficient authority, and is in itself over-subtle and pointless. The clownish habits, not the talents of the race are here what form the butt of the dramatist's satire. The word συοζωιωτοὶ also occurs in the variety ὑοζωιωτοί.

§ Of this latter peculiarity we have very distinct notice in the description of the city by Dicæarchus.—*De Stat. Gr.* p. 17.—Ed. Huds.

‖ *Arcad.* c. xxxiii.

plain into the low ridge of hills by which it is separated from that of Platæa. Although not a commanding citadel, and far from deserving the title of "great rock" bestowed on it by Pindar,* it may have been a strong one, from its insulated character, and the steep though neither rocky nor precipitous ravines, by which it is protected on each side. Of these hollows, the one to the west is watered by the Dirce; that to the east by the Ismenus. Both are insignificant streamlets, the dignity of whose natural appearance is in the inverse ratio of their classical celebrity. The bed of the Dirce, which we crossed on entering the town, would seem to have reassumed, during the late turbulent period, something of that natural appearance of which it had been deprived by the labours of the husbandman in times of tranquillity, although scarcely enough to merit the epithet of "fair flowing," conferred on it by Pindar and Euripides;† better, perhaps, that of "most nourishing of rivers," with Æschylus;‡ as its waters seem, at all periods, to have been absorbed for the purpose of supplying fountains or irrigating gardens. It was now again being subjected to the unpoetical operations necessary to check its petty ravages on the neighbouring soil, or to render its contents available for horticultural purposes; and was already, by the usual process of trenching, straitening, widening, or deepening, converted, in the greater part of its course, into a formal sandy ditch. The hills that surround the town are low, dreary, and unpicturesque; not unlike the bleak moorlands of the lower mountain districts of Scotland. The plain below to the north is, however, broad, rich, and green; and there is a goodly outline of mountains on its opposite side. From the lower extremity of the present town, the ground slopes toward the plain in a succession

* *Fragm.* 101. Ed. Bœckh.

† καλλιῤῥόη—καλλιπόταμος.—*Isthm.* vii. 41. *Phœniss.* 648.

‡ εὐτεμεστάτων ποταμῶν.—*Sept. in Theb.* 292.

of green declivities. The only remarkable edifice now to be seen is a lofty square tower, the work of the Frank princes during the middle ages, on the crown of an eminence towards the northern extremity of the ridge.

From the height where we obtained the first view of the town, we descend into the ravine of the Dirce, by a track which, if it correspond with the ancient approach from this point, must have led us past, if not over, the site of the house of Pindar, the only private dwelling spared by Alexander, when he took and destroyed the city.* Pausanias says,† its ruins were the first object to be met with on crossing the stream in this direction. On the opposite bank, mounting the flank of the Cadmea by a tortuous path among the ruins, we pass a copious fountain, on the steepest part of the ascent, still preserving the architectural facing with which it had been decorated in Turkish times. These fountains, which are not uncommon on the roadsides in different parts of the country, are among the few monuments of Moslem architecture that have survived the expulsion of their constructors; and by their form and arrangement, which are not inelegant, recall to the mind the Turkish dynasty. They consist of a recess or niche, formed by a back wall within a projecting arch, round or pointed, as it may happen; below is a basin or trough, commonly an ancient sarcophagus, supplied with water from a spout in the centre of the wall, which is sometimes adorned with a slab of marble, containing an inscription in Arabic characters. Further up the side of the hill, we leave to the left the ruins of a Christian church, containing a number of columns of various orders, dimensions, and materials, many of them still erect among the fallen fragments of the roof and side walls, which are almost entirely ruined.

* Arrian, *Exp. Alex.* i. 9. Plut. *in Vit.*

† Paus. *Bœot.* xxv.

On gaining the crown of the ridge, we enter the main street of the new town, occupying, I presume, the same position as the old Turkish bazar. It is of considerable width, with some good new houses on each side, intermingled with the usual number of hovels, wooden sheds, ruins, and rubbish. Turning to the right, up a narrow lane, into the heart of the ruins, we found our khan, which, though very inferior to that of Livadía, afforded better accommodation than usually fell to our lot.

In spite of the torrents of rain which continued without intermission, I walked out for an hour on those portions of the ancient site where the accumulated rubbish afforded the driest footing, and the best supply of missiles to hurl at the dogs, with whom here, as elsewhere, I had to fight my way from place to place. Their courage, however, was somewhat damped by the weather, against which I was better defended. It was on this journey that I first experienced the full value of the invention of my worthy friend Mr M'Intosh of Glasgow. The notion of travelling in Greece with an umbrella over my head was something too shockingly unclassical to enter it for a moment. I had therefore provided myself at Florence with a cloak, of the stuff, the familiar name of which has immortalized that of its ingenious inventor, and with a broad-brimmed hat, furnished with an equally waterproof covering. Thus protected, I have ridden for hours under the fiercest outpourings of the wrath of Jupiter Trophonius, and on arriving at my destination, and throwing off my panoply, have found my inner garments as dry as if I had been sitting the whole time by an English fireside. The main street, or bazar, of the new town seemed destined to run the whole length of the crown of the hill. Hitherto, however, but a portion of its length had been cleared through the ruins, which still obstruct its progress in dense masses, more especially

towards its northern extremity. From the appearances, both here, and in other quarters of the ruined town, its destruction might, doubtless, be turned to good account, in an archæological point of view. The principal buildings of the Turkish city are described by former travellers as composed in a great measure of ancient materials, with sculptured ornaments and inscriptions, concealed in whole or in part from view by the mode in which they were incased in their new position. These blocks are once more disengaged from their degrading office of keeping together the poor rubble work with which they were connected; and, together with broken columns and other architectural fragments brought to light in digging the foundations of new houses, are now strewed in every direction over the surface of the ground. Although Thebes, we are told, was utterly destroyed by Alexander the Great, yet there is every reason to believe, that the Cadmea or Acropolis was in so far preserved as was necessary to supply quarters to the Macedonian garrison. That the same holds good of the principal religious sanctuaries, both within and without the walls, appears from the text of Pausanias, who describes the temples of Minerva Onca, of Apollo Ismenius, and numerous other remarkable structures from the period of the old mythical dynasties down to that of the fall of the city, with their most ancient and sacred monuments, as entire at the epoch of his visit. Hence it is probable that a well-regulated excavation, or even a small degree of attention on the part of the authorities to the remains occasionally brought to light, might be the means of securing relics of great antiquity and curiosity. But here, as at Delphi and elsewhere, it is to be feared that many a valuable fragment will be reconsigned to the bowels of the earth, or to an equal obscurity in the walls or foundations of some new edifice.

CHAPTER XX.

CITHÆRON—BACCHÆ OF EURIPIDES—PLATÆA—BATTLE OF.

ἐπεὶ Θεραπναῖς τῆσδε Θηβαίας χθονὸς
λιπόντες, ἐξέβημεν Ἀσωποῦ ῥοάς,
λέπας Κιθαιρώνειον εἰσεβάλλομεν.—EURIP. *Bacch.* 1043.

"Clearing the frontier of the Theban land,
Asopus' stream we cross, and full in front,
The lofty steeps of dark Cithæron rise."

On the morning of the twelfth, after another ramble among the ruins, I started for Platæa, leaving Thebes by the same route as that by which Pausanias enters it. Among the Seven Gates, the one which gave access to this quarter of the ancient city was that of Electra, around which were concentrated many of the most interesting monuments of the old Cadmean period: the temple of Apollo Ismenius—the fountain of the Dragon—house of Amphiaraus—and others.*

After a gradual ascent of a mile or two among insignificant declivities, we reach the open plain of Platæa, elevated about as much above that of Thebes as the Theban plain itself above the marshes of the Cephissus. Beyond, as its opposite boundary, rises full in view the long and lofty ridge of Cithæron.† In advancing we cross a number of small rivulets, or rather branches of rivulets, sometimes running in a continuous course, sometimes stagnating in pools, or losing themselves in the soil, which is here porous and swampy. These are the

* PAUSAN. *Bœot.* c. x. *seqq.*

† 4300 feet.

fountain heads of the Asopus, and of another small stream which flows in the contrary direction towards the Corinthian gulf. In front the site of Platæa can now be distinguished on the furthest verge of the plain, immediately below the loftiest ridge of the mountain.

Although Euripides is not only greatly inferior to the other two illustrious triumvirs of the Attic drama, but is even, in my humble judgment, positively deficient in some of the nobler attributes of a tragic poet, it must be admitted that, among other excellences, he possesses a singularly happy power of selecting and adapting his scenery to his subject, and of realizing its peculiarities to the mind of his readers. Our visit to Delphi has already led us to appreciate this power as displayed in his tragedy of Ion. It is, perhaps, still more remarkably exemplified in that of the Bacchæ. The scene of the catastrophe and of the leading adventures of that drama is laid in the region we were now traversing; and nothing certainly can be more graphic than the mode in which its characteristic features have been brought home by its author to the imagination. Nor indeed could a district have been selected better calculated to keep alive the excitement of the maniac crew, or to give the fullest scope to their excesses.

The plain of Platæa is the loftiest as well as the widest tract of table-land in Bœotia. Its centre, across which our path lay, forms the point of partition for the waters which flow into the Euripus and Corinthian gulf respectively, and is so far elevated as to present, without interrupting the apparent continuity of the level, a sort of crown or Belvedere, from whence the eye ranges across its whole surface. Bare and bleak as is its general aspect in its present degraded state, yet the view across it on a bright sunny morning, with which we were now favoured, is still one of dazzling brilliancy. To the south it is

bounded in its whole length by Cithæron, rising somewhat abruptly from its level. On the opposite side, at a greater distance, is the rugged Helicon. The lower region of Cithæron here consists, partly of steep swelling banks, covered with green turf of a richness and smoothness such as I scarcely recollect having observed in any other district of rugged Greece, or with dense masses of pine forest; partly of rocky dells, fringed with brushwood or stunted oaks. Towards its summit the mountain, which was covered to about one-half of its whole height with snow,* becomes bare and stony. From its declivities, in addition to the whole or the greater part of the landscape already described, the prospect includes a large portion of central Greece; Parnassus, with the whole highland region between it and Eubœa; part of the lake Copaïs, with the mountains on its own shore and that of the neighbouring lakes; and doubtless, with a somewhat clearer horizon than that of this morning, the distant summits of the frontier range of Thessaly.

There is scarcely one of these features but what is directly or indirectly alluded to by the author of the Bacchæ, in such terms as prove how familiar he was with the whole scene of his drama, and how well he appreciated its adaptation to his subject. These grassy glades, pine forests, and rugged glens, were the favourite haunts of the Mænads, where they sleep by night or repose from their fatigues by day, and from whence they rush with devastating fury down on the plains below. The following is the description given by one of the mountain herdsmen, of their first interview with the terrible colony that

* Unless the climate of Greece has greatly changed since the days of Euripides, he must be presumed to have taken a slight liberty (v. 611) in describing the snow as lying throughout the year on Cithæron. In summer, or even in the more advanced stage of spring, it now disappears from every part of the mountain.

had established its abode among their late peaceful solitudes:—

> "Over the surface of the drowsy earth,
> The rising sun shot forth its vivid ray,
> When, slumb'ring on the naked mountain side,
> Three female bands we see, dishevell'd, wild,
> In dress and mien; their bodies careless strew'd
> Beneath the foliage of some bushy oak,
> Or feather'd pine."—v. 677, *seq.*

Provoked to more than usual frenzy by the attempt of these rustics to interfere with their orgies:—

> "Like birds of prey or hostile skirmishers,
> In tumult wild down rushing on the fair
> Expanse of plain upon Asopus' bank,
> Where fertile soil with bounteous crop repays
> The labour of the Theban husbandman,
> Swift devastation o'er the land they spread." . . .
> v. 747, *seq.*

From the allusion contained in another passage, the face of the plain, though doubtless far better cultivated, would seem to have been nearly as open in the days of Euripides as now:—

> "On the green river bank, the timid fawn,
> Rejoicing in the solitude,
> Bounds o'er the wide expanse of verdant lawn,
> Or hides its terrors in the shady wood."
> v. 865, *seq.*; 873, *seq.*

Shortly after, on their return from their foray, the frantic crew are found seated in a green dell, overshadowed with pine forest, refitting their bacchanalian equipage, and entertaining each other with songs of triumph, in honour of their late exploits. The following lines, descriptive of the advance of the devoted Pentheus to the scene of his destruction, admit of the closest application to our route of this morning, and our halting-place at the foot of the mountain:—

> "Clearing the frontier of the Theban land,
> Asopus' stream we cross, and full in front
> The lofty steeps of dark Cithæron rise.
> There in a grassy glade, with rills refresh'd,

> And pines o'ershadow'd from th' impendant banks,
> Our onward course we check; the Mænad crew
> We here behold in pleasing toil engaged." . . .
> v. 1041, *seq.*

Here we have as graphic a description as can be desired of the site of the little village of Kokla, immediately above the ruins of Platæa, in the centre of an open bank of smooth green turf, overhung with pine forest,* and which reminded me of many a hamlet on the lower declivities of the Swiss Alps. The state of the atmosphere at the period of our visit, also corresponded, in all respects, to that which prevailed during the fatal consummation of the career of the unfortunate Pentheus:—

> "Still was the air; the silent grove restrain'd
> The rustling of its leaves; nor cry of beast
> Was heard upon the mountain side."—v. 1082, *seq.*

The sunshine and silence of a perfectly calm, clear morning, imparted indeed to the whole scene an air of tranquil solemnity, well calculated to inspire feelings of religious awe in any mind, and of wild enthusiasm in those capable of taking pleasure in the offensive rites for which the Greek poetical mythology has selected this region as the favourite theatre.

The ruins of Platæa occupy the table summit of a projecting height on the verge of the plain, immediately below Cithæron, forming a continuation, upon a lower level, of the declivity on which the village of Kokla is situated. The walls are the only existing remains of the city. They are in best preservation towards its northern extremity, where they are entire in some places to the height of several yards; but their foundations may be traced with more or less distinctness in one continued peribolus of an oblong form, enclosing a circumference

* ποιηεὸν νάπος· (v. 1044,) or, as it is called in the quotation below: εὔλειμος νάπη.

of between two and three miles. There can, however, be little doubt that this area exceeds that of the more ancient city destroyed by the Spartans during the Peloponnesian war, or even perhaps that which it occupied at any subsequent period, and comprehends probably the sites of the various towns that arose successively in the course of the disastrous history of the place, each on the destruction of its predecessor. The more ancient Platæa was considered a very small city, which description could hardly apply to one of the full dimensions indicated by the existing foundations. This opinion is also borne out by the varieties of style observable in the masonry of the walls, by the different state of their preservation, and by the irregularities of their plan. At the south-eastern extremity of the ruins, the traces of the fortification are faintest, and exhibit at the same time a more archaic character. It seems probable that this was the position of the more ancient city. The masonry of the north-western part, on the other hand, is more entire, and of a regular Hellenic style which indicates the Macedonian period.

Forty years subsequent to its destruction by the Spartans in the Peloponnesian war, Platæa was rebuilt (387 B. C.;) but was again destroyed by the Thebans, after an interval of thirteen years. Philip restored it a second time after the battle of Chæronea, in 338 B. C. Fifty years afterwards it is lampooned in an epigram of Posidippus for its diminutive size, but complimented for its love of liberty. It is described by him as possessing "a name, two temples, a stoa, a bath, a tavern, and a great deal of waste ground."*

* ναοὶ δύ' εἰσι, καὶ στοὰ, καὶ τοὔνομα,
καὶ τὸ βαλανεῖον, καὶ τὸ Σηράμβου κλέος·
τὸ πόλυ μὲν ἀκτὴ, τοῖς δ' ἐλευθέροις πόλις.
Apud Dicæarch. *Stat. Gr.*

The general outline of the manœuvres of the great battle which gave the finishing blow to the Persian invasion, may be followed with sufficient closeness on the scene of action, to realize the more interesting associations connected with the event.* The first position occupied by the Greeks was several miles to the eastward of the city, or of that on which the battle was fought, on the declivities of the mountain, above the neighbouring town of Erythræ. The Persians were posted on the plain below, along the banks of the Asopus, having their intrenched camp on the opposite side of the river. From this position the Greeks, harassed by the cavalry of the enemy, who managed to cut off their supplies both of water and provisions,† made a movement to the left in the direction of Platæa, and posted themselves on somewhat lower ground, in the neighbourhood of a fountain called Gargaphia, where they expected their watering parties would be safe from further disturbance. In this, however, they were disappointed, as the Persian horse still continued to harass them; and finally succeeded in forcing them to retreat from this point also. The ground selected for their third position was a spot called The Island, formed by the divided course of the brook Oëroe, where they considered themselves sure of an uninterrupted supply of water. This second movement was conducted in so irregular and disorderly a manner, as rather to resemble a flight or break-up of the host, than the

Serambus, or Sarambus, was a celebrated cook or tavern-keeper, frequently mentioned by the Attic comedians. Hence the name was used to denote figuratively any distinguished establishment of the kind. (*Vide* Athenæum, l. iii. p. 112: iv. p. 173, *et not. ad loc.*) Here we have an evident allusion to the large inn, described by Thucydides as having been constructed by the Thebans out of the ruins of the town, for the accommodation of travellers between Attica and Bœotia. —*Hist.* iii. 68.

* Herodot. ix. 19. † Herodot. ix. 50, *seq.*

manœuvre of a well regulated army. In fact, the whole body of the lesser Greek contingents, who formed the centre of the line, with the exception of those immediately attached to the Spartans and Athenians, thinking only how they might escape the annoyance of the Persian horse, and heedless of the orders given by the commander-in-chief, instead of marching to the Island, fled, as Herodotus himself expresses it, to the temple of Juno, close under the walls of the city. One of the Spartan generals, named Amompharetus, refused to move at all, or (in his own words) "to disgrace Sparta by flying from the *foreigners*." * After some altercation, Pausanias, finding that nothing could be done with his refractory subaltern, gave orders to the rest of the line to proceed without him, supposing, and rightly as the event showed, that he would not allow himself to be left behind. But the delay and confusion to which the contumacy of Amompharetus gave rise, so far deranged the Spartan plans, that, instead of taking up their position on the Island as had been proposed, after coasting along the lower ridges of the mountain for fear of the hostile cavalry, they halted at a place called Argiopius, on the banks of another small stream—the Moloïs, within sight of the temple of Juno. The Athenians, who alone from first to last displayed judgment, discipline, and devoted valour, did as much as lay in their power to act in concert with the right wing, although distrustful of the caprice and selfishness of their Spartan allies. Less alarmed for the hostile skirmishers, they continued the retrograde march by their side upon a lower level, and finally took up their station on the open plain. Upon these, their third positions, the battle was fought by the Lacedæmonians and Athenians, together with their re-

* This was the title habitually given by the Lacedæmonians to the Persians.—(Herodot.)

spective allies and companions in arms, the Tegeans, and the Platæans and Thespians. The rest of the Greeks kept aloof, and took no share whatever in the engagement; but, after the victory was decided, they rushed down and joined in the pursuit in so tumultuous a manner, that, if we may trust Herodotus, they experienced a greater proportional loss from the resistance of the fugitives, than had fallen to the lot of either the Athenians or Lacedæmonians in the course of the battle.

This desertion of the Greek centre is a circumstance which does not seem to have been taken into sufficient account, either in the general estimate of the amount and proportion of Hellenic valour and patriotism, as displayed at this epoch, or in its bearings on the plan and conduct of the battle. It would appear that a considerable space was thus left vacant between the Spartan and Athenian lines, which the latter, not being at first apprized of the flight of their allies, had left for them to fill up as usual. That such an interval existed, is proved by the message of Pausanias to the Athenians just before the engagement commenced. Observing that the chief assault of the enemy was about to be directed against himself, he sends to them, complaining of the desertion of their countrymen, and requesting immediate support. The Athenians forthwith commence a flank movement in fulfilment of his order; but, before they can reach the Spartan lines, they are themselves attacked by the Greek forces of the Median army; and each phalanx, in its separate capacity, fights and conquers the foe opposed to it. Were we not too familiar, from the details of this as of most other engagements of the same war, with the unskilful tactics of the Persians, and their vain and reckless confidence in their own numbers and prowess, it might excite surprise that they should have neglected to avail themselves of the opportunity that here offered,

with their overwhelming superiority of force, to destroy the Greek army in detail, by first concentrating their attack upon the Athenians, whom they might the more easily have surrounded and overpowered, being drawn up, as the historian tells us, on the lowest part of the plain, and beyond the reach of immediate assistance from the Lacedæmonians.

If, then, the account of Herodotus be correct, this great victory is the more honourable to the arms of the Spartans and Athenians, by whom it was exclusively achieved; while it reflects little credit on the judgment or tactics of the Persians, and disgrace, rather than honour on the remainder of the Greeks, who can merit but a small share in the glory of this the greatest national exploit in their history.* The conduct of the Athenians shines forth, above all, with that brilliancy which invariably distinguishes it throughout this war, and on every other great occasion where the common interests of Hellas were at stake. Unblemished as is the Spartan valour here and at all times, their dissensions and characteristic selfishness had gone well nigh to mar the fortunes of the day still more fatally than the backwardness or treachery of their comrades. The Athenians, it must also be remembered, were opposed to the Hellenic, the Spartans to the Asiatic, portion of the enemy's force.† Mardonius and his Persians, vain of their own chivalrous courage, and eager to display it against the Spartans, as the soldiers who enjoyed the highest military reputation on the Greek side, had from the first determined to

* Plutarch, indeed, (*De Malign. Herod.* c. xlii. *seq.*,) repels the reflections cast by Herodotus on the conduct of this portion of the Greek army; but neither his authority nor his arguments can invalidate the testimony of an impartial and more nearly contemporary historian, whose account seems to have been universally admitted as correct among his own contemporaries.

† Herodot. ix. 46. *seq.*

direct their attack against the right wing of the enemy, where they knew them to be posted. Pausanias, on the other hand, conscious of the military superiority of his own nation, had regulated his plans in such a manner that he should be opposed to the Bœotian troops. The manœuvres to which he resorted, in order to follow out this arrangement, were interpreted by the vanity of Mardonius into cowardice and terror of the Persian arms; and as the taunting message by which he expressed this opinion to Pausanias had the desired effect, the battle—or rather the two battles—were fought, as we have seen, between the Spartans and the Medes, and the Athenians and apostate Hellenes, respectively. Hence, by the admission of Pausanias himself, the Athenians bore the brunt of the action. They were opposed to the best, if not the most numerous body of the enemy, and in a much less advantageous position than that occupied by the Lacedæmonians. The award, therefore, by the confederacy, of the first honours of the triumph to the Spartans, can hardly be considered as an impartial decision; but rather as a consequence, partly of the habitual deference, amounting to flattery, which it was customary to pay to the military ascendency of that people; partly as a compliment to the supreme command with which their general was invested. To judge merely by the facts of the case as transmitted to us, the greatest glory of the victory justly belongs to the Athenians, and their allies the Thespians and Platæans.

CHAPTER XXI.

PLATÆA—CHARACTER OF ITS CITIZENS—ITS DESTRUCTION BY SPARTA —REMARKS ON SPARTAN CHARACTER.

ἐγὼ δὲ μισῶ μὲν Λακεδαιμονίους σφόδρα,
καὐτοῖς ὁ Ποσειδῶν, ὀὐπὶ Ταινάρῳ θεὸς,
σείσας ἅπασιν ἐμβάλοι τὰς οἰκίας.—ARISTOPH. *Ach.* 509.

"I hate the Lacedæmonians, and wish the god,
That dwells upon cape Tænarus, his three-pointed rod
Over their heads would shake, and with a big lump of rock
From Taygetus their houses about their ears would knock."

THE next most remarkable event in the history of Greece with which the name of Platæa stands prominently connected, is her own siege and destruction by the Spartans during the Peloponnesian war; an act as disgraceful to the moral character of that people, as the battle beneath her walls was honourable to their military prowess.

There is perhaps no member of the Hellenic confederacy which from first to last maintains so unblemished a reputation, which is so free from all the prevailing defects, and so distinguished by all the standard excellences of the Hellenic character, as this little republic. There is none, however, whose fate corresponded so little to its merits. While her spirit led her to take a forward part in all the great concerns of the Greek body politic, her diminutive size, her long and steady alliance with Athens, and, by consequence, her insulated position in the midst of a hostile confederacy, rendered her the

frequent victim of the unfavourable vicissitudes of international warfare, and her metropolis was repeatedly destroyed, rebuilt, and destroyed again, in the course of the turbulent period from the Peloponnesian war downwards. Constant in her friendships through good and evil report, true to her engagements, open and upright in all her dealings, and second to none of her fellow states either in martial prowess or political energy, she was more especially ennobled by her devotion, during the whole course of the Persian war, to the national cause, when deserted by the remainder of the Bœotian states. In acknowledgment of these extraordinary claims on their gratitude and respect, both city and territory had been formally invested with perpetual *sanctity* and *inviolability* at the conclusion of the battle, by a solemn decree of the confederate powers, with the Lacedæmonians at their head,* as the field on which the last decisive blow had been struck in favour of Hellenic liberty—studded with the tombs of the heroes that fell in its defence—and as the seat of the race which had, perhaps above all its rivals, been distinguished for zeal and disinterested suffering in the common cause.

If this be a just estimate of the virtues of this comparatively insignificant community, it must be admitted that the character of that overbearing enemy, who, in contempt of their own vows, and of all these claims on their sympathy and respect, wiped her off from the face of Hellas by one wholesale act of oppression and murder, is no less signally marked by most of the opposite vices. For my own part, I confess that among the states of Greece, Sparta is the one for which I have always entertained the least respect, or to speak more plainly, the greatest dislike, either as regards the spirit of her institutions or the character of her citizens. As warriors,

* Plutarch. in *Aristid.* xxi., Diod. Sic. xi. 29.

they stand no doubt unrivalled; and if military prowess is to be considered as making up the perfection of human nature, it must be allowed that the Spartans were the most perfect of our race. But considered in every other light, as regards those higher qualifications which adorn the man or the citizen, they ought to rank not only far beneath the majority of their fellow Hellenes, but even very low in the scale of civilized mankind at large. The Spartan institutions are considered, and perhaps justly, as embodying the very essence of patriotism; and this is the virtue to which, together with their valour, the Lacedæmonians are chiefly indebted for their glory. Patriotism, however, is an attribute which in the abstract can enter as but a slender ingredient of excellence into the estimate of national character. It is, in fact, viewed in this light, to be classed less as a rational quality than a species of instinct, common to the animal creation at large, and perhaps in the rule more powerfully exemplified in the case of the barbarian than of the civilized man. The just value of any such quality must be estimated by that of the institutions around which it is concentrated. The object of all human institutions ought to be, to raise man in the scale of intellectual beings—to eradicate the baser animal impulses, to which he is subject in common with the lower order of the creation—to cherish and refine those which he enjoys in common with the divinity. But the civil institutions of Sparta, and, by consequence, the patriotism they inspired, had no such tendency. They were entirely concentrated around themselves, without any ulterior object beyond their own rigid maintenance. The *Fatherland*, to use an expressive Germanism, was to the Spartan what his treasure is to the miser; whose only object is to maintain and defend—to count and admire it, but never to apply it to any nobler purpose. The whole scope of the education, as of the life of the

Lacedæmonian, was but to foster and maintain this patriotism in the abstract; and the measures adopted for the purpose, instead of tending to expand the minds of the citizens, and promote their advance in the social and moral virtues, had the opposite effect of confirming and perpetuating much of what is most degrading and offensive in the early and barbarous stages of humanity. Not only elegant art and literature, with the refinements of social intercourse, but even the fundamental laws of morality, were deliberately and systematically neglected and violated, in honour of this one idol of national worship. Vice was criminal only in so far as its exercise might seem prejudicial to the interests of Sparta, but encouraged as a means of advancing her fortunes, or blighting those of her enemies. Indelicacy and callousness to all the finer sensibilities of female nature were inculcated on the women; deceit and fraud, even murder, were taught the men, as sciences, to be practised at home on the unfortunate vassals of the state, preparatory to their more extensive and efficient application to its service against foreign rivals. Hence generosity, a quality which may perhaps be considered as comprising under one head most of what is beautiful and amiable in the natural man, could find no place in the Laconian list of virtues; but was supplanted by a narrow and exclusive selfishness, a vice which, in a corresponding degree, implies much of what is low and contemptible. If the Spartans succour a friend against a foreign enemy, it is to keep him at a distance from themselves; if they interfere in behalf of the exile or the oppressed, it is to establish a party favourable to themselves in the community to which they belong. In the state, no doubt, this exclusive regard to self assumes a character different from that which it presents in the individual; since it is the duty of every constituted government to execute its trust with rigid and uncompromising fidelity; nor con-

sequently would it be justified in permitting any motives of speculative philanthropy to interfere with the interests of the people whose destinies are committed to its charge. But the fulfilment even of this important obligation ought to be combined with a due deference to the still higher and more paramount duties of good faith, gratitude for services rendered, and in the especial care of such a body politic as the Hellenic confederacy, mutual accommodation and good fellowship, as equally essential to the common interests, and to those of the individual members.

In all these respects the character of the Spartans, if weighed in a fair balance, will be found wanting; and in no case, perhaps, was the deficiency more signally displayed than in the two most eventful periods of the history of Platæa, in each of which they appear as the leading actors. From the commencement of the Persian war, they seem scarcely to have sought to disguise, that the real scope of their policy was, not so much to save Greece, as to save themselves, from foreign conquest or the evils of foreign invasion; that they co-operated with their fellow-members of the confederacy, only in so far as was conducive to this object; and that, when their own safety was provided for, they were ready to leave others to their fate. Nay, it is certain that they looked upon the successes of the "foreigners," so long as they apprehended no bad consequences to themselves, with a favourable eye, as tending to weaken their rivals at home; and that from first to last they steadily kept in view their favourite principle of aggrandizing themselves by the calamities of their neighbours.

The details of this their course of policy are given at length by Herodotus,* and place in a strong light the unblushing effrontery with which they endeavoured to cajole and flatter their Athenian rivals, whenever their services were required; and the shameless manner in

* Lib. ix. 6. *seq.*

which they abandoned them to their fate where it seemed they could be dispensed with. This conduct is the more offensive, from its contrast with the noble disinterestedness of the Athenians, and their steady devotion to the national cause, amid sacrifices to which hardly any state could be expected patiently to submit, situated between an enemy of irresistible power, and friends on whom no reliance could be placed. Even at the most critical moment of the manœuvres on the field of Platæa, so palpable was the operation of this ruling principle of Spartan policy, to preserve themselves at the expense of their allies, that, as we learn from Herodotus, the fortune of the day was exposed to serious risk, owing to the inability of the Athenians to fathom the designs of the Lacedæmonians, after so long an experience, as the historian* quaintly expresses it, "of their habit of saying one thing and meaning another."

But the destruction of Platæa,† if judged by the improved standard of moral and international law which now prevails, must be considered as the foulest blot of all in the history of Sparta. The barbarous practice of the age, which, in some degree, authorized such outrages, is, no doubt, in so far a palliation of this act.‡ Whilst, however, there are, as we have already seen, so many specialties in the case of Platæa which gave it

* ἐπιστάμενοι τὰ Λακεδαιμονίων φρονήματα, ὡς ἄλλα φρονεόντων καὶ ἄλλα λεγόντων.—ix. 54.

There is a remarkable passage of Euripides—*Androm.* 446, *seq.*—containing in eight lines a pithy summary of the defects of the Lacedæmonian character, the last clause of which offers a curious correspondence with the above text of Herodotus:

οὐ λέγοντες ἄλλα μὲν
γλώσσῃ—φρονοῦντες δ' ἄλλ', ἐφευρίσκεσθ' ἀεί;

† Thucyd. ii. c. 2, *seq.*; 71, *seq.*; iii. 20, *seq.*; 51, *seq.*

‡ The Athenians themselves were guilty of one of a somewhat similar nature not long after, in their treatment of the island of Melos, a colony and close ally of Lacedæmon. But in this case the act, while free from any peculiarly aggravating circumstances, had at least the

unusual claims to the sympathy and indulgence of a generous enemy, there are circumstances of cruelty and iniquity in the mode in which the right of the strongest was here exercised, that render the conduct of the aggressors doubly odious. The only crime which could be charged against this little nest of heroes, was fidelity to their old and steady friends, and resistance to the oppression of their habitual and unrelenting persecutors. The victims of the outrage were the same Platæans who, under the walls of their city, had helped the Spartans to check the advance of the foreign enemy towards Peloponnesus. It was committed ostensibly to conciliate the same Thebans who had on that occasion fought in the ranks of the common foe. The Thebans, it must also be recollected, had provoked the quarrel in which they were actually engaged by a clear act of perfidy, in an attempt to surprise the city of Platæa at a moment of truce between the two states. But it now happened to be the interest of Lacedæmon to conciliate and support her new allies, and to weaken or destroy the state of Platæa; which, throughout the war, had adhered steadily to the interest of the Athenians. Weighed against such motives, oaths, gratitude, or humanity, were but light in the scale of Spartan policy. The city is accordingly invested by the combined armies; and its defence supplies one of the most brilliant chapters in the military history of Greece. During two years, 480 men, pent up within its walls, baffle the whole disposable power of Sparta and Thebes. The successful attempt of about one half of this little garrison, to cut their way through the double line of hostile entrenchment, guarded by the flower of the Spartiate warriors, is one of the most brilliant examples of fortunate daring upon record. Even

poor justification of being a reprisal for the destruction, by the opposite party, of their oldest and most faithful ally; so that the blame of it also may in some degree lie at the door of the Spartans.

the remnant, of about 220 men, seemed determined to hold out to the very last extremity. This result, however, for reasons assigned by Thucydides, would have interfered with the policy of Sparta, which required that they should be executed as criminals, rather than allowed to die like freemen, with arms in their hands. They were, therefore, inveigled into a capitulation, by a virtual pledge on the part of the besiegers, that they should be treated with the lenity to which, under the circumstances, the laws of Hellenic warfare entitled them.

Not contented with the mere sacrifice of their victims, the Spartans determined to invest the last scene of the tragedy with the mockery of a judicial process, in burlesque fulfilment of the letter of the capitulation; it having been stipulated, that none should be liable to punishment but "such as could be proved guilty of *injustice*," which in the present case custom and reason would interpret—violation of treaties or international law. Five Spartan elders were accordingly appointed to act as judges—the Thebans appeared as prosecutors—and the question proposed to the plaintiffs, on the answer to which was to depend their condemnation or acquittal, was: "Whether they could show that they had rendered any service to the Lacedæmonians or their allies in the course of the war." As the Platæans had been from the first the steady partisans of Athens, it is evident that the very statement of the process was equivalent to a verdict of guilty; and would in every similar case authorize the promiscuous massacre of prisoners of war, and, among others, of the Spartans taken not long before, but spared, by the Athenians, in the island of Sphacteria. Any serious attempt to reason with such judges would have been nearly as great a mockery as the trial itself. The defence of the Platæans was therefore addressed chiefly to their sympathies—a still less vulnerable quarter. They first, however, in a few pithy sentences, showed the ab-

surdity of the question, by observing, that if it was put to them as friends of the querist, they would ask in reply, where were the friendly offices on the other side which gave claim to a requital? if as enemies, where was the injury they had inflicted by fairly fighting their battle? They appealed to their former services to the common cause of national freedom against the foreign enemy, and conjured the Spartans by the blood of their own ancestors whose bodies reposed on the plain beneath their city walls, and whose graves they had ever since made it their duty to protect and honour, not to sacrifice them to the malice of the same Thebans, who had been a party to their slaughter, when leagued on that very field with the barbarous invader. They put them in mind of the origin of their connexion with the Athenian party; how, when formerly driven by the oppression of these very Thebans to look for succour abroad, they had applied, in the first instance, to themselves, who, in declining their alliance had advised them at the same time to have recourse to the Athenians, as being in their own immediate neighbourhood, and better able to afford them efficient protection.* They urged the late treacherous breach of faith on the part of the Thebans, and their own right of self-defence; and finally appealed to the Spartans, whether,

* The following is the account given by Herodotus of this transaction. (Lib. vi. 108.) "The Platæans, persecuted by the Thebans, delivered themselves up to the Lacedæmonians, who, however, refused to receive them, giving them the following advice:—"We dwell far from you, and our alliance would be but lukewarm. You might be enslaved many a time before we could hear of your distress. We advise you, therefore, to give yourselves up to the Athenians, who are your neighbours, and good to help in time of need." Such was the counsel of the Lacedæmonians; not so much from any good-will towards the Platæans, as from a wish to bring the Athenians into trouble by embroiling them with the Bœotians."—Hence it seems that the cruel fate of Platæa was but the conclusion of a sixty years' course of the same system of Spartan machiavelism.

although the vicissitudes of Hellenic politics had since brought them into collision with their own party—they could, as men of honour, impute it to them as a crime, that they had faithfully adhered to the friends and protectors to whom they themselves had recommended them.

In the reply of the Thebans to this address, not one of the claims advanced was either disproved or obviated Their only attempt at argument was an assumption, as absurd as the whole of the rest of the proceeding, that the Athenians were the enemies, the Spartans the friends of Grecian liberty; that it was now as much the duty of the Platæans to have deserted the Athenians and joined with the Spartans, as it was formerly to desert the Bœotian partisans of Xerxes and side with the rest of the Greeks; and that, having failed to do so, they deserved death. The Spartan judges decided that the Theban orators had prevailed, and that the Platæans had lost their suit. The prisoners were accordingly led forth, and after being asked singly the same question as had before been put to them collectively: "Whether they could show that they had ever rendered any service to the Lacedæmonians or their allies in the course of the war," were butchered, one by one, to the number of two hundred. To crown the brutal farce, twenty-five Athenians, whose case by the very terms of the indictment could in no way be classed under the same category as that of the Platæans, were involved in the common massacre. The women were sold as slaves, and the city was razed to the ground.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

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Note to Chap. VI., p. 73.

As we shall have frequent occasion to use the technical terms by which the various orders of Greek masonry are distinguished, but which are of somewhat vague application in the popular antiquarian vocabulary, it may be proper to note:—

1. That by the term *Cyclopian*, is to be understood exclusively that more primitive style of which the walls of Tiryns and Mycene are the most remarkable examples, and to which alone the name is ever applied by the ancient writers from whom we derive it. Irregular blocks of stone are here rudely adapted to each other, the larger interstices being filled up with pieces of inferior size.

2. The second order is that of well-joined polygons. It might, for the sake of variety, be called *Pelasgic* as well as *Polygonal;* the best and most numerous specimens being preserved in Central Italy and Northern Greece, the principal seats of the Pelasgic tribes.

3. A third style forms a sort of transition from the polygonal to the rectangular lines of junction. The polygon is here for the most part abandoned, and the quadrilateral block substituted in its place, but without attention to the exact symmetry of its form, or parallel course of the layers.

4. The fourth is the regular square stone masonry of the flourishing period of Grecian art, similar to that now in universal use.

The third and fourth styles may therefore be called, comprehensively, *Hellenic*—or, with reference to their specific varieties, *Irregular*, and *Regular Hellenic*.

As a general rule, the antiquity of these different styles may be classed in the order in which they are here enumerated; but the rigid application of this rule to individual cases would lead to erroneous conclusions; much must here depend on the custom of particular districts, and their respective advance in art and civilization.

NOTE to Chap. VI., p. 81.

(No. 1.)

This inscription is curious, as dating from a flourishing period of Greek literature, and yet containing a term, *πυσταχις*, unknown in the classical Greek vocabulary.

The word appears to be a provincial derivative from the root *πύθω*, to enquire or investigate, and is probably here combined with the preceding word into a composite noun, *ναυταπυστακις*, "inspector of seamen."

The cognate term *πευθὴν* is used in a similar sense in Lucian's *Phalaris*, (i. 10,) where the tyrant, in boasting of his hospitality to seafaring strangers, says: *καὶ σκοποὺς ἐπὶ τῶν λιμένων ἔχω, καὶ πευθῆνας, τίνες καὶ ὅθεν καταπεπλεύκασι.*

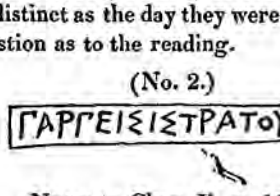
Both phrases are doubtless mere dialectical varieties of expression, denoting functions connected with maritime police.

Another idiom of the same origin and import, πύστις, occurs in an obscure and probably corrupt passage of Thucydides, also with reference to nautical inquisitiveness. (Hist. I. 5. *conf. Suid. v.* περίωπή.)

This therefore was the tomb of an officebearer in the port of Same. Εμι is here the archaic orthography of εἰμι; and the whole epitaph may be rendered, "I am Diopeithes, son of Philinthas—son of Silan—inspector of seamen."

The inscription is in perfect preservation, and the letters as sharp and distinct as the day they were engraved; so there can be no question as to the reading.

(No. 2.)



NOTE to Chap. X., p. 122.

"In respect of manly courage, and real Hellenic blood and character," says General Gordon, (*History of Greek Revolution*, Vol. 2, p. 28,) "Western Greece justly claims a superiority over the kindred provinces; the nature of the country, and the valour of its people, having in a great measure preserved its verdant and shady valleys from foreign intrusion. Neither the Crusaders nor Venetians, any more than the Krals of Bulgaria and Servia, made permanent settlements there. The Albanians have left few traces of their passage and dominion; and the Turks, from the period of their early sultans, rather sought to avert the troublesome hostility of the mountaineers, than to bring them under the yoke. Instead of drawing tribute from hence, the neighbouring pashas sometimes expended money in purchasing truces; and although the Porte held some towns on the coast, yet it entrusted the internal administration to captains of Greek militia."

In regard to Hellenic descent, an exception ought here

perhaps to be claimed in favour of the small tribe of the Zákones, on the east coast of Laconia, who are now admitted, by even the warmest impugners of the purity of modern Greek blood, to be genuine descendants of the ancient race. Professor Thiersch of Munich, in an ingenious analysis of their language, undertaken personally among themselves, has shown it to abound in primitive Æolic, or still more ancient and obsolete forms; and his conclusion is, that they are descended, not from the Spartans, but from the indigenous Pelasgic tribes, who occupied the Laconian highlands previous to the Dorian invasion.—*Transactions of Royal Academy of Munich, 3d November* 1832.

Note to Chap. XII., p. 150.

It has been customary for those who take pleasure in depreciating the character and actions of the Greeks, to assert, and with some show of plausibility, that their independence was not really fought out by themselves, but was a work of European diplomacy; since, at the period when the triple alliance interposed in their favour, they were already virtually subdued. Let us, however, reflect, on the other side, what was the immediate cause of this interference of their powerful allies at the moment of their last extremity. Was it not the previous interposition in favour of Turkey of an ally much superior to herself, in the person of Ibrahim Pashá, with the Egyptian fleets and armies? At the moment when he appeared, the cause of the Sultan seemed nearly a esperate as that of the Greeks previous to the battle of Navarin. To talk of Egypt in this case as a mere satrapy of Turkey, is a fallacy. Had Mehemet Ali from the first cordially cooperated with his nominal lord, there might be something specious in this argument. The Greeks might then, too, have had some chance, while their energies were still fresh, of baffling the joint efforts of both their enemies. But the Egyptians took no part until the insurgents were already exhausted by the successful struggle against their equally

exhausted foe; and at the moment when they lay in this helpless state, the whole resources of a new, and much more formidable enemy, are suddenly brought forth against them. The invasion of Ibrahim was therefore as plainly a foreign interposition as the part taken by the European governments; and it were both unjust and ungenerous, by reference to any of these latter transactions, to refuse the Greeks the credit of having fought out their own liberty.

Note to Chap. XII., p. 168.

To revert for a moment to the rival claims on our sympathy, of the ancient and modern assertors of Hellenic freedom, the following case may be quoted, among others of a similar nature which the history of the war supplies, from the parallel it affords to the Spartan defence of Thermopylæ. On the advance of Ibrahim with his formidable army into the interior of the Morea, Dikaios Flessa, a Messenian, bred a priest, and hence familiarly called Papa Flessa, one of the earliest and most active Greek patriots, stationed himself, with about eleven hundred men, at the pass of Pedimen, on the road from Navarin to Arkadia; for the purpose, at all risks, of stemming the progress of the enemy. He was deserted, on the approach of the Egyptians, by about eight hundred of his troops; but with the remainder, amounting to something less than three hundred resolute soldiers, he determined to stand his ground. After the battle had lasted nine hours, Ibrahim found means to surround him, by occupying both sides of the defile in which he was posted. He then drove forward his troops to a general charge, and, in a mortal struggle, hand to hand, with swords, bayonets, and but-ends of muskets, all the Greeks were slain, except two, who hid themselves among the dead bodies. The Egyptians lost about six hundred men. When the head of Flessa was, presented to Ibrahim, "admiring," says the historian, "in others the valour he was conscious of possessing, he kissed it and expressed regret that he had not been taken alive."—*Gordon*, vol. ii., p. 215.

Note to Chap. XIII., p. 179.

I shall here take the liberty of proposing a correction of a mutilated portion of this text, which has for centuries exercised in vain the ingenuity of Homeric critics, from H. Stephanus down to Hermann and Buttmann. In the extant MSS., the concluding part of the passage is read as follows, v. 58:—

κνίσσῃ δέ τοι ἄσπετος αἰεὶ
δηρὸν ἄναξ εἰ βόσκοις θεοί κέ σ' ἔχωσιν
χειρὸς ἀπ' ἀλλοτρίης—κ.τ.λ.

Various attempts to remedy this obvious corruption, all equally devoid of plausibility, will be found in Hermann's edition of the hymns, (*Præf.* p. xxiv., *seq. et not. ad loc.*,) and in still greater detail in the more recent edition of Franke, (*Lips.* 1828, *not. ad loc.*) The passage may be restored to sense by the following emendation of v. 59:—

κνίσσῃ δέ τοι, ἄσπετος αἰεί,
δηρὸν ἀναίξει βωμοῖσι, θεοὶ δέ σ' ἔχωσιν
χειρὸς ἀπ' ἀλλοτρίης. . . . .

The use of the subjunctive for the future, without ἄν or κε, is here in conformity with familiar Homeric practice.

Note to Chap. XV., p. 205.

The view which here opened up from the declivities of Parnassus, down the rich extent of plain, commencing at the base of the Daulian citadel, and extending with little interruption to Thebes, Platæa, and the Euripus, suggested the origin of the name Thrace, which attached in mythical times to the mountainous region of Parnassus and Helicon. The Greek term Θρᾴκη—Θρῄκη, Thracia, is evidently a substantive formation from the epithet τραχεῖα—τρηχεῖα, rough or rugged, by the customary enallage of the mute and aspirate letters. This epithet, in whichever of its varieties best suited

the local dialect, was precisely that by which the rugged mountain district, bordering on any extensive tract of rich plain, would be designated, in contradistinction to the vale or level country. The Parnassian or Heliconian Thrace was the mountainous region bordering on the Bœotian plain. The Olympian or Pierian Thrace bounded to the north the still richer and wider plain of Thessaly; and from it the name was afterwards extended to the whole region north of Hellas; just as the term Asia spread from a single valley on the coast of the Ægæan to the whole eastern continent; and the name Italia, originally proper to a petty province of Magna Græcia, was extended over the whole peninsula. Another intermediate mountain district, bounding Thessaly to the south, was called, with slight dialectical variation, Trachis, or Trachinia; and various other localities, in different parts of the Hellenic world, received the same or similar appellatives from the same natural peculiarity.

In this way may be explained the "Thracian" origin of some of the early civilizers of Greece. Apart from historical probability, even the letter of many of the traditions concerning these sages, if critically analysed, warrants the inference that they were natives of a Hellenic rather than a Hyperborean Thrace; of the chosen seats of Apollo and the Muses, rather than of a distant barbarous region.

END OF VOL. I.

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